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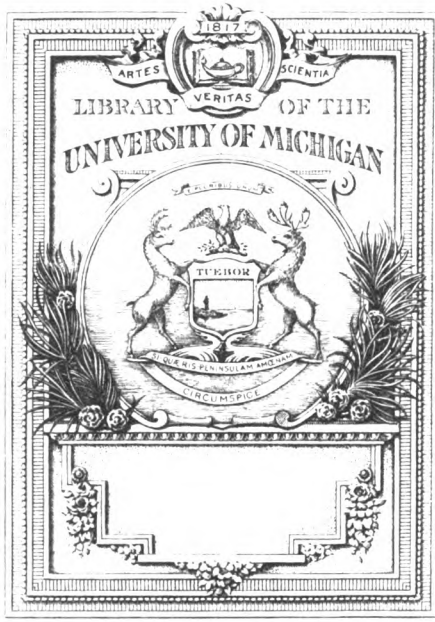
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GERMANY IN DISSOLUTION

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GERMANY IN DISSOLUTION

BY

PERCY BROWN

LONDON: ANDREW MELROSE LTD.
3 YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.
1920

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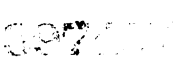
DEAR MOTHER,

When Mr. Melrose asked me to "go away and write a book about it," the chief delight his commission caused me, arose from the chance it offered of spending, for the first time in ten years, a quiet holiday with you in the country.

Now that my task is finished I want to say that whatever good there is in this book has come from you alone, and whatever interest I have shown, not only in the troubles of the German people, but in everything that has come into my life, has been doubled by the desire to share it with you. Every moment spent with you at home, working on the book, gave me exquisite joy.

Your Affectionate Son,

PERCY BROWN.



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GERMANY IN DISSOLUTION

INTRODUCTION

Taken Prisoner

BEFORE I begin my story of the German Revolution I will tell briefly how I fell into the hands of the enemy.

At the beginning of the war, the activities of correspondents were not so severely restricted, especially in Belgium, as they were later when Lord Kitchener prohibited their presence at the front. After the second battle of Ypres it became almost impossible for a journalist to get into the fighting zone. This was the last big battle I saw in this part of the line, for, coming out of the trenches to send away my copy, I was arrested by the British Military Field Police and taken to the military prison at St. Omer. After four days of tedious discomfort, sleeping at night in straw on the stone flags, two other pressmen and I were sent to England under escort and minus our passports and papers. There was nothing to complain of in this, but I wearied of repeated arrest and, on my next visit to France,

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remained in Paris, hoping to become properly accredited to the French Army and meanwhile contenting myself with occasional surreptitious visits to the lines in armoured cars and motor-lorries.

I failed to obtain an official pass, so decided to visit the Fort of Belfort. A rumoured right flank movement by the French supported by a division of British infantry, an immediate declaration of war by Italy and possibly by Roumania, drew me hurriedly from Paris. I managed to reach Belfort and one of the outer forts, but on my return I was caught by the French, who politely put me outside the military zone at the small frontier town of Delle. The outlook seemed almost hopeless, but whilst searching for another way to the front I hit upon a fresh plan—I would cross the frontier at Delle and make my way along the Swiss-German frontier and, by recrossing it, when the French moved up I should be in a first-rate position to watch the movements.

I had calculated without the mine-field of German counter-espionage in which I became entangled. Finding the country at Delle difficult to traverse on foot, I went to Bâle, which from the map seemed a suitable base. I began at once to explore the possibilities of the district, and took train to Schaffhausen on the Swiss railway. This in itself meant an interesting little adventure, as the railway crosses the Rhine and a part of Germany. I changed trains at two small German towns and,

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after taking many photographs of the country, I resumed my journey.

Schaffhausen teemed with interest: I stumbled on a story at once. Every day two thousand refugees from Alsace were being passed through this town to Switzerland. It looked like a repetition of the Belgian retreat. I was soon busy collecting their stories—most startling ones. One woman told me that the Germans expected an immediate advance by the French, which confirmed my first information. This was on the 8th of May, 1915, which seemed to me quite a likely date for the beginning of the big summer offensive. Now I could understand why the Allies had taken such pains to cloud with mystery the line extending from Ypres to Rheims. Nothing at all was going to happen there, but a tremendous push would be attempted on the Belfort sector! At last the Germans were going to be pushed back and just where they least expected it! From a journalist's point of view the situation promised glorious possibilities.

After I had got my stories from the refugees I booked a room at the Mulhausen Hotel opposite the station. Here I was approached in the friendliest possible manner by people who volunteered information, most of which I ignored. But one person did interest me—the hotel porter, one John Gluck. He had a useful story of escape from the

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British authorities in London where, he said, he had been a hotel porter until he was imprisoned. At six o'clock on the morning after I arrived he rushed into my bedroom and told me of an exchange of British and German officer prisoners which, according to him, was to take place on the frontier at seven o'clock. I hurried into my clothes and, without waiting for breakfast, boarded a train for the frontier. I must remark here that in my experience as a journalist my greatest difficulty has always been to get *into* a country. Unfortunately I had no knowledge of German methods, which differ entirely from those of other countries, which do their utmost to keep suspected persons *outside* their frontiers. I learnt afterwards in various German prisons that the Germans not only encouraged people to go to Germany but spent millions of marks on a special organisation to entrap any citizen of the Allied countries reported to be within twenty kilometres of her frontiers.

After stopping at a few stations the train pulled up at the frontier—but the wrong side! I was soon aware of what had happened, and, on the approach of a German officer, I got out of the train and made a rush to cover the few yards back to Switzerland. I had hardly started when two German soldiers leapt out of the station, seized me and put me into the station guardhouse. From that moment, like

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some of the ships sunk by Germany, I disappeared without leaving a trace.

I had one comforting thought as I was passing through the various processes of German prisonment: whatever the Germans did to me, the proprietors of the Mulhausen Hotel would surely inform my people and my editor. But so far as I know they were silent, although handbills bearing my photograph and description were circulated, and they must have received many inquiries from various sources. I owe my release from the notorious espionage prison at Lörrach, and perhaps my life, to Lord Robert Cecil.

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CHAPTER I

Meeting Captain Fryatt—The Revolution arrives in Ruhleben

Meeting Captain Fryatt

I HAVE been asked several times whether the murders of Captain Fryatt and Nurse Cavell, together with the other innumerable barbarous acts, did not help to prepare the mood of the German people for the Revolution. It was believed in England that, though the people were in the grip of the military machine, an expression of indignation would be heard at least from some quarters. Surely a sane few must have felt horror at the acts of their governors. For my own part I have never heard of or read any statement of regret. If the newspapers expressed any opinion at all on the subject the tone was one of justification. When I tentatively discussed the Fryatt case with officers and private soldiers the only answer I got was, "Krieg ist Krieg" (war is war), accompanied with that look common to men who have allowed others to do their thinking for them.

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The German press had such influence on the minds of the people that many of them believed the stories of Allied atrocities which the newspapers regularly invented. The German journalists did their work so thoroughly that they convinced their readers that England had been guilty of more than a mere atrocity in daring to declare war. It was impossible at that time for us to obtain any "advanced" newspapers, but the following extract from the *Cologne Gazette* is a sample of the general press opinion :

"We have before all things to secure the requisite respect for our U-boats, for the lives and security of our gallant self-sacrificing bluejackets are of far greater importance to us than the life of a criminal Englishman, which is in any case justly forfeit."

The Pan-German newspapers were unanimous in their efforts to justify the crime.

I remember the day Captain Fryatt came into the camp. News had gone round that he and his crew were at the gates waiting to be examined. The sailors who had been taken off other ships by German U-boats instantly stopped their work or games in the barracks and rushed out to "Trafalgar Square," the quadrangle between the stables which all prisoners had to cross on entering the camp. Potatoes were upset, card parties broken up, the cards scattered down the gangways as if there had just been a paper-chase.

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" What the 'ell's up ? " asked one deaf old deck-hand when he saw the sudden excitement.

" Fryatt's at the gate," his messmate answered.

The deaf old man—I believe he was seventy years of age—moved more quickly even than when he heard that plug tobacco was on sale at the canteen.

As he walked across the square, Fryatt was greeted by an eloquent silence. The sailors, bursting with eagerness to shout him a welcome, dared not cheer him for fear of drawing the attention of the German officers. Afterwards, as he passed between the stables on his way to his sleeping quarters, he was greeted heartily by crews of other ships, who yelled out, " Good-day, sir," " Good-day, skipper," from the small windows of the stable-lofts. He would look up with a good-natured smile and acknowledge the greeting.

" Wish we'd been in 'is boat when he stuck it into them —— Germans," said a Grimsby fisherman, resuming his dish-washing.

" Shut up, you b—— fool! Rudiger's spies are nosing about among the crew looking for information. They're after the skipper," said an old deck-hand as he caught sight of a former inmate of the " Tea-House," the home of the Pro-Germans.

Captain Fryatt came into my box after he had found his sleeping quarters. His broad stocky figure loomed big in the dark doorway, shutting out the faint light from the corridor. He pushed back the

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heavy stable door as easily as if it had been a curtain rather than thick timber hung on stiff, rusty pulleys. He said he wanted to see his chief steward who, with his assistant, was quartered with me. He looked round at the pots and domestic contrivances, and laughed.

" You've learnt how to make the best of things, then," he said, running his eye over our curious bunk arrangements.

At that point the chief steward arrived. After a few preliminary remarks, Fryatt said:

" I want you to look after my uniform and belongings."

" Why, what's up ? " asked the steward.

" I've got to go somewhere to-morrow morning," replied the Captain. His manner showed that he felt conscious of what was ahead.

The darkness and indeed the whole occasion made the voices sound uncanny. When one could not clearly see the person speaking, it was slightly startling to hear a voice coming from a spot near one's feet break into the conversation. Our space was so limited that if a few visitors came in it was necessary for the occupants of the stable to get into their bunks. Old George Meadows, a Grimsby fisherman, lying near the floor in his bunk, after fumbling in his " sea-chest," as he called his mattress, offered Fryatt some shag and asked him where he was going.

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" I don't know where I am going, nor why," he replied, " but whatever happens, I feel that I have done my duty. Anyway, I want you to look after these things and——" He broke off as the chief steward suggested that the authorities probably only wanted to see him concerning the cargo of the *Brussels*. Though he showed not the slightest trace of fear, there was a seriousness in his voice, a kind of " do your damnedest ! " (as a sailor might phrase it) attitude about him. I think he knew better than we did the sort of treatment he might expect from Germans.

While we were speaking, groups of seamen sauntered down the corridor and pressed round the door to get a glimpse of the famous " Pirate Dodger," as he was known in the camp.

" That's 'im ! " the rough old salts would exclaim admiringly as they peered into the shadows to see the Captain.

My most vivid impression of Captain Fryatt was obtained when he visited the camp canteen. He walked slowly past the boiler-house scanning with amused interest the posters and placards advertising the camp's amusements and meetings for the week. Near the dry stores he paused, one hand in his trousers pocket ; he seemed to be making a mental list of purchases he intended to make. An expression half quizzical half curious came into his rather stern face as he watched the grotesquely dressed

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prisoners clumping along on their wooden clogs. As yet he was hardly one of them, but I think he was good-humouredly trying to fit himself into his surroundings. He listened to the strange jargon of the purchasers as they left the long queue stretching away between the barracks. Almost shyly he spoke to a prisoner hurrying away with his purchases. The reply, "I don't think—my jam's not in!" left him more puzzled than before. The prisoners with their light-hearted antics must have seemed strange folk to him. He watched a detached group of artists one of whom was trying to discipline a small puppy. It was the time of the dog fashion, cultivated by a certain section of prisoners. The affected eccentricities of garb and manner puzzled him. The puppy wanted to frisk among the commoners in the queue, but its owner, in a tone of cold superiority, called out, "Come to heel, dog, come to heel!" He worried the animal until it lay trembling, squatting at his feet. As each man left the canteen with his purchases he would try with a friendly whistle to coax the puppy to desert his master.

There was the slightest curl of disdain on the lips of Captain Fryatt as he turned his back on the scene and took his place at the tail-end of the queue. His healthy ruddy colour and clean clothes reminded one that he had only just slipped out of civilisation into this byway. His face wore the serious expression

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of a man who has had recent contact with big events. He shifted impatiently from one leg to another. By and by the queue dissolved: the canteen had sold out, leaving him a wondering, isolated figure. He returned to his stable to prepare for his journey to Bruges.

It was a depressed gathering which watched him depart in the morning with the second officer of the *Brussels*. His coming among us had formed a link between the camp and the terrific struggle raging somewhere outside us. The prisoner's portion was a daily view of the military railway, where train after train, monotonously regular, loaded with guns and soldiers, travelled either to the East or West Fronts. At rare intervals a party of British soldier prisoners would be working in the goods yards opposite the camp. It was on these occasions that we received the most important news from the West Front. As soon as word came that the soldier prisoners were within a quarter of a mile of the camp, one of our cooks, an ex-Guardsman signaller, would rush out to the barbed wire between the barracks and signal them and exchange news. This was how we got the first news of the 1918 March counter-offensive.

After Captain Fryatt had gone to Bruges the sea-folk anxiously followed the newspapers by means of translations. When the news of his execution came in the *Tageblatt*, the camp was as stunned as

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we were when we heard that Lord Kitchener was drowned.

" Them Garmans 'ave shot our skipper ! " gasped Geordie, a deck-hand of the *Brussels*, pitiful astonishment on his face. It was incomprehensible to the slow-thinking soul that the Captain should be murdered " 'cos 'e 'it back."

The tragic incident had a chastening effect on the camp. Petty complaints and squabbles disappeared. The prisoners had seen a brave man go calmly to his death. That was a greater lesson than all we could read in smuggled newspapers. There was nothing to do but wait for the return of the second officer who had accompanied him, who described in detail the journey to Bruges and the subsequent " trial."

" It was all fixed up," was his comment.

Tears came into the eyes of one of the boys as the last conversation with Fryatt was described.

" I wouldn't mind so much, if it wasn't for the missus and the children," said Fryatt after he was sentenced.

There was little more to relate. The second officer came to our box to bring messages to the chief steward about his effects. We thought of what the Captain had said about his uniform. The shooting of Fryatt left the Germans, with very few exceptions, quite unmoved. I know that these lines are a digression, but I have so often been asked

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whether this incident might not have had a certain effect in inclining the minds of the German people to revolution against a Government which could perpetrate such crimes.

The Revolution arrives in Ruhleben

As Germany was hurried on to her climax, like a lumbering rudderless craft carried by rising winds towards the rocks, her politics became like the meeting-place of several angry mountain torrents. Big business, hungry for dividends, represented in the Reichstag by the *Industrielle*, demanded that the navy should put to sea to engage the British in one last desperate struggle. The aristocracy, suddenly becoming fearful of losing their feudal privileges, frantically called for a *coup d'état* to unseat the moderate but vacillating Prince Max and to restore the absolute monarchy of William II. A vigorous current of Socialism, swollen by tributaries from the progressive thought of the Democratic parties, expressed itself in a great cry for peace at any price and the abdication of the line of Hohenzollern.

When the clamour was at its loudest a danger signal appeared. A small paragraph in a Berlin newspaper said that mutiny had broken out at Kiel. A few days later Berlin was stunned by the news that Kurt Eisner, a Bavarian journalist, had

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demolished at one stroke the rotting structure of the Bavarian dynasty. The terse report of this extraordinary event was the culmination of hundreds of startling rumours which reached the camp.

England seems to have been surprised at the coming of the German Revolution. We in Ruhleben knew, partly from the talk of our guards, partly from the temper of the people of Berlin as exemplified by visitors to the camp, that in the event of Germany's defeat some sort of a revolution was inevitable. But only the few, I think, watched with real understanding those tides of disaffection rise in the North and South which were one day to engulf even the high ground of the capital. To the rank and file of us the Revolution was of secondary importance; to some it was little more than an amusing incident. The wave of relief which swept through the camp was caused not by it but by the rapid collapse of the German Army, which made a speedy release certain. A week before the Armistice was signed, some prisoners had already begun to pack their belongings and, so far as they could, to smarten up their appearance to pre-prison standard. Carefully hoarded stores of coal and wood (to us most precious goods), systematically stolen at night from the official stock, were thrown away. Even before the German Army was on the run, the dust-bins were choked up with old garments ruthlessly

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discarded after having seen their wearers through four of, I hope, the roughest years of their lives.

According to the newspapers Germany was "red with revolution." Few, I think, believed this; still, the officers in charge of the camp appeared as little as possible, allowing their subordinates more or less a free hand in guarding the prisoners. The question of the moment was—Would Germany agree to the terms of the Armistice? Many hoped that she would not, especially the section of the Mercantile Marine who feared that Germany was going to evade the fate she had inflicted on other countries. Even then we did not know that she was finally defeated. Had this been otherwise, the officers would not have retired so early.

When our "Revolution" arrived, it came by very commonplace means—by train! Loaded with rifles, machine-guns and improvised red flags this train slowly traversed the railway track before the camp. Its sailor crew, looking quite commonplace and ordinary, not to say a trifle futile, were received with an amused interest, a little laughter, some waving of hats. Interest quickened to mildly pleasurable excitement when we heard that some of the soldiers were sporting red buttons. Ironic cheers greeted a stray guard who appeared, now smirking, now shamefaced, the little red badge on his breast.

However, as the day wore on and reports of fresh

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successes of the sailor revolutionaries reached us, the soldiers began to take a serious interest in the events in Berlin. Small groups of N.C.O.'s and privates gathered about the guard-room door. When an officer appeared, the soldiers turned their backs, and after a hard-faced Bavarian private had deliberately spat on the ground as a young lieutenant approached him, discipline disappeared completely. The administration offices were a-flutter with excitement. The officers hastily took council together. Later, the smirking little Junker, Count Schwerin, appeared at the doorway. From the windows above him peered his brother officers, looking as scared as rabbits. As he walked across the quadrangle he bowed and smiled at the groups of surly soldiers, his kittenish walk betraying his fear. Now came the terrible episode. As he was about to pass his soldiers they simultaneously spat and turned their backs on him. For the officer onlookers and those of the soldiers who hung behind the braver ones carrying out their part of the agreed plan rather fearfully, it was an anxious moment. The faces vanished from the windows as the crestfallen Count, rage and shame contributing to the burning colour in his cheeks, scurried the few remaining yards to the casino, and shot through a welcome doorway. The silence was broken by a burst of ironical cheers from the prisoners.

Even at this advanced stage of our revolution

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the ringleaders were uncertain of the support of their colleagues. The younger soldiers gazed with a sheepish expression as they listened to the admonitions of the rebel N.C.O.'s. A strengthening influence was felt when news of the formation of Soldatenräte (Soldiers' Councils) came into the camp from Berlin.

" Aren't you going to have *your* Soldiers' Council ? Everybody's doing it, you know," said one of the camp comedians to a German soldier notorious for his keenness in landing the prisoners in the cells or the " Bird Cage."

" Soldiers' Council ? What's that ? " he asked suspiciously. I suppose he found out, for a few hours later the idea seemed to catch on among the soldiers. First of all, a secret meeting was called, and attended by the boldest spirits of the Guard. Reports of further formation of Soldiers' Councils continued to come in, but our guards, not being of the rash revolutionary order, decided to wait.

" Suppose the Revolution doesn't materialise, where shall *we* be ? " inquired one of the N.C.O.'s uneasily.

Next day more news arrived from Kiel: a man had been killed in a riot. A tense restlessness pervaded the camp, groups of prisoners gathering round the gates to watch events. Our soldiers called another meeting, where it was decided to form a Soldiers' Council at once. Two men were

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chosen to go to Berlin to find out how the thing was done. "Nobbler," the soldier coachman to the Commandant of the camp and general agent to the prisoners, was asked his views on the matter, and consented to take the party to Berlin in his master's carriage. They drove off leaving their imprisoned officers grimly staring down from the upper windows of the casino. The Abgeordnetenhaus, where the Executive of the Soldiers' Council was sitting, was visited, and instructions were received. The party returned late that night, rather nervous but triumphant. On the following day a statement was drawn up, passed, and presented to the officers in their quarters. The incident provided a good hour's entertainment for the prisoners who witnessed the installation of the new authority. A stout elderly N.C.O. was chosen to present the long statement to the officers, who had been warned of the ceremony about to take place. The old Commandant cut a sorry figure as he listened to his men, who carried out their task almost apologetically. Their badges of rank removed, the officers were allowed to depart on the understanding that they would in no way interfere with the "Revolution."

One of the prisoners reminded the revolutionaries that they had no flags or badges. None being obtainable outside,—there had been a run on red material,—the members of the Camp School Textile

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Department entered into the spirit of the occasion and began manufacturing red rosettes by the dozen.

We were now " Genosse " (comrades), and I think we did actually succeed in putting some life into the camp " soldiers of the Revolution." They learnt to respond more or less heartily to such greetings as, " Guten morgen, Genosse, wie geht die Revolution ? " (Good morning, comrade, how goes the Revolution ?) Indeed, they seemed to be changing from lifeless machines to something in the semblance of men.

The next step was to cut down the Prussian eagle which had always been sent fluttering up the long flagstaff in " Leicester Square " to celebrate German victories. No red flag being procurable, a tablecloth dyed in the camp laboratory was put in its place.

Once the preliminary stages were passed, the Council entered into its work with zest and began to issue permits to the prisoners to leave the camp. But here our self-elected autocratic governors stepped in and advised the president to issue permits to leave the camp only for very urgent reasons. They went so far as to form a special body, a kind of White Guard, to keep their companions in the camp. One member procured a rifle and ammunition from one of the soldiers and paraded with it half the night, " waiting for the stiffs to come," as he said. If the movement had been allowed

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to develop, it is probable that Ruhleben would have been divided into two factions—the Army of the Reds and the Army of the Whites; but after Captain Powell had admonished the prisoners to remember "who and what they were," those who could not get out officially waited until night, and passed out after bribing the sentries with a packet of cocoa or a tin of dripping. When it was discovered that some members of this peculiar body served only in order to get away to Berlin themselves, it was decided to abolish them!

This opened up immense trading possibilities with the enemy. Germans of all classes soon heard of the stores of food at Ruhleben and hurried out to the camp. I saw one be-furred lady step out of a motor-car and buy a tin of corned beef for three hundred marks, a sum then equivalent to about seven pounds. By the time the camp was broken up, hundreds of children arrived in the lane leading to it to canvass the prisoners for the sale of food-stuffs.

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CHAPTER II

Arriving in Berlin—Getting into touch with the Revolution

Arriving in Berlin

I FIRST left the camp officially as soon as the Soldiers' Council had bought a rubber stamp to *viser* my permit. I walked boldly down the lane past our stable home, every step a sheer joy. The three tedious years rolled away like clouds before the sun; thrills of anticipation surged through me. I wanted to sing and run. I realised the real meaning of freedom as I passed the last sentry on the way to the tram. Although I tried to look very sober and matter of fact, my fit of ecstasy was remarked by a group of people—they stared at me most suspiciously. Two small boys understood much better; in spite of their pale cheeks and rickety walk they had not forgotten how to smile.

"Engländer!" said one, with such friendly wonder that I had to stop and tell them all about it. When I produced a bar of chocolate, they gravely informed me that they had no money to buy it!

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I boarded the tram. To me it was no mere tram but a heavenly chariot. It was not until I had gone some distance that I found I was going away from Berlin—all sense of direction had momentarily left me. I began talking to the passengers, but after the Ruhlebenites these poor grey-faced creatures seemed most miserable. From their conversation—about food, of course—I gathered they were still unaware of any happening likely to disturb the peaceful routine of war.

I kept a sharp look-out for signs of revolution, but could see nothing beyond the thousands of Germans going about their business in their usual phlegmatic manner. I caught up with the first procession on the outskirts of Berlin. They were most respectable-looking people ; one, I remember, wore a silk hat and patent leather boots ! I boarded another tram and reached a crowd in the Alexander Platz : this was quiet enough too, but I warmed to it when I heard the stirring strains of the "Marseillaise." I waited until the music died down and a speaker began addressing the crowd, but he only droned out futile invective against the Kaiser and the military, in the dullest voice I have ever listened to. At the Brandenburger Thor I got on better, and attached myself to a procession of soldiers and civilians marching towards the Reichstag. They were not quite so restrained and orderly, and the music was much better : there were at least a

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hundred bandsmen. I inquired where we were going, but no one knew.

"Nowhere particular. This is just a street parade," answered one sober-looking individual.

As we neared the Potsdamer Platz, the procession plunged into a really excited crowd. People were talking and gesticulating wildly. There was no singing or playing here, but instead a surging of voices occasionally rising into an ominous roar. It reminded me of one Labour Day in the Bois de Boulogne when the crowd had sung the "Red Flag" and the Paris police had tried to suppress the speakers. Now and then the crowd abandoned restraint, and, like a wave, swept the military guards in front of them.

As I withdrew from the densest part of the crowd in the Potsdamer Platz I saw a soldier bleeding from a wound, his head on his chest, being carried away by his friends. I heard afterwards that two persons were killed on this occasion, which was described in the newspapers as a "battle between the Red Guards and ex-officers." All that I saw was two tiny figures on the roof of the Victoria Café crawling away after they had made a cowardly attack on a crowd of people who could not have screwed up enough courage to break a window. There were other attacks of this kind which nearly produced a genuine revolution. It really seemed as if the officer sharp-shooters concealed in various

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buildings were specially told off to kill a few victims in the streets in order to prove to the Allies that there really *had* been a revolution.

When I went to book a room in the Adlon Hotel I found a crowd in the Unter den Linden in a particularly dangerous mood. Shots had been fired from the cover of a bank building and had killed a man walking along the pavement. Although no one could be seen, two young soldiers turned a machine-gun on the building and criss-crossed it with bullets; the Marstall had been treated the same way in the morning. Others worked off their feeling by pinking out with their rifles the eyes and ears of the statues which decorated the outside of the buildings. When I finally managed to get inside the Hotel Adlon, some hours later, I found a machine-gun crew in the hall. I tripped over the long belt of cartridges before I saw it. The gunner, a middle-aged Unter-officer, lay on his stomach, his eye along the sights training the thick barrel of the gun on the swing doors.

I asked the manager, Mr. Kretschmar, if he expected any trouble. He replied in good English:

"Oh, not exactly. They are here to protect us."

He was the most obliging and un-German German I have met. He put me into one of his best bedrooms and did his utmost to make me feel comfortable Then he produced an autograph book and asked me to sign my name, under which he wrote a eulogy to

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the first Englishman to come to Berlin during the Revolution.

From my room I could see red flags fluttering from the windows. Could the owners of those magnificent houses opposite have suddenly become Socialists? Whether they had or no, evidently they wished to be thought so. I began to consider the flags and badges mere stage properties. Yet there was at least one man in Berlin who believed in the Revolution—Karl Liebknecht, and so soon as his belief became known, he and his followers were feared worse than the plague.

I was anxious to send copy to my paper, but I was still without materials for a real "news-story." I tried to find out who the villainous-looking Feldwebel and his soldiers in the hall expected to attack them. All that I could learn from him was, "Liebknecht ist aus!" At intervals a bell would ring which brought his gun-crew running out of the darkness with a machine-gun.

Rumours of pitched street battles were continually arriving in the hotel. When I visited the scenes I found that what was described by nervous Berlin newspapers as serious sanguinary conflicts were only local scuffles between a few officers and young impulsive "Red Guards." I saw one of these *Zusammenstosse* arise out of a meeting between a private soldier and an officer who was stepping into a café in

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the Friedrichstrasse. The soldier dealt him a terrific blow with the flat hand which sounded like the slamming of a door. The ex-officer fell on the pavement, where he lay stunned and bleeding. From a window on the opposite side of the street a man fired a pistol, the bullet in a flash changing a beautiful pane of plate glass into a network of lines like a spider's web. At the sound of the shot the bystanders scurried into passages and doorways. After a time the ex-officer struggled to his feet, and finding the café closed against him, walked dazedly down the street. But nowhere could I find revolution breaking out in a general violence. I followed a motor-lorry crowded with armed troops to the Marstall, where they sought stores and departed peaceably.

In another street I was overtaken by an armoured car. A French soldier riding on the step beckoned me to join him. Germans hauled me into the back of the car and dumped me on to a pile of ammunition. For two hours they drove about the wide streets of Berlin, like a party of rowdy enthusiastic students. The Frenchman blew loud blasts on a bugle intermingled with raucous snorts of a motor-horn which he manipulated with his right hand. The soldiers on the roof of the car fired round after round of ammunition from sheer joy of freedom at turrets, gables of houses, and any projecting piece of ornamental masonry. The rattling reports of the

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machine-guns on the roof must have made us seem a terrible crowd to the nervous Berliners as they vanished into shelter. As we tore down the Sieges Allee Germany's ancient monarchs in marble were the targets for some wild shooting. After "attacking" an unoccupied building just outside Berlin which looked like an old military depôt where the soldiers expected to find food, the adventure ended with no casualties and a simple meal with the soldiers at the Alexander Barracks.

My recollection of the Revolution of those early days is of shoutings in side streets, a mad rush and a few shots; then silence, whilst a wounded or dead man was taken away by his friends. The revolutionaries found no serious opposition, because for the moment every one had gone "red." Occasionally a proud Prussian would forget himself and speak brusquely to a commoner. A mêlée would follow, during which he would be badly manhandled and put to flight.

I expected to find the Revolution working out in terrible excesses. Like animals escaped from their keepers I imagined the docile Germans throwing themselves with brutal abandon into the enjoyment of all that had been denied them. I thought of the terrible atrocities of the war. Recollections of vivid stories from France and Belgium prepared my mind for the worst sort of bloody revelry. But I found a spirit which hungered for something more than

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violence could satisfy. It was only impetuous youth which saw in the occasion merely an opportunity for extravagant merry-making. The young soldiers wanted movement and rushed about the city in army motor-cars, whilst their middle-aged comrades regarded them with friendly disapproval.

The faith of the poorer citizens in the inherent goodness of human nature was remarkable. They believed that their unmaterialistic outlook was universal and that the goodwill of mankind would adjust all differences and mould a new way of living. It was not long before they began to doubt. The heaven-born spirit of faith in one's fellow-creatures changed to a brooding mood of angry suspicion. The atmosphere became poisonous and inflammable. The masses began to feel that they were being betrayed, although they did not know how or by whom. And yet in spite of the inflammable material there was no conflagration. Tiny blazes would flare up suddenly, but as quickly subside into crackling embers.

The Revolution was a mental process. It was not fear that kept the soldiers from breaking into wholesale rioting and looting, which we had been led to expect by both German and English writers on German affairs. There was no one to restrain them, for authority was afraid. This is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that the common people knew of the rich men's hoards of food and treasure.

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They knew that the cellars of the large restaurants were well stocked with food and drink, but only in a few cases did they resort to violent measures.

The Revolution expressed itself in moods which electrified the air. Nothing could have withstood the spirit of the soldiers had it expressed itself in violence. When Berlin paused for two days, the 9th and 10th of November, 1918, the citizens enjoyed their first and last real experience of liberty.

On that glorious first night of freedom I went to bed early, but I will not relate my experience of the "joys of civilisation." A description of the first dinner I had in "starving Berlin" must be allowed, as it gives an idea of the gross inequalities and injustices prevailing there.

Thick vegetable soup, boiled trout with delicious sauce, roast goose and apple sauce with unlimited vegetables, and a special sort of pudding were the main items served to me by an old manager of the London Carlton Hotel, Mr. Jacques Cramer, recently released from an English prison camp. And this was the ordinary dinner on the hotel menu which any one could have for fifteen marks! A few weeks later, when I was sent to the Peace Conference, I found that it was much cheaper than a similar meal taken under similar circumstances in Paris. Of course this was before the serious depreciation of the mark set in.

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Mr. Jacques Kramer, as he was known in his Carlton days, entertained me with stories of his internment in the Alexandra Palace, where the British authorities appear to have been particularly generous to German prisoners. He told me that they were allowed special chefs and servants, and opportunities to buy in whatever they liked, including the Rhine wine which was to be had in plenty because Londoners considered it unpatriotic to drink German wine!

But Kramer told me more interesting things than these. I learnt from him that Count Bernstorff lived in a room on the floor below mine, and from others that most of the leaders of the old régime were likely to continue to lead in the new one—but—from behind the scenes.

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CHAPTER III

Doctor Solf, Master of Propaganda—At the German Foreign Office

Doctor Solf, Master of Propaganda

AFTER a perfect night's rest I rose early and made my plans for the day. For an hour I read through a batch of German newspapers thoughtfully sent up by the manager without getting a clear impression of the position in Berlin. The whole chromatic scale of newspaper opinion, from the ultra-Conservative *Tägliche Rundschau* to the Bolshevist *Rote Fahne*, reeked with petty invective. Each journal was concerned with its own party and interests, and absolutely insensible to their divine opportunity. The most prominent man in Berlin at this time was Doctor Solf. He was partly responsible for the negotiations with the Allies, and judging by his war record would be a difficult person to treat with.

I remembered many pithy remarks made by him in his speeches against England, so I decided to pay him a visit. Considering the times and the fact that he was a pillar of the old régime, the Foreign

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Office was the last place I expected to find him, but I thought I might be able to get news of him here. Nominally at least he still held two positions, Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Secretary for the Colonies.

When I reached 7 Wilhelmstrasse, the Foreign Office building, I found that there were no guards, whereas all other public buildings had by this time their full complement of "soldiers (or sailors) of the Revolution." My card was taken by a liveried servant of the old order, who returned a few minutes later and led me up a few steps into a beautiful salon. This building must have been overlooked by the Executive of the Soldiers' Council, for the personnel and procedure, impressive and mysterious, were the same as in war and pre-war days. Stranger still, I was told that Doctor Solf was in his room and would see me. The ripe old gentleman who conducted me to the Foreign Minister carefully opened the padded double door of the room and told me to wait. I was not prepared for the voice and splendid appearance of the Doctor as he came into the room. He is of medium height, broad-shouldered, and of excellent carriage. In face he is not unlike Lord Haldane, though slightly less rounded. His manners are those of an English country squire. He is one of the few Germans in Germany who might pass for an Englishman.

If I had not known something of Doctor Solf's

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real opinion of England and Englishmen I should have been deceived. From the beginning of our acquaintance until the time I left Berlin the Doctor tried to impress me with the alleged harshness of the Armistice conditions, and constantly referred to the terrible state of Germany brought about by the British blockade.

On the table was a pile of English newspapers.

"Have you read these, Mr. Brown? They are not true," he said, without waiting for my answer.

As I had not seen the English newspapers for some days, I did not know what he meant.

"The English press does not believe that we are on the brink of a catastrophe worse than that which threatens Russia. They regard my claim that Germany is in a desperate position as a trick on the part of the new Government to escape its obligations. What is going to happen to us now that the demobilisation has started—millions of soldiers returning to Germany, hungry and unscrupulous?" he said.

I nodded sympathetically and listened, for I wanted to know in what direction this master of propaganda was now employing his efforts. Half an hour passed, during which the Doctor distinguished himself in making out a case for what he called "the New Germany." If I had been anything but a case-hardened prisoner he would have brought tears to my eyes. When I told him that I

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wanted to send off an account of the interview, he said:

"Do you think that your paper will understand the spirit in which I have given you all this information?"

I looked him in the eyes and replied:

"Have no fear, Doctor Solf; my editor will know exactly what to do with this message."

I was soon to find that I was right in this particular; when a copy of my newspaper arrived at the Foreign Office, a bomb from an Allied aeroplane could not have caused greater surprise.

I left the Doctor, an appointment made for the afternoon, and returned to my hotel to write my first story. This done, I went to a telegraph office—to find that the officials would receive no messages to any country outside Germany! After making a good many inquiries, I learnt that the Foreign Office possessed the only certain means of direct communication with the outside world—wireless telegraphy.

I made a hurried tour of the city and its environs and, except for a few processions, I found everything quiet. At the Bristol Hotel I met a courier who was taking private dispatches to Holland, and to him I gave a hundred marks and entrusted my first message, a very unreliable way of sending copy to a newspaper. The only thing to do was to go on searching for a channel through which to communicate with my editor. It was a long and unsuccessful

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hunt, but it brought me to some of the poorer parts of Berlin.

Here for the first time I saw real hunger among the German people. All the men I met seemed to be in a much better state of health than the women and children. Those who were either too honest or too poor to lend themselves to the infamous "Schleichhandel" suffered the most. I cannot understand the extreme docility of the Germans when they knew of the large hoards of food stored away by the wealthy people. In the Kaiser's cellars I saw tons of stores of all sorts—ham, bacon, sugar, coffee, milk, and those delicious meat mixtures in tins, for the preparation of which only Felix Potin seems to have the secret.

It was a curious experience for an Englishman to see huge stacks of English jams and marmalades and Quaker oats, articles which had become luxuries to us, stored away in the cellars of the enemy. I should think that even the docile Germans can never forget this scandal: their King and his corrupt court in possession of food enough to supply an army, whilst the weakest of his subjects were starving. I was told that all the wealthy families had followed his example and were in possession of well-stored cellars.

After lunch I again visited Doctor Solf, who received me courteously in his magnificent salon at the Foreign Office.

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"Have you communicated with your newspaper yet?" The question anticipated the request I was going to make.

"No, not yet, but I hope with your assistance to reach my editor," I replied.

"I suggest that you use our wireless for transmitting your dispatches," he said.

I thanked him and then asked for news of the Revolution.

"There is no more to tell than you have read in the papers," he said evasively.

"But I would like to know how it is that you and your staff are still allowed to remain here?" I asked.

"Allowed!" answered the Doctor with a most enlightening smile.

"Have you been to the Chancellery yet?" was his next question. When I said I had not, he replied:

"I advise you to go and see Ebert. After that you will better understand why I am here.

"Now, Mr. Brown, I want to tell you something," he continued, his changed manner implying that as yet we had discussed topics of the utmost insignificance. "I have just received a message which leads me to believe that our railway system is becoming completely dislocated. Now think what this means to us. Without taking into account the lack of repairs during four years which has caused a serious deterioration of material, think of the

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difficulty of distribution now arising out of the rapid demobilisation of the armies. By the return of the troops the food needs of the country are increased thirty per cent. All reserves for the future were destroyed during the recent disorder on the coast." (It appears that the sailors rushed the stores and helped themselves.) The Doctor made a really first-class effort to impress me as he continued. I was anxious to get my story away, and thought it would be policy to give him an opportunity to work off some of his food propaganda.

" You probably know that last harvest proved a bitter disappointment. And now I hear that German Austria is to be supplied from our stock, which will mean that it will not last for more than four weeks. Then again, there is the stock of fats practically exhausted owing to the inadequate feeding of the cattle. The effect of all this is shown in the appalling increase in the death-rate, particularly with regard to infant mortality. Next in importance comes the question of transport, and with it the coal question. If these problems are not solved immediately, most of the big cities will be without electric power and gas. In some towns the water supply will be cut off.

" Don't think I am overestimating the urgency of these questions ; the Allies will gain nothing by ruining Germany, whereas, with the raising of the blockade, we shall get through the crisis and reach a stage

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where we can pay our debts. I see one newspaper says that Germany's present political position may develop into a state similar to the Russian chaos. With a little assistance we shall avoid that. But I cannot answer regarding the development which must set in in case our adversaries do not relinquish their pitiless attitude, which hinders the work of a Provisional Government, in itself weak, and, from the view of the world, almost chaotic. Consider what a victory of a Bolshevistic anarchy in Germany would mean. It would be the doom of Western Europe, of England — yes, of all the world!"

I felt inclined to applaud, for the Doctor had spoken as if he were addressing a large and important audience.

"Do you know anything of the extent of the 'Schleichhandel' which is going on with food?" was the rather prosaic question I put to the Foreign Minister when he had delivered himself of his effective peroration.

"That is a matter which is giving us much trouble. It is impossible to stop it. The people have become desperate and *will* have food for their children," he answered.

"But it seems that it is just the children who do not get the food," I replied, thinking of the well-fed, well-dressed people with whom I was living.

The topic was obviously unwelcome to the

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Foreign Secretary, who personally looked as if he had gone short of nothing during the war, so I dropped it.

"When do you want to send away your messages?" he asked.

"To-night," I replied.

"Come with me."

He took me to a Doctor Rudeger, a young man of about twenty-seven years who was in charge of the Press Bureau. He was another surprise for me: in appearance he is what is known as "typically English"—lean and wiry with sharp features. He was full of his university life in England.

I lost no time in making use of the Foreign Office wireless, and handed him my message, and, later, the Solf Interview, which was to prove such a source of inconvenience to me.

Although I continued to send my dispatches away by the German Foreign Office wireless, I distrusted Solf and his carefully trained assistants. Their perfect knowledge of English made it possible for them to delete or rewrite my messages to suit their own purposes. My suspicions were excited by the unscrupulous efforts made by the Foreign Secretary both in his food propaganda and his manœuvres to mislead the Allies. Besides, I had had some experience of reading and comparing "official" German reports.

After watching the rapidity with which the

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" Reds " had acquired huge stores of arms and ammunition, and the general indications of coming conflict, I felt justified in dispatching a long message which I headed " The Real Revolution Yet to Come." But how was I to get it away? Would Dr. Solf allow it to pass through the Foreign Office wireless bureau?

The Doctor was always accessible to me, and I found him in his rooms, courteous and confident as ever.

" What do you think of the general situation now? " I asked him as soon as I was seated.

" Oh, I think everything is more or less satisfactory," he replied soberly.

" Do you think the crisis is passed? "

" As far as one can judge, yes."

" Well, Doctor, in my opinion the worst troubles are ahead, unless the seventy thousand armed Red troops now in Berlin are disarmed at once."

I hoped I had sprung a surprise on him, but evidently the Foreign Minister was every bit as well informed as I was.

" How do you know about that? " he asked.

" I have seen the preparations and the ugly mood of the returning troops," I replied.

" I suppose you want to tell your paper that. Can't you wait to see whether the situation clears up? We are hoping that the measures we are

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now taking will be effective in preventing any disorder," he said rather lamely.

"But what about the armed Spartacists?" I asked.

"At the present moment there is no power in Germany to disarm them," he admitted hopelessly.

I took my manuscript out of the envelope and laid it on the table before him.

"'The Real Revolution Yet to Come'! You are going to send *that?*" he cried, amazed.

"I must. I am sure that unless Liebknecht is co-opted into your Government there will be a serious attempt to capture the Government offices and services."

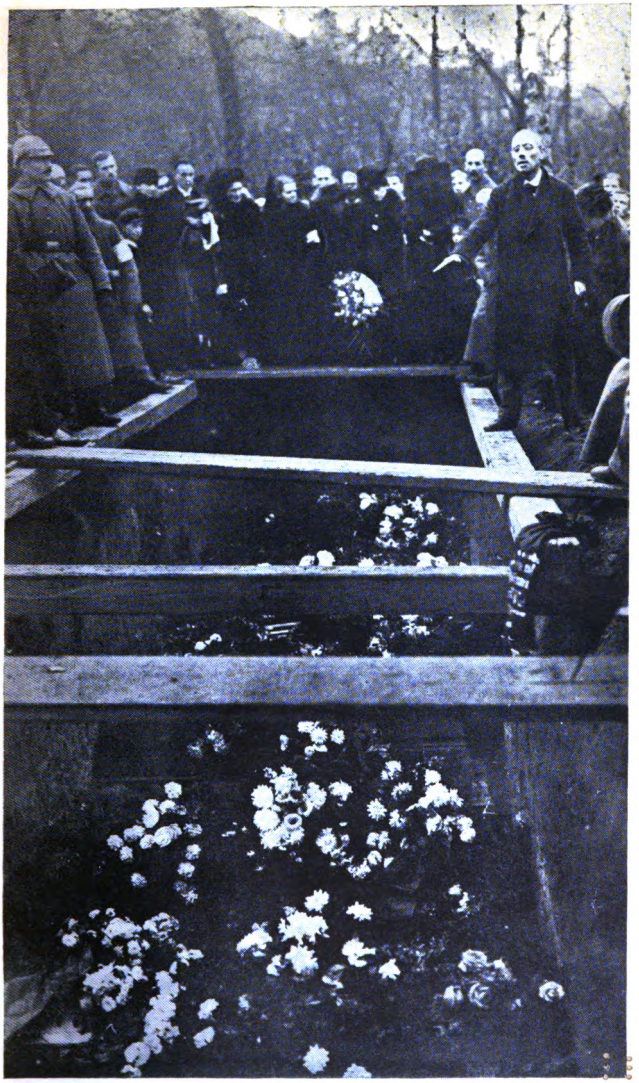
"Then, I suppose, the Allies will send armed troops to Berlin," he replied.

I told him of conversations I had had with Independent Socialists and Spartacists who swore that they would rather die than submit to a bourgeois Government being established in Germany, which, they added, would be more oppressive than the Junkers.

"Perhaps it is as well that the Allies should know the true situation. They may realise the terrible difficulties we are encountering in our efforts to fulfil the Armistice conditions," he conceded, after a little reflection.

With that I left the Foreign Office, hoping that my message would be dispatched at once.

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LIEBKNECHT ADDRESSES THE MOURNERS AT THE GRAVE OF THE VICTIMS OF THE REVOLUTION.

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CHAPTER IV

Liebknecht at the Sophien Salle—Victims of the Revolution—Funeral Procession and Burial—Ledebour talks Bolshevism to the Tommies

LIEBKNECHT AT THE SOPHIEN SALLE

AN air of hesitation pervaded the administrative life of Berlin. On the surface of things there appeared to be no one to take a lead. The helplessness of the German minor officials was apparent everywhere. What energy remained was used to thwart the efforts of those who were trying to evolve an orderly scheme of reform out of the temporary chaos. Intrigue was rife in committee and poisoning the sensitive plant of newly acquired liberty. Bold initiative was shown only by the opportunists, who used it to further their own base purposes. Hours of conference would be wasted in squabbles over positions, and vital questions were shelved or avoided altogether. The swarms of minor officials seemed to expect a system to evolve unaided from the muddle, while they were deliberating on which group of intriguers to support.

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The ordinary citizens went about their business, working conscientiously in the belief that their self-appointed leaders would act for the best. The industrial machine never stopped, which encouraged the opportunists to exploit the people they had set out to govern.

Even at that early date the new rulers had acquired the manners of extravagant Ministers. They rode in the best motor-cars and ate the best food. Whatever good intentions they might have possessed disappeared as soon as they felt their feet under the loaded tables of the profiteers.

I realised that I would have to look outside Government circles for the men with sufficient ability to pilot Germany through her crisis.

The Junkers kept themselves well in the background and could not be induced to express themselves. The industrial magnates were as yet uncertain of the masses, and showed the bourgeois fear of Liebknecht. I could find no one who had a policy to deal with the curious situation. The press, for once, was short of an adequate programme of constructive suggestion.

Abuse appeared in every line of journalism. Surely now was the chance for those master minds at whose existence the left wing of the press had hinted for years. The occasion was unique. The most favourable conditions awaited the man who had a constructive policy. Names of likely men

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would crop up in the morning, only to be slandered back into obscurity by the evening press.

The crop of revolutionary newspapers which had sprung from the newly acquired liberty of the press, although differing in details, were unanimous in their admiration for Liebknecht.

The All-Deutsch newspapers were already venomously attacking him, one calling him the most poisonous traitor that ever betrayed his Fatherland; but I found the Sophien Salle, where every day he addressed thousands of soldiers and civilians, crowded to the doors. When I arrived the chairman was making a few preliminary remarks, at the end of which he introduced Liebknecht, a middle-aged man, the extreme pallor of whose face was accentuated by the darkness of his eyes. His hollow cheeks belied that energy which enabled him not only to write regularly for his paper *Die Rote Fahne*, but to hold three or four meetings every day.

The thunderous roar of applause which greeted him can be compared only to the roar of a railway train when it suddenly plunges into a tunnel. He went straight into his subject. The audience—that night the soldiers greatly outnumbered the civilians—listened attentively while he gave his reasons for refusing to join the Government. The speaker considered each member of it separately, and with a few lurid touches laid bare the " miser-

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able souls of the new bourgeois plutocracy." Then followed a devastating criticism of the policy of the Government, a policy unknown to the members of that Government, he said, until they had received their orders from their masters, the "Industrielle."

Certainly he was an impressive speaker, and, if he had not been murdered, he would have been a force in whatever government Germany had adopted. His voice and gestures, metallic and precise, reminded me at times of Philip Snowden. His arguments were sound, but it was easy to see where he failed. He spent too much time criticising the methods of the opposition;—his audience wanted to hear about his own programme. They loved the man, but were puzzled by the extreme Socialistic system of administration which he advocated. In Russia, where institutions have rotted into decay, where the corrupt bureaucrats and exhausted aristocracy had fled, clearing the ground for big social experiments, he would have been as popular as Lenin. He could have succeeded in Germany only by compromising on some of his most cherished ideals. Liebknecht struck me as being too honest to be a working politician, too unyielding to be a statesman. He was simply a great man. He saw the timid German Bourgeoisie already beginning to repeat the treachery of their predecessors who, in 1848, after spurring on the peasantry to revolt,

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betrayed them at the barricades of Berlin. To him compromise with men of this kind was worse than betrayal.

Before Liebknecht sat down he invited any one who wished to come to the platform and speak. Soldiers, especially those suffering from some terrible war affliction, walked or were carried to the platform and poured forth bitter complaints against both the old and the new Governments. Seeing that the meeting was likely to close at any minute, I hurried down the gangway to the side of the stage, wrote a few lines on a card explaining what I wanted, and gave it to a steward. I watched him hand it to the Spartacist leader, who, however, shook his head.

"He says he will not see you. The English newspapers are insulting him," was the answer I received.

I waited until the meeting broke up, then walked across to Liebknecht, who was just putting on his overcoat.

"No, I do not want to see English journalists. Look what they are saying about us now we are trying to get our rights. They spoke well of us during the war. Now we are called Bolshevists by the Allies, traitors by our own people. Good-night."

He walked off with his friends without another word.

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Victims of the Revolution—The Funeral Procession and Burial

I had come to Berlin hoping to be in at the death of Prussian tyranny, and to see established a people's Government—nowhere was it more needed. But until the funeral of the victims of the Revolution, to me the most impressive incident of those days, I had met few inspired by the real revolutionary spirit such as I had expected to find after the exposure of the intrigues and scandals of the court and military parties. I warmed towards the small fighting minority headed by Liebknecht, who had fought consistently for the downfall of the oppressors, and who believed that at last they had destroyed the power of the Junkers. A few actually believed that by their agitation they had helped on victory for the Allies. They had deceived themselves in their own small but sincere efforts. This party was more in evidence on the day of the funeral than at any time since. I pitied them as I saw them innocently falling in with the plans of their masters who, for the time, were retiring behind the scenes.

Long before the time advertised for the passing of the procession, thousands of people had taken up their position in the streets. From the window of the hotel I had an uninterrupted view from the Brandenburger Thor to the bottom of Unter den Linden. From the windows of the magnificent

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mansions peered the people who stood for the old régime. In my own window were two German-American journalists who kept assuring every one near them that they were " No Genosse," meaning that they had no sort of sympathy with what was passing outside. In an adjoining window was a party of " Kriegsgewinnler " (war profiteers), their coarse shiny faces seeming to ooze the fats in which they were illicitly trading.

" Why do Scheidemann and Ebert allow this—this rabble ? " said one, spitting down upon the swaying crowd.

" Wait till Noske gets here ! " replied one of his friends savagely.

In another window was Count Bernstorff and his party. They appeared to regard the procession as they might have done a passing circus.

As the appointed time drew near, a wonderful silence descended on the crowd. The men reverently removed their hats and waited. Clear and ringing came the first notes of a funeral march. Women bowed their heads and sobbed quietly. Thousands of eyes focused the head of the procession as it appeared under the Brandenburger Thor. Chopin's Funeral March, sounding like a pæan of victory, reverberated about the old Embassy buildings as the procession came slowly forward. The seven coffins containing the bodies were laid across an open hearse, watched by two

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files of bearers. It was strange to see a number of French and English soldiers in the procession carrying large wreaths. The bystanders looked as if they could not believe their eyes. Behind came the long lines of civilian and soldier mourners. Never have I seen such noble dignity in a crowd. Their manner implied that at last they had found their road to freedom. Poor deluded folk! They did not know what was happening behind the curtained windows of the palaces where lurked their traditional enemies.

Suddenly my attention was distracted by the movements of the Feldwebel and his soldiers billeted on the hotel. A few feet below in the stone window-balcony he was fixing his beloved machine-gun and training it on the crowd. One of his soldiers adjusted a belt of cartridges, while two others brought out a second machine-gun from an adjoining window. Women looked up at the projecting muzzles of the guns and paled. What could it mean? I stepped back and waited. The workers from the Goertz Optical Works were passing. They looked up grimly at the guns, but passed on.

"Beware of the Agent Provocateur!" one "advanced" newspaper had warned in the morning. I had taken the words to be merely a scare headline.

The Feldwebel was now flat on his stomach behind his gun, his finger on the trigger, his eyes along the sights. Whatever the signal he waited for, it

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did not come. The merchants had vanished at the first appearance of the soldiers.

"Well, I've got my first sentence at last! Tamest God-damn show I've seen!" said one of the German-Americans, as he scribbled in his note-book.

I waited no longer, for I wanted to see Liebknecht again, who was to address his friends at the graveside of the victims. By making a detour I managed to arrive at the Friedrichshain Cemetery before the procession, and worked my way through the dense crowd. I thrilled when a one-armed soldier addressed me as "Genosse." He showed me the spot marked by a small stone column where the victims of the revolution of 1848 were buried.

As the coffins were brought to the graveside the crowd became emotional. Grim-faced men broke down as they watched their womenfolk sobbing. There was a number of speakers, but Liebknecht was *the* man of the occasion. The picture of him standing at the graveside, exhorting his followers to hold fast to their ideals and principles, will live in one's mind for ever. With an intensely dramatic gesture, pointing down to the coffins, he urged the people to go forward until the Revolution was carried through. The swelling sea of faces surged about him, almost sweeping him into the long, gaping grave. They hung on every word, and were loth to

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depart when their leader was gone. I turned away from the most moving scene I have yet witnessed.

The Olive Branch

One of the most lively incidents during these days occurred at a strange meeting which took place at "Die Philharmonie," the hall hired by Harden when he was out to attack the Government. A small notice in the newspapers announced that all Allied prisoners of war were cordially invited to a meeting to be addressed by Prince Lichnowsky, Dr. Cohn, Edward Bernstein, and George Ledebour on the future relations of Germany and England.

When I reached the hall I found about fifteen hundred British soldiers and sailors present, as well as a large number of German soldiers and civilians.

The chairman in his opening remarks referred vaguely to the future relations (which he hoped would be of the friendliest) of the British and German Empires, and with a flow of pleasing words prepared the way for what might have been a most successful meeting. His speech was translated by a Colonel Emerson.

A rumour to the effect that the meeting would be used for purposes of Bolshevist propaganda caused Prince Lichnowsky to change his mind at the last minute, and send a note of regret to excuse his absence. This was read, and the speaker continued at some length in a sentimental strain on the hard-

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ships of prisoners. He was followed by a man who certainly put some life into the proceedings by a striking speech—Mr. Arthur Mayne, a retired Indian judge and chief of the British Red Cross Commission which had just arrived in Berlin. He began by a stern rebuke to Germany and those of her apologists present in the hall who had calmly countenanced the cruelties meted out to unfortunate Allied prisoners of war. It was the first time I had heard the popular soldier phrase, " That's the stuff to give 'em ! " uttered most appropriately by an English soldier at the back of the hall.

" I was told it might be dangerous to speak at a meeting which might possibly be used for propaganda of an objectionable nature," said Mr. Mayne, " but I wanted to get a chance of welcoming you fellows here. Mr. Schlesinger assures me that the sole object of this meeting is to explain to you that your sufferings have been due entirely to the former despotic Government, and that the new Germany regrets the past, and is genuinely anxious to be friends with you in the future."

The speaker went on to explain what his Commission had come to do, and that he had already chartered ships to take the British prisoners of war back to England.

The soldiers gave him a hearty reception, applauding him for some minutes.

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LEDEBOUR TALKS BOLSHEVISM TO THE TOMMIES

Now came the melodramatic turn to the proceedings. The chairman introduced George Ledebour, the well-known Independent Socialist, who astonished every one by his excellent knowledge of English.

"You soldiers and sailors of England, do you know that your Government is about to commit a great crime? It is about to put Russia, now a free country, recently liberated from the yoke of a corrupt monarchy, back under a yoke of greedy capitalism. Do you understand what it means to subjugate Russia, a land which after centuries of oppression has now won her liberty?" cried Ledebour, throwing himself into his subject. It was easy to see that he had been waiting to relieve his pent-up feelings.

Pandemonium ensued. Now came the chance of those Germans anxious to ingratiate themselves with the Tommies. A woman—her voice sounded English—got up.

"Russia is not free; it is governed by a domineering minority!" she exclaimed.

Ironically encouraged by the British soldiers and sailors, Ledebour returned to the attack.

"That's a lie!" he cried. "Russia is free at last, and no other people has the right to concern itself with her internal affairs."

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The German part of the audience rose in anger, many shaking their fists at the troublesome Independent Socialist.

Ledebour continued to speak, but his voice was finally drowned by a storm of abuse, and he sat down. With considerable difficulty the chairman eventually managed to subdue the indignant Germans, who were encouraged by the remarks of the soldiers and sailors to continue their counter-attack on Ledebour.

Finally, Bernstein got up and with " tears in his voice " expressed his regret for what had passed. He wished, he said, to dissociate himself from Mr. Ledebour's remarks, who, he added, represented no German opinion whatsoever. He went on to explain that the New Germany now stood for Peace, Disarmament, and the League of Nations.

" You bet ! " cried a Tommy.

The speaker struggled for some time to restore a serious atmosphere, but the prisoners were enjoying themselves too well. Some of them had been prisoners from the early days of the war ; now that freedom had come, almost unexpectedly, they were determined to enjoy it to the full.

The meeting broke up in disorder. The soldiers surged round Mr. Mayne, eager to learn dates when they might expect to start for home. Bernstein still tried to express himself and carried on a running conversation with two Irishmen on their way out

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of the hall. Probably he thought he was making an impression at last—until a big good-natured soldier of a London regiment interrupted him.

"Look here, mate," he said, "don't apologise. You're all tarred with the same brush. When we were going through hell in Wittenberg, you chaps didn't say a word. Your doctors cleared out and left us to it. And the people jeered at us when we were burying our dead. And don't you say you didn't know anything about it! Still, —it's over. Let's forget it. Come and have one!"

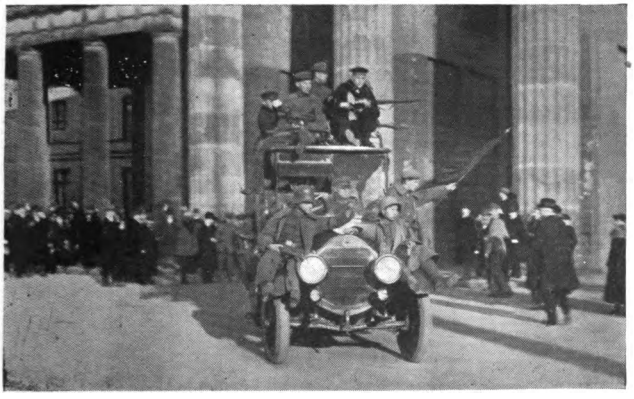
Perhaps in the excitement Bernstein did not hear him, for he turned away and cut into the conversation of another group. When I last saw him he was explaining in philosophic phrases to a Sergeant-Major of the Buffs that Germany now desired nothing better than to become great friends with England.

I accompanied a party of soldiers to a café on their way back to the camp, where they at once monopolised the attention of the company. The chilly atmosphere created by their rather abrupt entrance melted away in the sunshine of their breezy good-nature.

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ALLIED SOLDIERS TOOK PART IN THE DEMONSTRATION DURING THE BERLIN DISORDER. A FRENCH PRISONER IS SEEN ON THE STEP OF THE ARMOURED CAR.



A SCENE AT THE BRANDENBURGER THOR DURING THE HOSTILITIES.

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CHAPTER V

The Making of the Red and the White Armies—At the Reichstag—Theodore Wolff—Maximilian Harden at Home

The Making of the Red and the White Armies

As soon as the Armistice was signed many of the German troops started a mad scramble to reach their homes. Even the hastily elected Soldiers' Council could not restrain them. Pitiable sights were to be seen at the stations as the train-loads of soldiers arrived from the fronts. Hundreds of those who had climbed on to the roofs of the trains, all other space being occupied, were swept off and mutilated in the tunnels. And what a home-coming for those who did get back! They had been sent away by cheering crowds, with music, with fine ladies throwing flowers to them. They returned in disgrace. There was no pretence of a reception: except for a few relatives, who waited hour after hour at the stations, Berlin ostentatiously ostracised her soldiers.

Several days passed before the Provisional Government realised its mistake in discouraging civic welcomes for the returning troops. Then it was

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too late. This negligence and lack of understanding of the peculiar mood of the men from the front were great factors in the cause of the attempted real revolution. The only people alive to the possibilities of the occasion were the Spartacists. As the soldiers crawled from the trains, hungry and ill from nights of exposure, they were met by agents, and, unless they joined the Red Army, in most cases sold their arms for a few marks and a square meal. I have seen a rifle sold for as little as three and a machine-gun for ten marks.

In this way thousands of rifles and machine-guns were obtained and stored away by the Spartacists. Some of the older men, on reading the appeal from the Russian Bolsheviks to retain their weapons, did so and went home to wait events. A week after the signing of the Armistice there were seventy thousand armed troops in Berlin, men bitterly resentful of the treatment accorded them. Members of the Bourgeoisie, thinking that all danger was passed, went out of their way to show their scorn for the groups of miserable, unkempt soldiers.

The awakening came with the news of the rapid formation of a "Red Army." The movement was well afoot before the attention of the Provisional Government could be diverted from its petty squabbles for places to the serious turn the situation had taken. The measures adopted to

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meet the emergency were momentarily successful. Large white placards were posted about the town calling for recruits for a "Citizen Army." Pay and conditions were, for that period, exceedingly generous. I watched hundreds of young soldiers, anxious to obtain the colossal sum of eleven marks and various valuable privileges, surge through the gates at the War Office to enrol in the "White Army." Those who were refused walked over to the Reds, who were recruiting in the Französischestrasse.

This "Citizen Army" was really the nucleus of Noske's notorious "Green Guard," and was mainly composed of unscrupulous mercenaries. Although the temptations to join the new force were great, the organisers of the Red Guard still continued to get recruits—even though they did not raise the pay, two marks a day with uncertain ration allowances.

The Government took further precautions against disorder. As I stepped into the street one morning I was surprised to see a score of workmen digging deep holes in the lawns opposite the French Embassy. Other men were unloading long red cloth-covered poles. The strange air of urgency about their work made me curious. I asked the foreman what was happening.

"The soldiers are coming home," he replied.

The next troops to arrive at the station were surprised to find a grand reception awaiting them!

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There was little food, but at least there was a welcome which dispelled much of the bitterness which had caused many of their comrades to become Red Guards. At the station they made an earnest attempt to brighten up their worn-out uniforms and battered equipment. They responded to the well-dressed crowds, who, over-night, had decided to cheer them. By the time they passed the Reichstag and under the Victory horses, headed by a really wonderful band which repeated " Deutschland über Alles " many times, they were transformed from the serious disappointed men of whom revolutionaries are made to their old docile selves. To disarm them and send them to their homes was now a comparatively simple matter.

At the Reichstag

After the " Revolution " had been accepted by all classes in Berlin the city became almost barren of important incident. It was amusing to read accounts in German newspapers of how the Revolution had " blazed through the land withering up all opposition in its path." I give praise to the German sailors who, betrayed by their comrades, defied their officers who had treated them like dogs, and now seemed to be the only persons to show the slightest initiative during the early stages. The men who were sent from Kiel to " carry the

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Revolution to every town in Germany" knew already that they would meet with no opposition from the Government which was undergoing its reshuffling.

The military leaders for the moment were at a loss. They had expected the long-suffering masses to turn savagely on their late masters. Hundreds of high officers had fled the country to find that Peace and defeat had found Germany merely bewildered without a sign of revengeful temper. They found the sailors, the only people who really revolted, offering to protect the property of the wealthy until order was restored! If the General Staff had had any sort of a plan by which they could have saved their faces they could have suppressed the revolutionary movement as easily and as completely as they have kept the people down since Bismarck showed them the way. Except for an occasional tussle in the streets nothing happened to supply the sort of material needed for a "revolution" news-story. I was obliged to fall back on interviews with leading personalities and visits to such places as the Abgeordnetenhaus and the Reichstag.

I visited the Arbeiterrat (Workmen's Council) at the offices of the *Vorwärts*, and the executive of the Soldatenrat (Soldiers' Council) at the Abgeordnetenhaus. At both places the agenda was dealt with in a manner which reminded one of amateur debating societies where points are

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strenuously contested while the real issue is forgotten.

I was particularly disappointed at the Reichstag, where I attended the first meeting of delegates of Soldiers' Councils from all the German States. To a spectator like myself the occasion was of immense interest. To think of the rank and file of the German Army actually meeting in the German Parliament gave one a thrill. I was in my place well before the conference began and had plenty of time for reflection. I pictured in my mind the historic events which must have taken place in the vast hall beneath me. I tried to conjure up the scene on 4th August, 1914. How the occupants of those lines of oak desks sweeping in a series of curves from the President's rostrum back to the galleries must have bristled with anger when Ambassador Goschen delivered his famous message!

The interior of the Reichstag, with its perfect amphitheatre, seems better suited to theatrical displays than debates on State affairs—a place where men should be addressed, not where they can debate. Had an artiste suddenly appeared through the stagey curtains and begun to sing, the event would not have seemed out of place.

I was in the mood to expect at least an impressive event. These newly elected inexperienced administrators must surely feel nervous at the importance of the occasion. Privileged visitors began to arrive

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and take their places. Groups of soldiers assembled in the gangways and, with great gusto, loudly discussed recent events. Punctually at the time arranged for the beginning of the meeting the soldier President arrived and faced the delegates who had come from all parts of Germany to take part in the conference. Strange to say, the Councillors seemed not one whit impressed by their responsibilities. Some of them had the air of parvenus suddenly privileged to disport themselves in a palace.

Almost from the beginning the meeting was disorderly. The President seized a large hand-bell which he continued to ring vigorously right through the proceedings. Hardly any one was allowed to speak without interruption. Expecting to see some stirring incidents, I had made special arrangements for wiring my messages. I had been led to believe that I should hear the outline of the new programme which, with the co-operation of the Provisional Government, was expected to prove a panacea for all the ills of stricken Germany. For two hours I listened to a battle of bickering and interruption on the most absurd points imaginable. So soon as one Councillor got well into his subject, either the President with his bell or another Councillor interrupted him.

As I was leaving the building I passed groups of soldiers constantly arriving from the front. Why

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they should go to the Reichstag I do not know, but they got little satisfaction. It was the task of two officials in a small office to divert the stream of tired creatures and send them on to the Abgeordnetenhaus, where, I suppose, they obtained a ration card and other necessary documents.

There was something tragic in the contrast: inside the building, small-minded Unter-officers with their wordy futilities; outside, the clamouring crowds of soldiers from the front, the marks of war still upon them.

I passed down the steps and turned into the grounds, where the lumpy statues of German heroes seemed to have been left lying about the front of the building. Leaving the Hindenburg Statue and the Siegessäule on the right, I reached the tramway and made my way to the Zimmerstrasse to meet the editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

Theodore Wolff

I found the editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt* besieged by a host of visitors. It was due to my nationality, I believe, rather than to my profession that he received me at once. Although Theodore Wolff has occasionally severely criticised leading Britons and their war measures, he has shown by his writings that he has a great admiration for our ways of managing things in general, and for the

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British Parliamentary system in particular. He has consistently tried to rouse the German electorate to fight for Universal Suffrage and other like measures. He was always a staunch Liberal, but during the last months of the war his writings showed that he had inclined a little more to the Left. At times his criticism of the tactics of the Allies has been very damaging in the eyes of neutrals and his comparisons unfair. Although he admitted and regretted the wrong done to Belgium by German troops, this did not prevent him from writing a scathing article against the Allies when General Hamilton and his army landed in Salonika. No one knew better than Wolff the totally different conditions in the two cases.

He welcomed me warmly and drew me into his private room. After a few personal remarks he asked me how he could help me.

"By telling me all you know about Berlin," I said.

"*All* I know? I wish I could tell you. We don't know what is going on. You, a stranger, can get a longer view and probably see better what is happening," he said, rather despondently.

"But what are you doing yourself?" I asked. Having read most of Wolff's articles I was struck by the strength and determination permeating them: in speaking with the writer I found no trace of either quality, only, again, a ridiculous fear of the Spartacists.

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" Liebknecht will ruin everything, and his friend, Rosa Luxemburg, is worse than he is," he said.

" I have seen and heard him only twice, but to me this general fear of Liebknecht seems absurd," I replied.

" Absurd ! Do you know what he wants to do ? He would socialise everything. The people are not ready for an ideal world ; they want particular men managing practical affairs. The party we are now forming is not made up of Socialists, although we might work with them in some things. But we are against State ownership. We believe that Germany can be made great again only by private enterprise."

" How many Spartacists do you think there are now in the country ? " I asked.

" I don't know, but Liebknecht is gaining ground, especially among the soldiers."

I suggested a compromise with him, acknowledging his influence.

Wolff shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing. He preferred to talk about the cause of the war, a subject of which Germans are never tired, while I wanted to hear more details about the new German Democratic Party and the people supporting it, for here, I suspected, was the bone of contention between the Bourgeoisie and the advanced Socialists.

" I suppose, once you get through the present

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critical period, your party will be firmly established ? " I remarked.

" Exactly. We have a large programme—of course republican, with Universal Suffrage, Liberty of the Press and all the other privileges of a free country which should go with a Parliamentary system. We shall retain the system of private ownership and the right of every one to acquire wealth. We shall avoid complete economic disaster only if the workmen produce to their full capacity in complete harmony with the employers."

" So you don't believe in the possibility of compromise with Liebknecht ? He seems to fear a repetition of the results of the 1848 Revolution as much as you fear his advanced administrative measures of social reform."

He looked at me rather soberly. " There is no chance whatever of compromise with persons who are little better than Russian Bolsheviks ; who constitute a grave danger to the future of Germany ; who openly advise our soldiers to retain their weapons. How could we compete with the rest of the world under a Bolshevist régime ? and what would England think about it ? Relations with other powers would be impossible."

" Suppose a majority of the German people prefer a more advanced programme of reform than your party has to offer ; shall you compromise then ? "

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" They will not want it," Wolff replied emphatically.

With that I left the journalist, thanking him for his suggestion that I should meet Maximilian Harden, who might help me in understanding the German political puzzle. I tried to think of Theodore Wolff's new party as a revival of the old Liberal League who clamoured in vain to Frederick William IV. for their " Representation of the People " ; but I must admit that this new combination, formed in fear of the new spirit animating the people, seems to me to be intended merely as a brake on the wheel.

Maximilian Harden at Home

Harden was one of the few modern German writers read in the camp. There was hardly a number of his famous *Zukunft* which did not contain something which made good reading for hundreds of Allied prisoners. A special class was formed at the camp school, where Wolff's and Harden's articles were read and the difficult passages explained. These readings were appreciated nearly as much as the perusal of English newspapers smuggled into the camp.

Although he seems not to have the slightest grasp of practical politics, no one in the Vaterland has made a greater fight for freedom in the abstract than Harden. His " Thirty Years War," as he

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calls it, against the Kaiser, has caused him to be mistaken for a Democrat and sometimes for an extreme Socialist. But no one admires the Superman more than Harden—which was shown in his almost fanatical worship of Prince Bismarck. But his kind heart and broad mind have of late years considerably tempered his former rigid Nietzschean theories. He is now as ready to champion the cause of the humblest citizen as he was to fight the battles of his friends at court. No one else in Germany would have been strong or courageous enough to have dragged to trial the murderer of the thirty sailors of the People's Marine, who were so cruelly done to death by the direct instigation of the Government in March, 1919.

A constant need for caution when carrying on his severe attacks has resulted in the forming of a literary style, even for Germans, most difficult to understand. He cannot drop it even when he writes on the simplest of subjects.

I found him in a very depressed mood at his beautiful home in the Grünewald. Directly I saw him I was surprised at the lack of resemblance between him and his photographs. Then I remembered his age. The pictures of the strong-faced man which suit so well the writings with which they are published must have been taken at least twenty years ago.

As I talked to him, I wondered how many more

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people I should meet directly responsible for the fall of the Kaiser! Certainly Maximilian Harden believes that he is the direct cause of the fall of the Hohenzollerns. It seems to be a failing of some of the best-known Germans when being interviewed to speak as if they were addressing a crowd. Harden sat rigidly at a large table in his study, in the manner of a king giving audience to a subject.

Although he is a *poseur*—he was once an unsuccessful actor—he is a kind-hearted man. No one has done more real work for the poor in Germany than Harden. His thin face and curled locks give him a curious appearance, rather at variance with his impressive flow of language. His wife, a charming white-haired lady, makes a visit to Wernerstrasse a real pleasure. So soon as one is seated and listening to the host, she begins to busy herself with a samovar which she keeps replenished with tea. If her husband is at a loss for a name or a date, she can generally supply it.

Harden seems the sort of man who would rather champion a lost cause than join a party with a positive programme. Although he is wonderfully sympathetic towards the various democratic factions struggling for power, he seems strangely out of touch with practical affairs of to-day. Like most pioneers he is splendid whilst battling through the dense forests of ignorance, but apt to be a hindrance in the intricate details of administration. At first

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it was with difficulty that I managed to induce him to discuss the pressing needs of the moment. At the slightest historical allusion he would slip into a discussion of things long past. He does not speak English, but his French is almost perfect.

He talked of the freedom of the world, freedom of nations and freedom of the individual, then abruptly turned to the subject of war and peace, which naturally obliged him to discuss the present condition of the German people. I gathered that he meant me to understand that no matter how the Entente might punish Germany for the obvious wrongs committed by her leaders, it was almost certain that these leaders would not suffer for their actions, but, on the contrary, it would be the weakest and most helpless—the women and children. He went on to discuss militarism and its subsequent dissolution. Then, as his voice became stronger and steadier, he plunged straight into the question of demobilisation. He described the retreat of a million of soldiers which had occurred only a few days before. To give the reader an example of his oral style I will quote him :

" The demobilisation of the Germany Army," he said, " in the West and the East, can succeed without causing irreparable damage only if it is carried out by international methods. I say this because it is not only a technical but also an ethical problem,

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and is of the profoundest importance, not only for Europe, but for the whole world. Between eight and ten millions of armed men, after four years of dreadful life and suffering, after a long mental diet of deception, are hurried back into a land, the aspect of which is completely changed, whose economic arrangements are becoming dislocated, and whose people are living in want and sorrow. The first step to be taken in dealing with these soldiers is to explain to them exactly what has happened at home, the necessity of consequent measures, and to arouse a hope which will carry them through a critical period. This must be made clear to them in a human, sympathetic way, displaying at least one tiny ray of joy. All feelings of enmity must be extirpated and the frightful times, for a while at any rate, forgotten. Only love and sympathy must be allowed to remain.

"The manner in which soldiers are goaded into overcrowded trains, to hold on the roofs and stand on the foot-boards; the influencing them by hate, intimidation, and hunger; the necessity of leaving behind their food-stuffs and buying war implements, horses, machinery parts, etc., will be the cause of many of them becoming instruments of unscrupulous opportunists, and of their taking part in a counter-revolution, and infesting the whole earth, which now should have become purified and sacred.

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It must not be forgotten that these soldiers are returning hurriedly, tired and furious, uninformed of all recent events.

"To hold or to reclaim these millions for the human race is a world-wide task, and one which cannot be accomplished solely by a land which is exhausted and bleeding from a thousand wounds. Every nation, enemies until yesterday, even those scarcely touched by the war, must take an active part in this great work. One must be patient and tolerant with these men from the East and the West—poor suffering sons of sorrowful mothers, so long in the countries of the Allies and neutrals—until their transport home can be arranged without paralysing the whole internal life of Germany.

"If there be no other way, be generous and give us your help; see to it that men do not have to suffer unnecessarily! All help advanced in this respect will be repaid by Germany. She does not ask for alms. Her conscience now wakes and inspires us to commence the work of reconciliation, and in this, the hour of bitterest necessity, to save ten million strong men from running wild and becoming a danger to the world, and to teach them the work of mankind and human love towards each other. Only the internationality of the soul can help in this respect. There is no time to be lost. Is the spirit of the League of Nations dead? Over the battlefields of the west and the east of Europe

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seeds must be sown from which humanity can achieve the most noble and splendid harvest."

Although the subject is now rather belated, the translation of his speech will interest us, as showing Harden's type of mind. There is no doubt that he is sincere in everything he writes. The great difficulty sometimes is to know exactly what he means. He is a master of satirical allusion, a trait which has earned for him the whole-hearted hatred of the Kaiser and his court circle.

I had not expected to obtain news of a vital urgency, but went to Grünewald in the hopes of meeting a personality of a different mould from the many dull people I had met in Berlin. I was surely rewarded, for Maximilian Harden is unique.

Although the hour was not very late, my hostess was much concerned as to whether I should reach the tramway about a mile from their home. Snow lay thick on the ground, and it was with reluctance that I refused the kindly offer to put me up for the night. If I had not journeyed to Grünewald I should never have known of the sweet nature which, I believe, has kept Harden's spirit untouched by bitterness. Although he has said hard things about us, he has also said many more good ones. In his *Kennst du das Land* (Know'st thou that Land) he writes of the English as one who has lived many years

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among them. It was in 1916, I believe, that he wrote this essay in which he compares the English young men and women enjoying themselves in Hyde Park in healthy games and frolics with the young Junkers who seek their pleasure in the café and duelling club. This alone brought a storm of abuse on his head. I suspect that it was his wife who helped him to a wonderfully sympathetic understanding of the pure Cockney.

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CHAPTER VI

Kurt Eisner slates Solf at the Chancellery—Ebert

I WAS anxious to hear about the progress of the Bavarian Revolution and its connection with the movement in Berlin and other parts of Germany, so when I was told that the motor-car from the Bavarian Legation had come to the hotel for me, I hurried into it.

Directly I arrived I was taken to Dr. Muckle, the Bavarian Minister, who appeared to be holding a conference with his colleague.

" We want to have a talk about things in general," he said simply but heartily as soon as I had sat down.

I was struck at once by the earnestness of Dr. Muckle, who was full of information about the events in Munich.

" What do you think of the *German* Revolution ? " he asked, with particular emphasis on the " German."

I replied tentatively that although there was a nominal change of leaders, things were going on much the same as usual.

" I will let you know at once why I have asked

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you here. I want England to know that the German Revolution is all a sham. These Prussians are trying to deceive the Allies. We want you to know that we Bavarians will not come into any German combination which has for its capital Berlin—the centre of political corruption, the 'Wasserkopf,' as it is called in Munich. Solf, the very personification of all for which the old régime stood, is still here, openly treating with the Allies as if he represented all Germany outside Berlin."

The Doctor's manner was that of a man who has been badly deceived. I asked him what he and his friends had done in Bavaria.

"We have made a republic, a real republic, where the people have at last come into their own. There is not an official left who had sympathies with the old order. So long as Kurt Eisner—the greatest man in Germany to-day—remains President of Bavaria, we are safe. But already intrigues have been started to sabotage our new administration, and the source of these intrigues is to be found in Berlin. No one has talked more about Liberty and done less in the fight for it than the Berliners. We in Bavaria want to be recognised by the Allies as the Bavarian Republic, and, if necessary, we shall ask protection while we set our house in order. The Bavarian aristocrats are taking courage from the example of the Prussian Junkers, who will reappear before many weeks are

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gone to domineer over the people. Eisner is coming to Berlin to demand, amongst other things, the resignation of Solf and his clever clique at the Foreign Office."

The Doctor carried on in this strain for some time, I interposing an occasional question.

"We want all Foreign Office dealings to be handled in the manner suggested by President Wilson. We will have no secret diplomacy!" he cried vehemently. "The peoples of the world have surely reached a stage where they can be trusted. We are not going back to the state when a limited clique of unimaginative aged men—I include all countries in this—have the power to fling millions of human beings together in bloody conflict. Solf thinks he is making a great impression on your Ministers, and that he will be able to win their support. Let us hope your people have good memories."

"Some of the newspapers state that your administration has points in common with the Bolshevik rule," I remarked.

"We are not Bolshevists, but we are called Bolshevists because we deal very severely with war profiteers," he said shortly.

I listened for about an hour to the account of this wonderful Bavarian Republic, and pondered over the question of its stability. I left the Legation after Dr. Muckle had invited me to meet Kur-

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Eisner. But although I had the opportunity of speaking for a few minutes with the Bavarian President, circumstances prevented my having a long interview with him.

It was at the conference of delegates from the German States at the Chancellery on the 25th of November that I saw him. This meeting gave Eisner an opportunity to express his opinion of Dr. Solf and Erzberger, who had both failed to please their own people and by their curious methods of negotiation had exhausted the patience of the Allies.

Solf *v.* Eisner

Ebert, as Chancellor, opening the meeting with a brief summary of the political situation, was followed by Dr. Solf, the Foreign Minister, who made his report. He regretted the antagonistic attitude of the Allies and urged the early setting up of the National Assembly.

After State Secretary Erzberger had made his report of negotiations with the Allies, Kurt Eisner sprang to his feet and at once began his attack on the Foreign Secretary.

"The reports of Solf and Erzberger really tell us nothing of the work they have done during the Revolution," he said. "Of course we want Peace, but we cannot reach it unless we are represented by men who are not compromised. Solf has opened

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negotiations with Wilson without realising that thereby our other enemies will regard these negotiations as of small importance. I can only regard the activities of these two men as counter-revolutionary. I demand, in the first place, that we be represented by men who do not belong to the old system. Clemenceau has only recently declared that the Armistice conditions are not meant for the German people but for Wilhelm II. The Kaiser is gone, and these men now exposed must follow him to Holland, if they do not wish to be charged with treason. Solf, Erzberger and their kind are finished for all time.

" My second demand is that we have men at the head of the German Government who enjoy the confidence of the masses. We need an Imperial Government which will push forward without hesitation a democratic and social policy."

After he had delivered his attack, Eisner proposed that a provisional body should be elected to replace the old Bundesrat, which would be charged with full powers for dealing with the separate German States. Only by this means could the Separatist movement, which, he said, he was now fighting in Bavaria, be destroyed.

After Landsberg had again brought up the question of the National Assembly, Eisner once more rose to his feet and emphatically declared against proceeding with the constitution whilst the country was

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in a state of confusion. He designated the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils as foundations for future works.

"The National Assembly must be the crowning of the State structure, not the foundations," he said, a remark which drew loud applause from the other delegates.

When the conference closed, Eisner was too agitated to grant me a long interview, but suggested that I should go to the Bavarian Legation on the following day. Since I heard later that he was murdered by ex-officers, I have regretted that I did not go straight to the Legation next morning. His pale delicate features gave me the impression that he was ill, and his general appearance was that of a poor man who had recently suffered severely. The soft, shapeless hat, which must have seen him through years of wear, and his unclipped beard made him look much older than he really was. When he died the German people lost their truest champion of liberty.

EBERT

Very different were the conditions when I again visited the Chancellery to find the Chancellor surrounded by a bodyguard of minor officials of the old régime. Deputations which had journeyed hundreds of miles were being side-tracked into waiting-rooms and forgotten. A party of Poles

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from Prussian Poland had been waiting an audience for four days, I was told.

I watched my opportunity, and as the saddler Chancellor was passing down a corridor to his car, I asked him for an interview. In physical outline he is somewhat stocky and resembles Hindenburg in heaviness of features and deportment, but is an extremely mild man of plastic disposition. I should imagine he makes an ideal stalking-horse for the powers behind the Chancellor's chair.

I mentioned the reason of my visit and was getting along nicely with him when I was interrupted by an official who spoke English very well.

" Herr Ebert is giving no interviews to pressmen, esepcially Englishmen. Who gave you permission to come here ? Go back to your camp or I will have you arrested," he said.

Wanting to test the importance of Dr. Solf in the minds of the reigning bureaucrats, I pulled out a note signed by the Foreign Minister and viséd with the Foreign Office seal, and showed it to my interrupter.

The effect was remarkable ; he collapsed completely and mumbled humble apologies. But Ebert had gone away in his car.

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CHAPTER VII

Glimpses of Berlin—"Ersatz"—The Beautiful Roadmaker—Aspasia and her Blacklegs

GLIMPSES OF BERLIN

THE progress of the revolutionary movement hung fire. Except for a few superficial changes general conditions and industrial relations were much the same as during the war. In place of a governing central authority Germany was now ruled by cabal.

The administrative life of the country resembled the organs of an animal suddenly beheaded, which continue their functions without the direction of a brain. The Provisional Government was but a nominal power. Its members said they were fixing the results of the "Revolution" without explaining what these were. The fellow-feeling noticed occasionally between the rich and poorer classes now withered in the deadening atmosphere of suspicion.

A real thrill went through the city late one evening, when *Das Kleine Journal* reported in large headlines that Foch was murdered, that Poincaré

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and Clemenceau had fled from Paris, and that bloody Bolshevism was rampant in the countries of the Allies. There was as much excitement that night in Unter den Linden as there had been on the noisiest of "Victory" nights. As a rule, it was only at such places as the Reichstag and the Red recruiting offices that I now found any incidents worth reporting.

I went there the morning after I had seen Harden, and was hardly well inside the doorway when I was swept out by a stream of soldiers clamouring for rations. I allowed myself to be carried along, and jostled my way to the Abgeordnetenhaus, where I was again caught up by a procession.

Groups of people interested in the marks of damage done to buildings during the Revolution still stood about gazing at the buildings as if they were shrines. Crowds visited the Column of Victory and the Hindenburg Statue, where they met scores of British prisoners on pleasure bent, now that the Soldiers' Council had issued proper passes. The Germans regarded with amazement these lively, cheery foreigners, who crowded up the steps to examine the designs of nails in the base of the huge wooden effigy.

"Ersatz"

Clean-looking crowds filled the main streets, looking into the smartly arranged shops, which

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seemed well stocked with goods and food-stuffs. It was only when I began to sample some that I found what a miserable make-believe it all was. While the German troops had had palatable rations, the people had had to struggle along on "Ersatz." Everything has been "ersatzed" or substituted. One class in particular struck me as having suffered. The shop workers, either from pride or patriotism, not only endured, but made a brave show of enjoying the depressing concoctions manufactured by the ingenious restaurateurs. Seeing rather a jolly party leaving their place of business, I followed them to their lunch café.

When I saw piles of pastries and sandwiches daintily arranged on the counter I thought I had found a first-class place. I took a seat near my party of shop assistants, and asked the waiter, a well-groomed, disfigured ex-soldier, to bring me the same dishes as they ordered. I was anxious to find out of what their meals really consisted. After I had disposed of my coffee, sandwiches and cakes I felt sorry for people who could crack a joke on such a diet. I had expected the coffee to be poor stuff, but this was worse than the bean concoction I had tasted in one of the prisons. It must have become torture to these people to sit down day after day to an apparently inviting meal, only to find the whole thing an unsatisfying chemical compound. What looked like white sugar criss-

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crossed with delicious jelly was substitute sugar and gelatine containing not one crumb of solid nourishment. I observed that each guest brought out a small slice of black bread, with which, by judicious management, they put a little body into the meal.

The young men made the best show of being satisfied. They pulled out gold-tipped cigarettes the thickness of strong straws, and, using many matches in the process, puffed out tiny clouds of smoke. The girls carefully inspected their dresses to see whether any of the powdery substance from the cakes had fallen upon them. Although they were pretty, and looked well dressed for all their paper hats and boots, their delicate, thin features, and the almost wolfish look of hunger in their eyes seemed to intensify a suppressed desperation. They were of the class which must keep up appearances. On this lunch they would return to work in their shops for at least another six hours. I recalled a newspaper article on "War Substitutes," which had referred to the daily diet of some of the Berlin folk as "solidified water." The lunch café and similar places which I visited later convinced me of the aptness of the term.

A group infinitely more pathetic, and one which I can never forget, I encountered in the Zimmerstrasse, presumably on their way to the hospital. They were working women with their babies in their arms. They themselves were pale and worn;

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the children looked like figures of white wax. As they were passing, one woman stooped down to pick up a cigar end. The action gave me a full view of her baby. Its cheeks resembled enamelled glass. The sight of its face was a shock; the emaciation of its tiny, withered sticks of arms was a thing uncanny to look upon.

Hearing that the majority of the German people had been reduced to wearing paper clothes I visited a large department store, where I was shown wonderful results of German ingenuity. Some of the substitutes for cloths might well be mistaken for the real thing. The texture of one brownish material of the nature of whipcord was so strongly interwoven that I could hardly tear it. The shop assistant was quite frank and explained how it was manufactured on a very slight groundwork of cotton. He picked a few of the strands off the end of the material and unrolled it, revealing the chemically-treated paper threads. In the same shop I saw some suitcases and bags of "crocodile," "pigskin," and so on, beautifully finished and—all paper! As I moved among the crowd, from shop to shop, I began to see Berlin as one huge *Ersatz*. Long ago even the *Ersatz* had been *ersatzed*. The chestnuts which had replaced the coffee bean and had made at least a wholesome beverage were in their turn replaced by an unsavoury chemical mixture, and that is but one example endlessly re-

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peated. Decidedly the Germans are an ingenious race!

I sometimes reflected, as I pursued my investigations, that of the Germans the most wonderful is the *Hausfrau*. After the first year of the war she became a mistress of "ersatz" contrivances. Was she mother of a family, her domestic duties developed into a science. While her "Mann" was fighting or making munitions she was devising palatable meals for her children—often out of next to nothing. Many a time has she been obliged to come to brave decisions in the choice of the poisonous materials at her disposal. It was said that some of the German margarine was made from the fats collected from the sewers. One of our camp chemists analysed some given to prisoners. In appearance and smell it resembled the fat used for axle-boxes of English railway waggons. He maintained that it was made of materials collected from the sewers, and told us that it was exactly the same as that supplied to the people in their ration. The unfortunate *Hausfrau* must have had hard work killing both the flavour and the smell. She was obliged to line up for hours—sometimes all night—in a queue to secure any kind of material for her operations. Her first aim was to get bulk into the menu—nourishment was almost impossible—and a taste sufficiently palatable to coax down the strange dishes she concocted. She discovered that

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various wild plants were an aid to this, and she would travel miles out into the country to get them.

The men were "ersatzed" from hat to boots, unless they were of profiteer or official order. Circumstances necessitated a style so close fitting that it became skimpy. Lounge coats came to be cut nearly as short as our waistcoats. Where material could be saved by fine cutting it was done until the wearer found himself clad in almost skin-tight garments. The footwear was remarkable for its durability, considering its substance—paper. The weakest point was shown by the wearers' fear of wet. At the slightest sign of rain they would hurry to a convenient shelter, and, if necessary, wait for hours rather than risk soiling their smart-looking boots. A special feature was the soles made of flexible three-ply wood veneered with waste pieces of leather.

The wearing of war-time dress gave to the poor genteel class a new deportment. The girls especially managed themselves with excessive care, so as to avoid getting their delicate garments caught against jagged objects, or even rubbed against other people's. They tiptoed past pools of water like dainty kittens. With the men it was different. They hid their anxiety under a rather grand manner. The German man about town walked with his elbows well out, his walking-stick to the front as if to parry a blow.

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I saw an unpleasing incident, which arose from the accidental damaging of clothes, as I was walking along the Friedrichstrasse: a smartly dressed man alternately kicking and punching an errand-boy on a tricycle. The boy yelled with pain, and finally rolled on to the ground. From the ferocity of the attack and the approving attitude of the spectators I gathered that the provocation must have been very serious. When the boy had made his escape I noticed that the attacker was scraping some spots of mud from his overcoat. From a bystander I learnt that the whole cause of the trouble was that the boy had inadvertently muddied the man's coat with his tricycle wheel!

The Beautiful Roadmaker

Another incident of the same sort, showing the innate cruelty of the crowd, occurred one morning as I was passing down one of the streets leading into the Potsdamer Platz. At the side of the road a girl was at work road-mending. Her face was so strikingly beautiful that I did not at first notice her shabby clothes, nor that she was engaged in heavy, dangerous work. Her fair hair, streaming over her shoulders as she bent over her shovel, brought Heine's little poem, "Du bist wie eine Blume," into my mind.

She was so deeply engrossed in her work, tugging

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at a stubborn piece of asphalt, that she did not hear the approach of a large motor-car. The chauffeur sounded his siren—the kind that sets the hearer's teeth on edge and sounds the last note of arrogance—almost too late. As the heavy car seemed as if it must strike her she managed to jump clear. A crowd of bystanders broke into a volley of abuse, directed not, as I had imagined, at the careless chauffeur, but at the girl. They called her every insulting name in their vocabulary. This encouraged some young well-dressed men to attach themselves to the crowd and join in the chorus of abuse. The girl gave them one contemptuous look, then continued her work. With a particularly offensive remark as a parting shot the smartly dressed group went on their way, followed later by the crowd. I pictured these same specimens of Berlin courtesy passing on to one of their ridiculous heel-clicking, bowing introductions, straight from this scene.

My beautiful roadmaker was not the only girl I saw engaged in work too heavy for her. Many of the girl typists employed in Government offices were obviously suffering from overstrain. They appeared always to be working against time in getting out the endless orders which flowed from the various committees. The noise of their pushed-down keys sounded like machine-guns fired at a distance. I wondered how long this desperate

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endeavour could be carried on without a reaction setting in. I remembered that in the first flush of freedom I had felt splendid and had walked for miles about Berlin. My reaction had set in suddenly. A horrible weakness seized me. I felt as if I were carrying heavy weights in my pockets, and my mind seemed to have lost the power of appreciation, even of liberty. When a policeman spoke to me, words formed sluggishly in my mind but would not come through to my lips. My stare must have frightened him, for he quickly left me alone; and I imagine that the poor of Germany experienced much the same sort of feeling in regard to their brief period of liberty.

I must say a few words on that most loathsome of all German war products—the Kriegsgewinnler, or war profiteer. The German word implies more than the common crook who overcharges his customers; the profits of the Kriegsgewinnler are sometimes more sinister than mere momentary gains. They are to be found everywhere, occupying the best tables in the restaurants, the best seats in the theatres. Until I saw them in the flesh, I had thought that *Simplicissimus* had exaggerated in the drawings of this particular type, with their fat lumpy faces set in enormous fur collars, and their protruding stomachs across which hung heavy gold chains. One is surprised at the arrogant display of the Kriegsgewinnler as he enters public places

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bejewelled and befurred. His attitude seems to imply a pride in his trade of illicitly procuring food and selling it at extortionate prices to his favoured customers.

Aspasia and her Blacklegs

Unfortunately it is not only a question of food. Apparently the Provisional Government cannot or will not make a sincere attempt to prevent these men from battening on the citizens. The Allied Press have occasionally called attention to the alleged increased immorality of the German nation. Terrible police court reports revealing murder and depravity can be read every day in the newspapers of Central Europe. After I had watched the party of shop assistants leave the lunch café, I saw a big overfed man, the very picture of greed, smirk at a beautiful girl sitting by herself. She took no notice of him until he produced a large bar of chocolate of the sort we used to receive in our parcels. A lascivious leer came over his face as the girl feasted her eyes on the chocolate, and, finally, accepted it. They left the café together, followed by the significant looks of the other customers.

It was explained to me that the Kriegsgewinnler is the biggest power for evil in Germany. A soldier put the case bluntly:

"Every day many beautiful mothers have to choose between their own honour and the deaths

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of their children—and we know what a mother will do for her child."

He pointed out innumerable unescorted well-dressed women. "They are not professionals; they come over here, where they are not known, from the residential districts," he said, "to get food—they won't accept money, that's why they are called the 'blacklegs.'"

While we were watching, a man approached one of these veiled women, and, after a brief conversation, pushed a tin of Swiss milk into her handbag. The soldier went on to explain that this sort of thing had increased to such an extent that the Aspasias of the city could no longer make a living, and held a public meeting to protest against the blacklegging by their respectable sisters. I did not see one of these meetings, but I attended one quite as extraordinary.

One morning I saw on the bill-posting stations large red placards announcing a mass meeting of "Gefallene Mädchen" (fallen girls), organised to demand from the Government better housing conditions for the professional prostitute. I went to the meeting and was astonished by the earnest arguments of the speakers, who seemed to regard themselves as important as any other public servants. Apparently Berlin accepts the modern Aspasia and her movement as she has accepted the Kriegsgewinnler.

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CHAPTER VIII

"Solf's Whine to our Correspondent"—I bid Berlin Good-bye in a Hurry

AS I saw no sign of the Berlin Spartacists using their large stocks of arms and ammunition in the immediate future, I began to think of visiting other parts of Germany. I wanted to get through to the West Front and see where the last great push had taken place. The Provisional Government would perhaps continue its uncertain career for weeks, while I might be employing myself better than in waiting for something to happen. I felt as keen to meet our men on the last fighting line as I had been to get out of the camp.

Although there had been few events of any importance, I continued to send a daily dispatch to my paper containing information of any move on the part of the Government and the names and description of men likely to figure in another change should it come to pass. My interview dealing with Solf's food propaganda had for the moment passed from my mind. My only reason for staying as long as I did in Berlin was because there was a chance of

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sudden conflict between the Provisional Government and the Spartacists. I felt that it would come sooner or later, when Ebert and his colleague could obtain a more suitable "Minister of War" than Otto Wels.

Ultimately they appointed Noske, a man who took a savage joy in building up from the nucleus of the Citizen Army the notorious but well-disciplined Green Guards. The members of the Provisional Government believed that if they could stave off the conflict until they had perfected their repressive measures they would win. They were supported by the middle and upper classes on account of their wholesome dread of Liebknecht and his followers. The spark which was expected to start the real revolution was the murder of Liebknecht, which was frankly discussed in the first-class hotels and restaurants.

"Good morning, Mr. Brown. Was that —— Liebknecht killed last night?" was a question put to me most mornings during my stay in Berlin by some of the wealthy Germans.

One of the German-Americans offered to wager that Liebknecht would be dead within three days. It was strange that not only members of the upper and bourgeois classes ardently hoped for the death of the troublesome Spartacist idealist, but also some of the soldiers and sailors were bitter in their denunciation of him.

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"But what has this man done?" asked a prisoner friend of one of the German-Americans.

"Done?" he replied in disgusted surprise. "What wouldn't he do if he had the chance!"

"Solf's Whine to our Correspondent"

One morning as I was returning from one of my expeditions among the Spartacists and the White troops at the War Office I called at a newspaper kiosk in the Unter den Linden to see whether the English newspapers had arrived. I was very pleased when the girl told me that a small batch had just come in from Rotterdam. I was almost too impatient to wait while she unwrapped the bundle.

"Solf's Whine to our Correspondent" was the first headline which caught my eye, in my own paper. I opened it and found not only the interview but a scathing leading article on the hypocrisy and duplicity of the German Foreign Minister. The editor had certainly known how to deal with my message. Apparently it had been picked up by the British Admiralty and passed on to the office without any information as to my whereabouts. 's Gravenhage was given as the place of dispatch, the editor believing that I was safely in Holland.

Knowing that the Foreign Office courier always brought the English newspapers to Solf as soon as they arrived in Holland, I decided to leave Berlin

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at once. When I reached my hotel, about 10 p.m., I was met by the manager, who evidently had something on his mind.

"Mr. Brown, some gentlemen have been looking for you. Don't look—they are here now," he said hurriedly.

"Who are they—Solf's men?" I asked.

"Yes, I think so. What have you been doing?" asked Kretschmar, real concern in his face.

We were standing in the hall where it runs into the magnificent lounge. In the shadow of the stairs which wind round the elevator I could see two men dressed in black suits with black ties, on their faces an expression of such calculated blandness as to stamp them at once as German plain-clothes police.

"Are those the men?" I asked, with a side-look in the direction of the sombre figures.

The manager nodded.

"Well, listen. I've got to get out right away. Is the door of the annexe open?" I asked.

He nodded again.

"I shall go upstairs, and I want you to tell them I am going to bed. Do they know there is another exit?"

"No," replied Kretschmar, now losing his nervousness and entering into the spirit of my plan.

As I left him I yawned as I have never yawned before, and I continued to yawn all the way up the

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first flight of stairs. The two watchers must have felt convinced that I was safe for the night. I knew the weakness of the German police for arresting people in their bedrooms. Half the British civilians arrested in Germany at the outbreak of war seem to have been arrested either in bed or whilst getting ready for bed.

I bid Berlin Good-bye in a Hurry.

Once out of sight I hurried up to my room, picked up my camera and haversack, and rushed down the back stairs, which brought me to the door of the annexe, through which I quickly passed.

After I had walked the length of the Friedrich-strasse I began to wonder where I should make for. I dropped my idea of going to the West Front, and was now simply anxious to get away anywhere from Berlin. At the end of the street I was particularly fortunate in finding a drosky. The driver was wearing a very high busby, the owner of which, he told me before we parted, he had killed on the Russian front.

"Bahnhof!" I shouted, as I jumped into the back seat. Without asking me which station I wanted, he started.

During the drive I began to regret having left most of my luggage behind, much of which consisted of relics collected during my captivity. Books,

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manuscripts, cameras, negatives and prints made surreptitiously in our secret dark room, would now all be lost, I thought. But I could not make up my mind to ask the driver to call at the Adlon. There is nothing meaner than the malice of a German who has had his leg pulled. Solf was particularly powerful at this time and had the police at his disposal. There were many queer disappearances whispered about Berlin at the same time that some ex-officers boasted openly that they were going to kill the leaders of the Spartacist movement. The memory of the awful prison at Lörrach came back to me. My nerves must have been in a bad way, for when a man walked towards the drosky as we arrived at a station I very nearly bolted through the opposite door. The fear of solitary confinement would not leave me. I suffered again the mental tortures of Lörrach. I dallied some time with the drosky driver, paying the fare without getting any information of trains departing from the station.

I felt relieved when I got into a struggling crowd of soldiers and was swept with them through the booking-hall. It was a simple matter to buy a railway ticket, but almost impossible to pass through the barrier. I could see a train which I was told was to start for Hamburg, but *when* no one knew. Though all available space was occupied, I felt I must get on that train somewhere.

Luckily I had plenty of money in my purse.

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Twenty marks to the ticket-puncher saw me through the gate, although I was not "militärisch" and therefore not entitled to travel at all on this train, which was put on specially to relieve the traffic congestion caused by the wholesale desertions from the armies. I walked along the train, searching in vain for a place: there was not even standing room. I was still searching when the train began to move. There was nothing for it but to ride outside. I stepped on to the footboard and climbed round to the small iron ladder at the end of the carriage which leads up to the look-out cabin to be found on most continental railway carriages. At least I had the place to myself. After an hour's travelling, during which we covered about ten miles, I was chilled to the bone and had to peel my frozen fingers off the iron ladder. To make matters worse, it began to snow, which determined me to try to work my way inside one of the carriages at the next stopping-place.

Selecting a fourth-class compartment, which is twice the size of a third, I squeezed in after a soldier and his wife had been shot out by the compression inside. A general complaint was raised by the occupants, but I continued to push inside until I could close the carriage door. There being no light, I had to explore my surroundings by groping with my hands. The soldiers must have been in a filthy condition, poor devils, for they stank abominably. By the light of a match I saw in one corner of the com-

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partment a soldier and his wife making a barricade with their backs to protect three or four young children, the smallest one being still in arms.

The night passed in sheer misery. The air was poisonous, and the manner in which we had to sustain awkward positions was torture. The only one of us who did not suffer was the baby, who slept through the whole night. Although a young soldier discovered that I was English, the fact did not arouse any one's resentment. I suppose they were too tired to be angry.

By making inquiries of the friendly soldier I learnt that there was a possibility of getting a train for Kiel at the next junction. He and most of the other passengers were going to places on the Hamburg line. Before we parted he insisted on my having a slice of his bread, which he carried on a cord slung round his neck. A peasant gave me a drink out of a tin of some strange liquid which I had never tasted before. As the light became brighter, their spirits rose. I staggered the company by pulling out a small bar of chocolate.

"Schokolade!" gasped the woman. "Echt Schokolade?" The look on their faces made me feel as rich as a war profiteer. I fumbled in my haversack for some broken pieces. From their wonder I might have given them chunks of gold instead of a few bits of chocolate found on my shelves when I was packing up my belongings in camp.

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The young soldier told me when to leave the train to catch another going north, and, in spite of the extreme discomfort, I felt that I would have liked to go farther with them. During the whole of the journey I did not hear one complaint. Their long-suffering fatalism reminded me of the Russian peasants in Stadtvogtei, who would contentedly work all day at the roughest sort of work for a few biscuits.

During the night I had decided to make for Kiel, where I might reach Admiral Browning's Fleet, which was reported to be on its way to this port. Interest in the Revolution had, for the moment, been dispelled by a severe spasm of home-sickness. For the rest of the journey to Kiel I was fortunate in getting into a second-class compartment in which there were only thirteen other passengers.

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CHAPTER IX

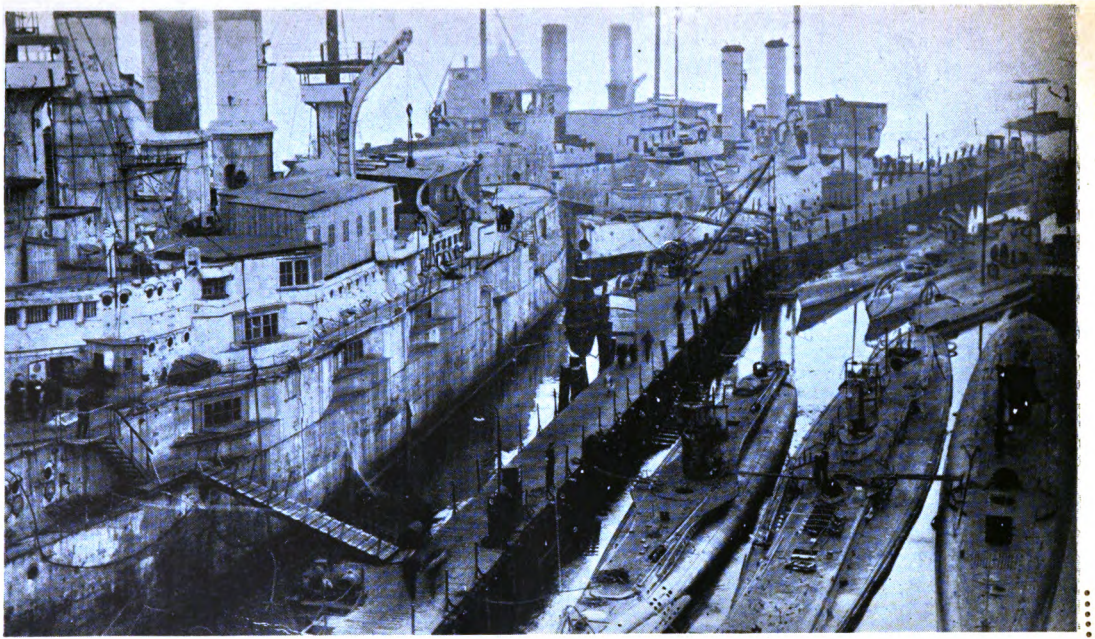
Kiel—Krupp's Germania Yard—Boarding the *König*—The Stowaways—A Relic of the *Queen Mary*, sunk during the Battle of Jutland—The Soldiers' Councils and their Aspirations

KIEL

I FOUND Kiel in a dying condition. Its nervous system was shattered, its vitality gone. The greyness of defeat and death was perceptible in its every aspect. Great lumbering battleships lay in the water, reminders of a futile ambition. Behind, rising as it were out of the black silent waters, were Krupp's Works, a sombre, ominous mass. Except for the activities of workmen on a dismantled aeroplane-ship, all was silent. Merely to be in this notorious spot, the German naval Holy of Holies, was enough to give one a delicious thrill. Unlike Berlin and other German cities, it had not hysterically cast off the marks symbolical of its past. The police were still armed with swords and pistols, and looked as insolent as ever.

I put up at the Hanza Hotel, a place popular with German naval officers, the windows of which looked out on to Kiel Harbour.

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GERMAN U-BOATS AND WARSHIPS BEING DISMANTLED IN KIEL HARBOUR BEFORE BEING DELIVERED TO THE ALLIES.

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After a bath and a meal I took the tram which runs along the harbour up to Kiel Heights. The first interesting place was the Submarine Signalling Station, not far from the Kiel Yacht Clubhouse. It was here that I first met members of the Kiel Soldiers' Council. Georg Spiegvogel, the chief signaller, had served on the *Schlesien* in the battle of Jutland, of which he gave me a detailed account. I made quite a good beginning in this place, and was allowed to go inside. Spiegvogel was dubious about allowing me any farther than the first floor, but I showed him my papers and explained that I was on my way home.

This polite formality gained me admittance to the top of the signalling tower, from where I had an excellent view of the various naval craft on the harbour waters. Below me three submarines were in process of being dismantled, before being delivered to the Allies. I revelled in the scene; here the fangs of the great devouring monster were being drawn! After having to read for months of the hundreds of ships, real or imaginary, which the U-boats had sunk, it was a particular pleasure for a released prisoner to see them now lying impotent in harbour in process of demolition.

I felt I must photograph the wonderful scene. I asked the sailors if I might take their photograph, hoping to manœuvre them into a position where I could get the submarines in the background. I

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snapshotted them, but, the tower wall being too high, I could get only an old battleship into the picture. I pointed to the repair ship and remarked what a wonderful sight it was. Then there was the huge floating dock used for raising submarines, a short distance away; might I photograph it?

"Ja wohl! Warum nicht?" said the Vertrauensmann, who kept the codes, copies of which the British Admiralty is said to have possessed since a few weeks after war broke out.

I exposed four plates on the boats and the signallers, and thanked them. I wanted to hear at first hand of the incidents of the Kiel revolution, but was afraid of outstaying my welcome.

As I stepped off the wooden bridge which links the tower with the land, I realised that I was under observation. I sauntered along the edge of the water to where the tramlines curve into the dockside and jumped on the first tram to come along. The two observers just managed to reach it as it started to move. When they found that I had slipped off the other side whilst they were settling into their seats, they came to the end of the tram and glared so hard that I felt inclined to laugh in spite of the momentary spasm of fear when I saw that they were really shadowing me.

The Hanza Hotel was only a few hundred yards away, so I hurried inside, found the manager, and

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asked him if he had any news of Admiral Browning's Naval Mission.

"What's that got to do with me?" he replied deprecatingly.

I was about to explain; then decided instead to go at once to the Governor of Kiel—Noske. I inquired the whereabouts of the carpenter governor, and found him in the large red brick Naval Headquarters which lies right back from the water.

I got a lively reception. I confided to the sailor secretary that I wished to discuss a very urgent matter with his chief. I was shown up at once to his offices on the first floor. I had calculated on finding one of the Kaiser's tame Socialists, and, indeed, at the moment I would have welcomed even one of the flowery sentimental speeches of which Bernstein and his colleagues are such masters. But although Noske is supposed to be a Socialist, there is none of the "brotherhood nonsense" about him. He gave valuable service to Bethmann-Hollweg's Government as an expert on military matters.

For some minutes he simply blazed with anger when he found that I was an "Engländer." Some might have been flattered by his curious remarks. He associated me with all sorts of important matters—with Kitchener's scheme to "crush Germany"; with the Admiralty's plan to "starve Germany's women" (judging by their faces the men seem to have come out of the war considerably

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better than the weaker sections of the population); and finally with Foch's alleged plan of making Germany a French colony!

Gradually his tirade subsided into a conversation, during which I told him why I had come: that I wanted to get home; that the Berlin authorities had said that prisoners would be sent away as soon as trains could be obtained. At this he reverted to a discussion of the Armistice terms. Was it right, he asked, thumping his desk, to take the biggest part of Germany's railway engines when women and children were starving? etc. The most tedious experience I know is to have to listen to Germans of the Noske type ranting about the "sufferings of women and children," "the interests of humanity," and all the rest of the fine phrases they discovered so soon as the Armistice was signed.

When I mentioned that I wanted to board Admiral Browning's ship when he arrived in Kiel, I gave up all hope of getting anything out of the angry Noske. The storm burst out afresh. Now we had stolen the German Fleet! Not satisfied with our long programme of misdeeds during the war, we must now humiliate a great nation who had shown the world—etc. etc. My irritation getting the better of my caution, I bluntly asked him whether he was going to give me a permit to stay in Kiel until I could get to England another way, or must I go back to Berlin? He responded in a more rational

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tone, for which I rewarded him with a bit of flattery. I told him how interested we were to read of the part he had taken in the Revolution, after which he wrote out a pass and viséd it with the stamp of the Soldiers' Council. Now I had got what I wanted I lost no time in getting away from the militarist Socialist who was later to be responsible for the brutal fratricide during the real Revolution in Berlin.

Krupp's Germania Yard

Neither the newspapers nor the authorities could give any information of the arrival of the British Fleet. I took the tram as far as it went and scanned the harbour waters for any sign of English ships. About the mouth of Kiel Canal there were a few small patrol boats which I watched for some time, hoping that they were waiting for the Naval Commission.

I turned from the waters and found that I had strayed into the grounds of the Naval Hospital. An elderly orderly was sweeping by the doorway. I started chatting with him, and gradually led the conversation round to the Revolution. He was very anxious to talk about England and what Germany was likely to have to pay in indemnities.

"They can have all the ships and guns and the officers—if they want them," he continued meditatively.

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Before I left him he told me how to cross the water to Krupp's Works, which, he said, were not very interesting.

I examined the permit at the hotel and found that it allowed me to sail in Kiel Harbour.

Apparently the ferry boat was not running, so for part of the way I took the tram, and after making a detour arrived at the gates of Krupp's. This part of Kiel very much resembled an English industrial town. The streets were untidy, scraps of paper blowing along the pavement and little children playing in the gutters. The dull day increased the effect of depression which brooded over the Germania Yard. From the outside I could see lines of long steel derricks which, by their various positions, reminded me of the victims of Pompeii—they seemed to have been simultaneously paralysed by some giant power, which left some of them still rigidly holding their loads.

The gates were guarded by armed sailors who allowed me to pass when they saw Noske's signature. They pointed out the head office where, they said, I should find the adjutant in charge.

Captain Schnabel, a man of middle age, welcomed me so heartily that I think he must have been wearying of his lonely vigil.

"How to you to?" he cried in the German fashion. His unctuousness came as a relief to Noske's angry reception. He took great pains to

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explain the topography of the works and dock-yards on the large charts, and offered to conduct me round the different departments. I had seen sufficient of the huge inactive machinery and unfinished weapons, and tried, successfully, to get him to discuss the subject of the Revolution.

From Krupp's I went to the Naval Academy, which, now that the great "Tag" had come and gone, I found devoid of interest. I wondered what had suddenly become of the thousands of students, who, after being taught to think that scientific killing was the noblest of occupations, were now disbanded to follow their own inclinations.

There was still no sign of Admiral Browning's Fleet. I made some small purchases at the shops, which were well stocked with various articles, but few except of the "ersatz" sort of food-stuffs, and decided to search out other means of leaving Kiel.

The "König"

I rose early next morning, and was soon out prospecting for a means to leave Germany. I might have tried the frontiers but for the keenness of the guards on the look-out for wealthy officers, would-be *émigrés*. I wanted to get away by sea either from Kiel or Hamburg.

As I was returning from the railway station, which is directly opposite the hotel, I noticed signs

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of activity on the harbour. Clouds of smoke were coming from the funnels of a battleship. Hoping that it was an English ship just coming to anchor, I rushed down to the signalling tower.

"What ship is that?" I shouted to Spiegvogel when he appeared at the window in answer to my ring at the bell.

"The *König*—just off to England with the *Dresden* and two other boats."

"Can you get me out to her in anything?" I shouted desperately.

He shook his head and replied that it would not be allowed. I dashed back to the hotel to fetch my camera and haversack, and paid my bill. I was lucky again in getting a drosky which drove me along the water's edge until I saw a drifter manned by some young sailors. I showed Noske's permit, and, after a few arguments, I was taken out to the *König*. As I approached I could not but admire her graceful lines. Not a chain or stanchion disfigured her clean silhouette. She might have just been going into action.

As the drifter drew near the battleship, a rope ladder was thrown down. I scrambled up the ship's side and made for a group of officers who were standing under one of the big guns. In my anxiety to get aboard I had forgotten the importance of the Soldiers' Councils which had been appointed from the crews of the ships during the

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Revolution. I was still a few feet away when I was suddenly intercepted by a small figure which seemed to spring from nowhere.

"What do you want?" demanded the seaman in very peremptory tones.

"I want to get home," I replied, and was going on to explain when he cut me short.

"You are English. Who sent you here?"

The boat had not yet started—I risked a lie.

"Governor Noske," I replied.

"Come with me," he said, and I followed him down to the lower gun deck where I explained my circumstances. He went away to consult his colleagues and returned about ten minutes later, and told me that I could stay aboard at my own risk. I remained below until I felt the ship begin to move. When I went on deck I found the ship was going through the Kiel Canal, and the crew and officers were at their posts.

It was a strange experience to feel the great ship as it were slice through the countryside. From where I stood I could not see the waters of the Canal. Aloft the signallers flapped out messages from the large searchlights.

I was not left long to myself. The seaman who had taken me below now reappeared. I can only describe him as the nattiest little person I have seen in uniform, not excepting French artillery officers.

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"I am the President of the Soldiers' Council and Commandant of the *König*," he said, looking up at me.

In spite of my amazement I managed to remark that I was very pleased to hear it.

"You forgot that there had been a revolution when you were walking over to the officers," he said, smiling saucily.

I admitted the fact.

"Come below in the cabin and meet the other members of the Council," he continued.

In the cabin council-chamber I met his colleagues, ordinary seamen of particularly bright appearance. Although rather pale, their full stocky figures and clear skins indicated perfect health. At last I had met the real revolutionaries—the men who had started the "Grand Blaze" through Germany. On the table were inventories of equipment and food-stuffs on which one of the Councillors was working.

The President offered me a chair and joined in a discussion about certain articles which, according to the terms of the Armistice dealing with naval matters, should have been put ashore. I suggested that I should retire whilst the conference was in progress.

"Not at all necessary. We have no secret," replied the President.

I learnt that his name was Otto and that during

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the battle of Jutland he served as valet to Captain Meninger. From my own intercourse with him and from fragmentary accounts from some of the three hundred odd crew I judged him to be a great little man.

He invited me to accompany him on the tour of inspection he was about to make over the ship. Although the iron discipline of the past had been abolished, I noticed that as the President approached the crew drew back to make way in quiet deference. The first duty was to search for weapons. One Councillor found a bayonet at the back of a shelf in one of the officers' cabins. The incident was duly recorded and the bayonet ceremoniously thrown into the sea. The same thing happened to some blank ammunition found in one of the barbettes.

"Why do you throw away the practice ammunition?" I asked Otto when I heard him call for a gang of men.

"My orders stated that I must get rid of all ammunition without specifying what kind."

The sailors brought up ammunition trolleys, and in half an hour had cleared the wicked-looking twelve-inch blank shells into the sea. This was one of the first incidents I photographed aboard. When I asked permission to take the picture, Otto replied:

"You can do what you like and go where you like."

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When the search was completed it was time for the evening meal—quite a poor affair, though the food was the best I had ever received from the Germans.

The Stowaways

It was now about nine o'clock, and, as I had not yet been allotted a space to sleep in, I began to look through the cabins. Most of these were stripped of bunks, and in none could I find a mattress or a hammock. Whilst I was searching, an N.C.O. tapped me on the shoulder and in a rather confidential manner beckoned me to go with him forward. After I had been following him a considerable time through small iron doors and gangways we came into the forecastle. Through the hazy atmosphere I saw a large crowd of sailors standing or sitting round a man who was speaking.

"And if your b—— fleet hadn't b—— well run like h——, the whole b—— team would have been at the bottom of the b—— sea!" were the first words I heard as I approached.

Apparently I had run into a discussion on the relative merits of the British and German Navies. In the centre of the crowd were what I took to be three British seamen. It was a picture I shall never forget. Although the words sounded harsh, I found that the stowaways, for such they were, were having a friendly argument over the

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battle of Jutland with those of the German seamen who could understand English. The German sailors were rocking with laughter. Even the invalids in the sick bay, whom I could see through the doorway, raised themselves in bed to listen to the voice they probably could not understand. An epidemic of influenza had broken out as the ship was about to start on her voyage, and about forty of the crew were under treatment.

"He's a funny man," said the N.C.O. who had guided me to the forecastle, grinning with amusement.

"Well, I thought I was the first Englishman to board this boat, anyway!" I cried, as I stepped through the audience.

It was a wonderful reunion. They simply fell on me, asking me dozens of questions which I could not answer. Then they invited me into their "mess." Only one of them was a genuine sailor—Taylor, of the Naval Brigade, who had been a prisoner of war since the fall of Antwerp. He had persuaded his two soldier friends, who were prisoners with him at Doeberitz Military Camp, to wear naval uniform the more easily to make their way across country. For some reason, he said, German peasants were more friendly disposed towards sailors than soldiers. They were both London infantrymen; the younger, who looked comparatively fit, had been taken prisoner during

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the 1918 retreat. The faces of the others showed that they had suffered severely. The elder soldier was one of the sturdy souls who had fought in 1915. He told me how thin the front fighting line often was in those uncertain days and the tricks they used to make the Germans believe their numbers were greater than they actually were. As I listened to his descriptions I thought that curved front line must have been like a sword continually being blunted by fierce attacks, but as often whetted again with the best lives.

Taylor produced a mysterious bundle, from which he took a tin of condensed milk, some tea leaves, a piece of the white bread sent to prisoners from Holland, and a tin of corned beef. It was impossible to refuse them, so we sat down to supper at a bench in the forecastle, watched by more than a hundred German seamen, some of whom assisted in the feast by getting hot water for the tea. After we had washed the dishes, Taylor slung four hammocks from the girders, into which we scrambled.

Before morning I had heard each one's story; it made me feel that my experiences were a mere holiday. All three had been wounded, the elder infantryman severely. Apparently they had made many attempts to get away from Germany. Each time they reached a seaport they failed to find any ships leaving, and had again to make their way across country, meeting with varied treatment

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from the peasants and tradesmen. Finally they arrived at Kiel and struck up a "cigarette" friendship with some of the crew of the *König*, who, during the night before the ship sailed, smuggled the three adventurers aboard.

To listen to the stories of their treatment while they were prisoners made Ruhleben, bad as it was, seem a paradise compared with the German military camps. Eleven survivors out of forty English civilians taken from occupied territory came from Wittenberg to our camp. One had shown me his terrible typhus wounds and told me the story of the awful suffering and loss of life in that notorious prison camp. After that I had abandoned my idea of getting transferred to a military camp, where I should be away from civilians who were for ever arguing about their "rights" and complaining about their sufferings. In 1915, when our soldiers were suffering the worst sort of agonies on the West Front, an association of these "sufferers" wrote to the British Government demanding a gold medal for their services to their country!

A Relic of the "Queen Mary," sunk during the Battle of Jutland

There was plenty to interest me aboard the *König*. To begin with, she was the flagship which

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led the German Fleet into action in the battle of Jutland. From the separate accounts of the officers and men I was able to build up a detailed picture of the great action. The accounts were fairly accurate, all agreeing with our own on the main incidents, and especially so on the climax when the German Fleet escaped in the fog. One of the gunners explained that the reason for their success in sinking so many enemy ships was because they dropped their shells *through* the British decks. They were unanimous in their praise of their late Captain, who, they said, manœuvred the *König* so well that she suffered very little damage although she was often in a front place in the fight.

Whilst I was listening in the Officers' Mess to one of these accounts, my eye fell on a large shell splinter about a hundred pounds in weight. It was fitted on a wooden pedestal placed beside a small statue of Hindenburg, and on a board was painted in German, "A Greeting from the *Queen Mary*." An N.C.O. who had been on another ship during the fight had just given the stowaway trio and me a vivid description of the sinking of this magnificent ship.

"And that's all there is left of her!" he said, pointing to the piece of shell.

"Except one survivor," he added, with relish.

My friends evidently knew enough German to understand what had been said, and I could see

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that Taylor particularly resented the tone of the speaker.

"We'll relieve them of this little trophy. It would look much better in a British Officers' Mess," I said to Taylor quietly.

The anger in his face was replaced by a broad grin.

"How are you going to get it?" he asked.

"I don't know yet. Anyway, I'll give them some first-class 'eyewash,' and if honest means fail——"

"Let's pinch it!" interrupted one of the soldiers, showing a service man's practical turn of mind.

But this was not necessary. The German N.C.O.'s parted with the trophy as tamely as the German nation had surrendered its fleet. It needed only three hours' talk to persuade them that they were doing the right thing in handing over this valuable memento of the greatest naval battle in history. Taylor procured some sacking, and stowed the splinter away in our part of the ship—"In case they change their minds," he said. Hindenburg suffered slightly during the removal, which rather upset the chief engineer.

The *König* zigzagged her way through the mine-fields for three days before we saw any other ships than those accompanying us, the *Dresden* and two smaller boats. During daylight my three companions stayed on deck in the hope of seeing a

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British vessel to take us off. I was on the bridge with the navigating officer, marvelling at the mass of tubes and appliances behind the concrete walls of the control tower, when my seaman messmate rushed in, shouting:

"Pack up! There's a British ship coming towards us!"

I was soon below collecting my few belongings. We stood waiting for the ship coming out of the haze on our port side.

"The *Hercules*!" exclaimed some one. We shouted and waved to the crew who were on deck. Although we were close enough to see a stoker squirt some tobacco juice into the sea, they did not make one sign of response.

"They think we're Germans," said one of the soldiers. It was the same with the four destroyers which accompanied Admiral Browning's *Hercules*. Not a sign came from the scores of men on the decks in answer to our frantic gesticulations.

"Well, I'm damned!" muttered one of the infantrymen, as the ship disappeared into the mist.

Not long after this, the engines of the *Dresden* broke down, which delayed us for some hours while we took her in tow. While this was being done, Taylor, who ordinarily was a particularly good-tempered man, started cursing and threatening in a most terrible rage. He had lost his lanyard, which he had worn since the beginning of the war.

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Since we had been on board, the German crew had unscrupulously stolen such articles as soap, cigarettes and a small muffler, which did not disturb him. If he saw them looking at anything particularly hard he would give it them without hesitation.

"We shall soon be where there are plenty more," he would say good-naturedly. But the corded lanyard was a treasure he would never have parted with. Though we searched thoroughly it could not be found. Meanwhile, the Germans stood round and grinned.

"You can't hit such swine; you've got to kick 'em," said one of the infantrymen.

The Soldiers' Councils and their Aspirations

Whilst my friends continued to keep a sharp look-out for a British ship, I was busy below with the Councillors getting details of the revolution at Kiel. They frankly stated that they had not the slightest feeling of disgrace in having to hand over their boats to the English.

"We Germans have not *belonged* to the German Navy. The officers were the Navy; we were only fetchers and carriers. If there had been comradeship between officers and men, there would have been no surrender—we should all have gone out to the last glorious smash. They were not worth it," said an ordinary seaman, who seemed to be

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" Councillor without portfolio " co-opted on occasion for advisory purposes.

" You didn't hold out much hope of a naval victory, then ? " I asked.

" The British Navy, with its bigger boats and guns, against our Fleet, with its badly-treated crew and lighter vessels, ought to have won easily, although our officers did reckon on a ' glücklicher Zufall ' " (a fluke), was the answer.

President Otto was the first to touch on the subject of the refusal of the Allies to negotiate with the Soldiers' Councils. From the earnest spirit in which this was debated I gathered that it was a burning question with these new controllers. They complained that the German Councillors who had preceded them in taking the first fleet of vessels to the Scapa Flow had been ignored by the British naval authorities.

" You must remember that it was *we* who delivered our Fleet to you—not the officers, who begin to adopt their old tactics as soon as we get into British waters."

" Perhaps it's a mistake," I hazarded.

" Mistake ? There's no mistake about it. The Allies insist that we must have the officers aboard, these same officers who are responsible for the crimes of which the Allies complain."

I attempted to change the subject, which only opened other fields of difficult discussion.

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" The rulers in the Allied countries are frightened to death at the mention of Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils ! Yet, how else could the Armistice conditions have been carried out if we had not stepped in and organised everything? The people and the soldiery for once had the chance of expressing themselves, and the Councils were the natural result. I would like to tell you that Germany can re-establish herself only under one of two kinds of government: either a limited monarchy or an improved Soviet system."

" Are you Bolsheviks, then ? " I asked.

" No, we are not. But we may have to take refuge in the Soviet to make the Revolution secure," answered a Councillor who had not joined in the discussion before.

" Even if we have a monarchy in Germany we shall also have Wilson's fourteen points to protect us from the military party ; and no one can refute them now every one has agreed to them," chipped in the oldest Councillor.

As the discussion continued I realised that I was in the presence of some of the young German intellectuals who, unlike contemporaries and predecessors in their own and other countries, have blended a thorough knowledge of practical politics with their intellectualism. It was difficult to believe that these quiet keen-faced sailors were the same who had fought and overcome the only real

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opposition to the Revolution. They had killed coolly and deliberately, and had been killed. They discussed the theories of a wonderful world order as simply and easily as they had talked of their struggles at Kiel. Their remarks on Heine, Schiller and Goethe, the comparisons they made of their plays and poems with those of Shakespeare, were first-class literary lectures. Although they had but a slight knowledge of English, they would often explain a long German word by dropping into French. On the cabin shelves was a large number of the favourite Reclam editions of the classics, to which they constantly referred.

I wondered at their intense admiration for "the greatest democrat history has ever known," President Wilson. He was to them a divinity, and the famous fourteen points a heavenly message.

Another seaman put rather a curious question. He had told me his story of how he and his companions had drawn the boiler fires when the order had been given for the German Fleet to put to sea to make a last mad gamble.

"Would Englishmen have thought better of us if we had all gone out and down at our posts?"

"I suppose they would," I said.

"That's what the returning crews have told us—the officers despise us for not coming out. We fought our own Government and officers for four years, and now, after we have won our fight, we

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must go out to be murdered in order to satisfy the 'sporting instincts' of the British officers. You are a curious people, you English!"

"Oh well, that's understandable; they had something to fight for, and, in a manner, they were fighting our battles too," remarked the Councillor who had shown an intimate acquaintance with Shakespeare in comparing his plots with those of German classics. "But I expect they are very touchy about Bolshevism in England!" he added, smiling as if he had just thought of a good joke. "At any rate, you may tell them that we are not Bolsheviks. And although some of my colleagues expect that your sailors will form Councils when they come in contact with ours, I do not think so. Your officers have the happy knack of blending discipline with good-fellowship. Again, don't think that we want to see a revolution in England, the pivot rock of Europe and the birthplace of democracy. With a good Labour—or even an advanced Radical Government would do it—England can put new life into her neighbours and help us all."

The Councillor paused to fill his pipe, and from the expectant look on the faces of the others I guessed we were going to be treated to a lecture, or at least a little propaganda. His hand stuck in his breast and his pipe going nicely, he continued:

"What we are working for is not a system de-

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pending on the personality and energy of one man. Lenin is brilliant, no doubt, and for the moment just the man necessary. The great question is—Can he leave his system so ordered that it endures, like the Roman Law or the Napoleonic Code? Some of our people are inclined to think that Bolshevism is like a political party programme. If the Bolsheviks go out of power, the system may be such that it can be laid aside like a party programme until its inventors return to power. We want something better than that. We want not one man but many men, elected directly from the people. The Soviet is a good beginning, but can be improved upon, until it really represents all the people and eliminates the incidental injustices which have occurred in Russia.

"Again, our Councillors or Deputies will not be governors. They must be administrators. Most of the elected representatives of to-day regard their positions of governorships as public masterships entitling them to 'govern' the people, not to serve them. We have all suffered something of this sort. We cannot blame the adventurers who do get into parliaments; it is the fault of the system. It is the hunting-ground for the incompetent creatures who could not earn a mark a day in a useful business.

"What you call your Parliamentary system is to the manual workers as the game of roulette is to

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the gamblers. The Bourgeoisie is as sure of getting into power and being greatly over-represented as the roulette banker is of winning money from his clients. It seems fair, but it is not. Our Bourgeoisie are desperate lest they do not get the National Assembly elected in time to prevent the long-promised reforms going through. The Soldiers' Council pass measures or reject them at once, but Scheidemann and Ebert could continue an everlasting wrangle over a progressive measure in the National Assembly and finally throw it out, blaming others for it. Just think of the ease with which a cunning bourgeois lawyer, after he has got through one election, can become a Cabinet Minister. Even the Soviets are fairer; the head councillors, when they do reach the Chief Council, through the scientific system of election, although elected in the first place by a small number of citizens, are really appointed by the millions. We want our representatives to be known intimately by the workers and to be chosen by them. By workers I mean every one, for it is a poor person nowadays who does not do some sort of work.

"The class who used to shout from their parks and sport fields to the manual workers to work harder are now rapidly decreasing. They are all looking round for an occupation, which is bound to relieve the burden of the workers. If only the leisured classes would educate themselves, there is no reason

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why they should not be first-class administrators. When they know that honest service will be appreciated they will train themselves for it. But they must be kept out of a 'political' atmosphere. The term politics to-day is synonymous with corruption. They could not help themselves; no matter how many Labour members might get into the Reichstag, they would all succumb to the subtle influence of opportunity and circumstances.

"In the new system all members will have to be trained men and capable of passing certain common tests. By the time they reach the Chief Council or Parliament, all the unsuitable aspirants will have been weeded out. A commanding presence and a silky tongue alone are not sufficient equipment for administrators, and their affectedly passionate speeches will sound as ridiculous in the new Parliaments as they would at the board meeting of the Deutsche Bank. Of course the lawyer class cannot be barred, but they would not get very far and are bound to be in a minority no matter how clever they are. On the other hand, suppose a Council of doctors got into power, the fact alone would be a revolution—they would be ashamed to enter into the political intrigue, and, if given a free hand, would administer to a sick country as they would to a sick patient.

"Personality would not play the part it does to-day—exploited as it is by moneyed interests.

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We know that if Wilson goes out of power, his fourteen points will be rendered ineffective by another fourteen points from the opposition. We know that if Lloyd George and Clemenceau are sent to the Peace Conference, it will be a War Conference. Peace cannot be worked out by war minds. War is made and carried on by the primitive illogical mind. Peace—that is, if we assume we *are* sincerely going to try for a lasting world peace—must be managed by clear unbiased minds with the historical vision which can see a solvable problem, not merely an opportunity to put themselves on pedestals."

The sailor Socialist rolled out his long German sentences with the oratorical finish of a university lecturer. I can imagine him and his friends carrying on their propaganda in the forecastle, gradually soaking their theories into the minds of their slower-thinking comrades. We were quite a crowd in the cabin now, and I wondered whether all the young recruits who had sidled inside could grasp his meaning or were merely influenced by his apostolic sincerity.

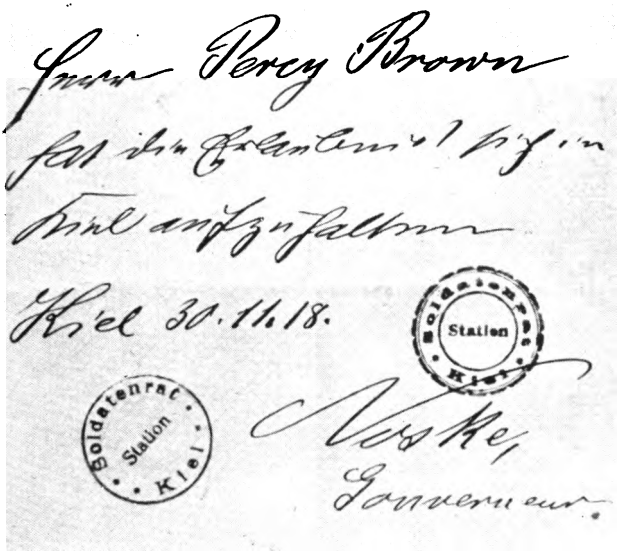
"When Wilson goes," he continued, "we know that Roosevelt Americanism will take the place of the famous fourteen points. On the other hand, we want our system to develop like a State service and be outside the sordid sphere of bartering and intrigue of the political market-place. Our system

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of government will be like our garden cities, properly planned and laid out with room for every one. And all this we will get without establishing a dictatorship. We have a majority now, that is sufficient. It is curious that, now we have that majority, the German Bourgeoisie have begun telling foreigners that we are trying to establish a 'dictatorship' with our Councils. Never have the manual workers been so fairly represented as by their Councillors, who have come from the heart of the people and are part of the people."

The lecture was broken off on the arrival of one of the stowaways, who came to tell us that he had sighted the Scottish coast.

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A PERMIT ISSUED BY NOSKE TO THE AUTHOR TO ALLOW HIM TO SAIL IN KIEL HARBOUR TO MEET ADMIRAL BROWNING'S NAVAL MISSION.

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CHAPTER X

Story of the Revolution at Kiel

THE general conditions and state of mind prevailing among the crews of the German Navy seem to indicate that, no matter what the outcome of the war might have been, sooner or later a revolution was bound to come. The food, I am assured, was sometimes worse than that given to criminals, while the accommodation for the men was the worst existing in any modern navy. Since the outbreak of war the German Admiralty had been much concerned about the morale of the sailors. Each case of insubordination was punished severely, and a strict censorship held over correspondence and newspapers passed to and from the ship. But the revolutionaries only worked the harder in spreading their dangerous propaganda. The rigorous discipline and well-organised espionage kept the movement in check until the outbreak of the Russian Revolution in March, 1917.

Encouraged and helped by the German Independent Socialists the sailor revolutionaries re-

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sponded to the call of their Russian comrades and revolted. Prompt and severe measures were taken by the officers, who successfully coped with the situation. A number of sailors were shot, others received long sentences of imprisonment. But the leaders continued to instil their revolutionary ideas into their comrades. The movement received considerable stimulus after the battle of Jutland, 31st May, 1916, from the survivors who returned to the naval bases and swore that they would never go out again to meet the British Fleet. From this time secret signals were arranged between the crews of the various ships. It was agreed that so soon as any one found out that orders had been received for the Fleet to put to sea, the fires were to be extinguished at once.

On 28th October, 1918, the German Fleet was ordered to put to sea. The Pan-Germans put all their hopes in a second battle of Jutland. Even if the Fleet was defeated, they hoped that the sacrifice of the sailors would consolidate the nation sufficiently to stave off the rout of the armies which was now imminent. The German Fleet was to have left Wilhelmshaven by three o'clock in the afternoon. The crews signalled each other, and when the orders to prepare to sail were given, these were promptly disobeyed and the fires put out. The various captains informed Admiral Hipper, who postponed the sailing until four o'clock, before which time

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he hoped that the officers would have succeeded in persuading the men to carry out their duties. The crew of the *Markgraf* seem to have distinguished themselves by being the first to break out in open rebellion. They opened hostilities by refusing to raise the anchor and by taking possession of the winches.

The rebels barricaded themselves on the fore-deck, but, owing to insufficient arms and ammunition, were temporarily subdued, and finally six hundred of them were removed from the ship under escort.

The crew of the *Heligoland* managed to capture three small guns; but they also quietened down when they saw that the object was already attained —they had prevented the Fleet from putting to sea.

After the exit of the ringleaders the officers of the Fleet were given the following message from the men, who held their first meeting — surely the beginning of the Soldiers' Councils:

"If the English attack us, we will stand together and defend ourselves to the bitter end; but we will not be the attacking party. Should you try to take the ships farther than Heligoland, we will extinguish the fires again."

The following letter, written by an eye-witness to his father and published in the *Bergische Arbeiter-stimme*, gives an idea of the mental state of the sailors who had remained loyal until 28th October:

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"DEAR FATHER,—May this letter not fall into indiscreet hands. Great things have happened in the Imperial Fleet: the crews of the battleships and cruisers have mutinied. Perhaps the rumour has already reached you. I will tell you what happened.

"Whilst scouting in the North Sea, our flotilla was approached many times by English ships. From this and other signs we had no doubt that something was in preparation. Finally, some days later, when we were about to re-enter the harbour, we saw the main German Fleet, battleships and torpedo boats, at anchor at Wilhelmshaven, and we also came to anchor. Suddenly the report reached us that the Admiral of the Fleet intended to carry out some manœuvres in the gulf! But no one was deceived by that absurd statement.

"The first order was transmitted during Wednesday night, and forthwith given out on Thursday. We, who were lying outside, did not know what was happening: we frequently heard whispers of insubordination and revolt, but we did not believe them. Yesterday the order came: 'B.97 and B.112'" (his own and another boat of the squadron) "'will be ready from eight o'clock.—The Admiral of the First Squadron.' The Admiral came aboard, . . . then the captain of our squadron assembled us on deck and made a speech which I shall never forget as long as I live. Regrettable incidents had occurred in the squadron, the crews of different vessels had refused to obey orders. When the Fleet should have put to sea, the stokers had taken the extinguishers from the fire-boxes and had put out the

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boiler fires. As every fresh order was received, they repeated this conduct in such fashion as to *prevent* the departure of the Fleet. When explanations were demanded they replied that they would disobey no further orders, but that they would not consent to start at any price; they refused to take part in the final struggle of the German Fleet. Some one in high position said, 'Before we hand over the Fleet, we will stake all on one throw; rather than surrender our beautiful Fleet to the English, we would see it utterly destroyed.'

"On the Commander of the *Thüringen* saying, 'We will fire our two thousand rounds to the last shot and go down with flag flying,' the men replied that he could go to sea alone. It was then that matters came to a head. The situation was most serious on the *Thüringen* and the *Heligoland*, of the First Squadron. The rebels barricaded themselves on the fore-deck; those on the *Heligoland* got possession of three guns. I can't tell you all the details of our chief's speech; in brief he said that we had been told off to restore order and, if the necessity arose, we were to use our arms against our comrades.

"I cannot tell you what were my feelings; we prepared our machine-guns, our big guns and our torpedoes, and advanced to within two hundred yards of the *Thüringen*. Meanwhile a steamer had left the harbour bringing two hundred and fifty marines to escort away the insurgents: it was in case these refused to board the steamer that B.97 was to fire.

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"My dear Father, if you only knew what an impotent rage seized me when we had trained our guns on our comrades! . . . At last, an hour later, the rebels gave up and hoisted a Red Cross flag through a port-hole. About six hundred men passed on to the steamer. What a relief to us! It was within an ace . . .

"On the *Heligoland* and the other ships the disturbance was quieted; they had attained their object: the Fleet would not put to sea. We are certain to suffer for what has occurred, but our hour approaches. Peace must be made soon; otherwise we will make it ourselves. The Fleet will take no further part in the war, if only the army and the people will follow."

After this incident the revolt spread right through the Fleet. Red flags were hoisted on all the ships except the *König*, which was lying in dock still flying the war flag. A very bitter fight took place, during which two officers were killed, one being the captain of the vessel, and many other officers and men were wounded. By midday the sailors were masters of the ship, and here also was hoisted the universal emblem of revolution. Officers who would not join the rebels were badly handled and driven from the ship.

The sailors of the Third Squadron asked for the release of their comrades. They were refused a hearing, which consolidated and decided them on a bold course of action. They called a massed meet-

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ing at the Trades Union building, at which they invited the workmen of the city to join them in their fight for freedom. The incident passed off quietly, another meeting for the week-end having been announced.

On Sunday, 3rd November, thousands of sailors, soldiers and civilians streamed on to the exercise ground at Kiel, and held several meetings, at which it was decided to demand the release of their comrades. In order to compel the naval authorities to comply with these resolutions several thousands of sailors formed themselves into a procession, all carrying red flags, and marched into the town. On the way they called at the military barracks to induce the soldiers to join them; here all the arms and ammunition in the armoury were distributed to the sailors and their friends. The first pitched battle of the revolt now took place. The procession had resumed its march and was about to pass the corner of Brunswikerstrasse and Karlstrasse when it was intercepted and held up by a company of cadets and petty officers led by an officer. After his order to disperse had been ignored for the third time, he ordered his troops to open fire on the demonstrators. Eight sailors were killed outright, and twenty-nine more seriously wounded. Besides these, there were many other casualties—some women and children. In the attacking party the casualties were also

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heavy, the officer in charge being the first to fall.

Within a few hours the entire garrison had been won over to the side of the rebels. Still the authorities did not believe that the revolt could succeed, and did not take strong enough measures to suppress the outbreak. It was not until the high officers themselves were obliged to capitulate that the Fifteenth Regiment of Wandsbecker Hussars was ordered to march on Kiel. On hearing of the latest development, the Colonel realised that his small force was not strong enough to make any impression on the vast army of insurgents, so he halted his men and marched them back to whence they came. At last it occurred to Admiral Souchon, the Governor of Kiel, that he had better try to cope with the revolutionaries by diplomatic methods. Acting on instructions from Berlin, he consented to meet a deputation of sailors who might place their wishes before him. The following fourteen articles were drawn up by the Soldiers' Council:

1. Liberty for all arrested revolutionaries and political prisoners.
2. Freedom of the Press; liberty of speech.
3. Abolition of the postal censorship.
4. Equitable treatment from superiors.
5. The sailors and soldiers agree to return to

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their ships and barracks if all punishment is cancelled.

6. Under no circumstances must the Fleet put to sea.
7. Suspension of all sanguinary methods of repression.
8. Departure of all troops not belonging to the city garrison.
9. All protective measures for guarding private property to be arranged by the Soldiers' Council.
10. No superiors except in service relations.
11. Complete liberty of the individual when off duty.
12. We welcome to our ranks those officers who accept rules agreed to by the Soldiers' Council. Others must leave the service.
13. Members of the Soldiers' Council exempted from military service.
14. In future no measures may be taken without the consent of the Soldiers' Council. Every one in military service will regard these recommendations as orders.

THE SOLDIERS' COUNCIL.

These demands were handed to the Governor by a deputation appointed by the Council.

On 2nd November all the workers except those engaged in public services went on strike. Although

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comparatively good order prevailed, Noske and Haussmann, Socialist members of the Reichstag, received an urgent invitation to come to Kiel. It became known that the ringleaders of the revolt were to be shot, also the stokers who had put out the fires. A terrible passion now seized the sailors, who determined that the execution should not be carried out. They formed themselves into a huge procession and started for the prison. The leaders, finding that they had few weapons among them, called at the Wiker-Kasernement for reinforcements. They found the doorways bristling with weapons. When the soldiers had heard the story, they too threw in their lot with the liberators. Rifles, revolvers and swords were thrown through the windows of the barracks, and every one secured weapons of some sort. In less than an hour the procession of demonstrators had become an armed force of ten thousand men.

They called on the Governor, without obtaining any satisfaction. The time was passed in making speeches and passing resolutions until the evening. The procession again surged through the Holtenauer- and Waitzstrasse on its way to the Naval Station. They gathered about the building, shouting "Liberate the prisoners!" The cries reached the room where the Admiral and the captains were conferring. When the shouting was at its loudest, a motor-car drove into the crowd, on the roof of

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which was a sailor who cried to the crowd that the prisoners were already liberated. A roar of cheers now drowned the angry shouting.

The procession re-formed and headed for the prison in order to fetch the liberated prisoners. On the way they continued to collect more sympathisers. At the door of the prison they came to a halt, half expecting to hear shots fired from the windows. They gazed anxiously at the large door, waiting for the appearance of their comrades. At last they came, heralded by rolling drums and a fanfare of trumpets. The incident touched the sentimental sailors. The same drums and bugles which, only the day before, had served as the insignia of the old order were now being used to herald in the new freedom.

The prisoners stepped out proudly, greeted by a roar of welcome from their comrades, the light of victory shining from their faces. Darkness was approaching and lent to the scene a striking effect. The released prisoners marched into the crowd, which once again became a procession. The band began playing " In der Heimat, da gibt's ein Wiedersehn," which brought tears to the eyes of the sailors, many of whom had not seen their homes for four years.

The crowd swung along the street, their song ringing out ahead of them. The next stopping-place was the Trades Union building, where the combined Trade Unions of Kiel assured the sailors of their

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loyal support and also joined the marching army now moving towards the railway station. A train arrived crowded with soldiers. Officers in field grey with clanking swords stepped out on to the platform and were hooted by the people, now filling the station. The soldiers still sitting in the train were greeted with hearty cries of welcome and invited to join the revolutionaries.

The crowd now turned back to the Wilhelmplatz, where a rostrum had been erected. Large red flags fluttered in the light of a solitary gas lamp. Speaker after speaker addressed the ever-increasing crowd.

Suddenly the darkness was pierced by a powerful searchlight which set the listening crowds blinking as if they were in the full glare of the sun. A large motor-car slowly split the crowd up to the platform. "Genosse" Noske had arrived. As he climbed the steps he was loudly cheered, and it was some minutes before he was allowed to speak. He said he brought the greetings of the German Socialists from all parts of the Empire. It filled him with pride to be among the brave bluejackets who alone had just completed a wonderful piece of work. They only had to remain masters of themselves now to complete the Revolution. He impressed on them the necessity for order, after which he brought his speech to an end, and the crowd slowly dispersed.

As they were going away, a fusillade of shots was

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fired from the surrounding houses. A number of sailors sank to the ground, and great excitement took possession of the rest. As the bullets chipped up the road the Wilhelmplatz was cleared as by magic. All through the night occasional shots disturbed the silence. The officers who had arrived with regiments to put down the revolt, finding their men had deserted them, had formed a skirmishing detachment and continued to harry the sailors. At last a mist descended on the city, screening the sailor patrols from the officer snipers. The citizens woke the following morning, the 5th of November, to find red flags hoisted on all the ships of the Fleet, the Town Hall and all other public buildings.

Apparently the sailors still suspected Admiral Souchon of planning to surprise them with some repressive measures. They decided to run no risks and took him prisoner, holding him as hostage, after which Haase and Ledebour were invited by telegram to take part in a central governing body with Noske and Haussmann. The morning after Noske arrived, handbills were again distributed to inform the citizens of the result of the night's conference.

"Comrades! The doings of yesterday will remain memorable to us in the history of Germany. For the first time political power is now in the hands of the soldiers.

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"We shall never return to the past. We have heavy tasks before us; unity and solidarity are necessary. You have elected a Soldiers' Council which closely collaborates with the Workmen's Council. Follow its instructions and carry out its decisions so that nothing can ever be raised to discredit us. See to it that order is maintained in the barracks.

"We have obtained the following results late yesterday evening from the Government of Kiel in presence of Deputy Noske and Secretary of State Haussmann:

1. Haussmann takes up our demands and promises to place them before the Government at once.
2. Immediate suspension of all military measures directed against our movement.
3. Sailors to be relieved of all compulsory measures to enforce them to return to their ships.
4. The offences of those men still in prison will be submitted to the Soldiers' Council, who, in collaboration with the Workmen's Council, will liberate all prisoners except those who are condemned for felonious offences.

"Comrades Haase and Ledebour have been called by telegram in order to form a central governing body.

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" Comrades, have confidence in your Soldiers' Council ! "

After these effective pioneer efforts on the part of the sailors, to take the Revolution to other towns was now quite a simple matter. The ruling classes began to regard the Revolution in the light of a *deus ex machina* — if it did not altogether unravel the complicated knot in which they found themselves, it could be used as a screen behind which to shelter until life again became " normal."

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CHAPTER XI

Scapa Flow—The German Fleet—On board H.M.S. *Lion*—
—Received by the Admiral of the Fleet—Home

Scapa Flow

IT was not until the fourth day at sea that we learned that the *König* was to be interned at Scapa Flow. We had heard various disturbing rumours, one of which was that she was to go direct to Australia! On the fifth day the captain began to speak to the men as he had done in pre-Revolution days. He had entered British waters although we had not yet sighted any other ships. It was a curious sight to see the chief officer, a big man with a florid face and large black moustache, sharing the bridge with President Otto, who looked like an intelligent boy enjoying his first sea trip.

I suppose I had spent too much time with the Councillors to suit the surly captain. His manner was very crisp when I asked him where we could leave the ship.

"How do I know what is going to happen now?" he snapped.

At last we came within sight of the Scottish coast. Shortly afterwards we were signalled by a

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British battleship, which sent a launch panting through the water to meet us. We were boarded by an officer, a midshipman who carried his chief's "ham-bone," and two able seamen who gave us a true sailor welcome. The officer was soon up on the bridge giving the German officers orders for the berthing of the *König*

The German Fleet

And then came a glorious sight. We were now close to the small islands, and under the haze we could see the Grand Fleet lying snugly at anchor. The *König* continued to move at half-speed past the "Barrel of Butter," and brought us to a still more impressive sight—the German Fleet drawn up in lines, prisoners of war as we had been! A faint sun limned in the dark shapes of the ships against the mist as on a huge panoramic canvas.

A large tug-boat now took us in tow. As soon as the crew saw us on board they pitched bread, cigarettes and other articles which they guessed we should appreciate on to the deck of the *König*.

After the ship had been berthed with the other battleships of her class, the British officer offered to take us to the *Renown*. A few more observations were made with the "ham-bone," of which the young midshipman seemed very proud, and we prepared to leave the German ship.

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Taylor staggered on deck with the shell splinter, and after we had nearly sent it through the bottom of the waiting launch, we were taken to the *Renown*. No sooner had we scrambled on deck, having overcome the difficulties of transferring the trophy, than a message arrived from the Admiral of the Fleet that we were to be taken aboard the flagship *Lion* at once.

"Wonder what *he* wants?" said the younger soldier as we climbed down to the launch again.

"God knows! Anyway, he can't eat us," replied Taylor philosophically.

On Board H.M.S. "Lion"

We were put aboard the *Lion*, whose officers by their sympathetic reception made tears well into the eyes of some of us.

"The Admiral wants you, sir, at once," said a marine, coming up to the group.

"What have you got there?" inquired Commander Franklin of Taylor, who was still bending under the weight of the trophy on his shoulder.

"This, sir? This is a bit of shell which was picked out of the ribs of the *König*, stuck there by the *Queen Mary*—her last shot, so the Germans said," he answered proudly.

"Splendid! But go along to the Admiral. He wants to hear all about you."

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The three adventurers went off with the marine, and I was taken below to the Commander's cabin, the owner of which pressed me not to talk while I was making my toilet, and then would suddenly exclaim, " But, I say, what sort of people are those Huns ? " or, " What did they say to you when you asked them why they didn't come out? " Then I was taken to the ward-room, where I had to drink many cocktails whilst telling the officers what sort of people " those blighters " really were.

" Captain Davies wants to talk to you," came another message.

I found him in a room—one cannot call such tremendous places cabins—where he gave me a wonderful arm-chair in front of the fire. And so it went on all the evening. Dinner was an adventure, the cinema show afterwards a carnival of delight.

I remember that *Les Cloches de Corneville* was being shown on the screen. During the tragic scenes where the miser is particularly unpleasant the ward-room of officers behaved like a crowd of happy schoolboys. " Villain ! " " Murderer ! " " Monster ! " they would shout when the beautiful heroine was " going through it," as they phrased it. It was a great relief to be once more among people who could laugh and joke. The darkness was a relief. On either side of me were sympathetic senior lieutenants who described Jutland and the

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final surrender, and how Beatty had waited for the German Fleet, " ready for tricks."

I tried to imagine the British Fleet prisoners in a German naval base. How the German Government would have encouraged its citizens to gloat over the prizes. I am sure they would have arranged excursions for the purpose. Pictures can convey little of the sensation one experiences on coming suddenly in sight of those great boats. It is a sight every Briton should have seen for himself. I wonder how many saw the German battleships at Scapa before they were scuttled. It is only such scenes that can convey some of the significance of victory. To watch a procession of prisoners being brought out of the firing line is not an ennobling sight. With ships the case is different ; the humiliated human element is not in the picture. The sight of the German Fleet lying harmless at anchor would have helped people more than anything else to comprehend the meaning of the terrible power which threatened them.

The regaining of my liberty was as overwhelming an experience as the losing of it had been. The generosity of the younger officers was the most trying. They would take me aside and press me to take all manner of things, from money and cigarettes to pyjamas and clean linen. Finally, I was put to bed in the captain's sea-cabin. On the

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way I passed dozens of sailors who were sleeping in hammocks out in the open. No wonder they are tough sea-dogs! From my cabin I could see hundreds of lights twinkling on the various ships. There was hardly a sound except for a slight wash of the water as I revelled in the soothing scene. At last I turned into bed, but sleep was impossible.

About the middle of the night my door was slowly opened, and one of the watch crept quietly in.

"I thought you weren't asleep, sir. I know what a chap feels like when he comes home from them Germans," he said, his big round face beaming good-nature. He was holding a large steaming mug of cocoa. "Could you do this, sir? Just made it; it might get you off to sleep."

Gradually a delicious drowsiness carried me to the borderland of sleeping and waking. I started up once, thinking I had wakened from another dream of going home—the prisoner's terror. I gripped the big rubber speaking-tube at the bedside to reassure myself, and shortly afterwards fell sound asleep.

In the morning I joined my three friends and heard of their adventures on the lower deck. We left the *Lion* in a drifter and boarded the mail steamer for Thurso. It was in the cabin of this boat that I met the man who was to separate me

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from my trophy as easily as I had got it from the Germans.

"What's the trinket in the sack?" he asked when Taylor had dumped it down on the carriage floor. He was the gunnery lieutenant of the *Canada*, and showed a keen interest in my treasure. At Carlisle the sack changed hands. The claim of the *Canada* seemed to be as satisfactory as any I should meet with. After examining the splinter, Lieutenant Nash told me that it was the nose of a 14-inch shell, and that the *Canada* was the only ship to fire that size of shell at Jutland. To complete his claim he added that even if it should turn out to have been fired by the *Queen Mary*, the *Canada* was still entitled to it, because the sole survivor of that ship was now serving on the *Canada*! The last I saw of Nash he was staggering along Carlisle railway platform with the "trinket" on his shoulder. I don't believe he will give it up so readily as I and the crew of the *König* did.

When I last saw the stowaways they were surrounded by an agitated crowd of Red Cross ladies at Preston, who seemed to expect them to drink mugs of hot tea and eat countless sandwiches and at the same time tell the story of their adventures.

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CHAPTER XII

The Berlin Revolution

LOOKING back on the Revolution in Berlin a clear narrative of events emerges. The first demonstration of any kind to take place in Berlin occurred on the 8th of November, and quite by an accident. Although it had nothing whatever to do with the Revolution, it prepared the way for what was to follow.

When, owing to the news from Kiel, the military took control of the railway stations, the soldiers on furlough found they could not leave the city. Although the authorities had acquainted the officers on leave with the precautionary measures taken, they could not risk telling the rank and file why they were detained in Berlin. During the morning over five hundred privates of various units called at the Blücherstrasse Barracks for money allowances and rations. No arrangements having been made, they were sent away—a proceeding which caused considerable dissatisfaction. Some returned, and a large number stated that they would be satisfied with their pay, with which they could purchase rations.

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But the pay still not being forthcoming, the growing crowd became unmanageable. They formed themselves into a procession, together with a large number of civilians who thought the demonstration was inspired by the events happening in Hamburg, Kiel and other cities. The procession made for the Kommandantur, where a spokesman was elected to explain the position and demand redress from Feldwebelleutenant Manthey, the orderly officer. The soldiers stood before the gates, in a solid phalanx, while the delegates made the most of their case. The Feldwebelleutenant, mistaking them for revolutionaries, listened sympathetically and promised to take up the matter at once. They were to return in two hours' time. Thereupon the procession, now considerably augmented, marched through the streets several thousands strong and began to wear a revolutionary aspect. One soldier tore the cockade from his hat and threw it away, which act was imitated by the rest. A red handkerchief produced by a civilian became their banner.

The demonstrators made for the *Vorwärts* office. At their appearance along the streets red flags began to flutter at the windows as if they were expected. Arrived at the *Vorwärts* building, a fusilier named Hertel climbed on to the roof of a motor-car and made a speech to the soldiers, at the end of which he called for three " Hochs " for

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the German Republic. The crowd responded to the call with a startling heartiness. The bewildered leave-men began to understand what they were supposed to be, and felt the bolder for knowing. It was now time to return to the Kommandantur.

"To the Kommandantur!" cried the civilians, without the least notion why they were going there.

In the meantime the Feldwebelleutenant had satisfactorily dealt with the case and had enough money on hand to pay each soldier on leave sixty marks.

The demonstration originated by a small group of discontented men on leave had now assumed such proportions that it put the fear of God into the poor Berliners, who were now anxiously displaying banners and badges made of any old red material they could find. It was also probably the cause of the Berlin garrison's sudden enthusiasm for the revolution.

Hearing of the affair at the Kommandantur, General von Linsingen increased his precautionary measures and brought in a brigade of Horse and Foot Guards with machine-guns, field-pieces, and a large quantity of hand-grenades. All officers on leave in Berlin were warned for special duty and supplied with automatic pistols.

A message was received that three thousand sailors were coming to Berlin by train from Kiel. At once the authorities filled the stations with

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troops, believing they could quarantine the citizens from the dangers of becoming infected with the "red fever." A wireless message brought news of three thousand sailors marching on the capital. Still a third message stated that a deputation of the Kiel Soldiers' Council was on its way to Berlin by airship. When the news leaked out, the workers went on strike and assembled in a body at the Johannisthal airship ground to assist the landing.

At one o'clock on 9th November it was made known that the Kaiser had abdicated. From this time the arrangements to usher in the new Germany went quite "planmässig." Scheidemann was the Minister chosen to declare Germany a Republic, which he did from a window of the Reichstag.

"The monarchical system has collapsed," he said. "The majority of the garrison troops have joined us. The Hohenzollerns have abdicated. Long live the German Republic! Ebert is forming a new Government in which all Social Democratic parties will be represented. Delegate Göhre has been sent to the Commander-in-Chief to get his signature to the decree. Nothing can rob us of the great victory we have won. Preserve quietness, order and security."

So ran the first of the proclamations.

A general strike was called. This had been anticipated by the authorities on the day before. The commanding officers of the various Guard

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regiments dispatched to quell the expected disorder were surprised on approaching Berlin by the rapidity with which their troops elected Soldiers' Councils. This was the first appearance in the Revolution of Ebert, who had been elected on one of the Councils to represent the Social Democratic party. At a conference between the two Social Democratic groups Ebert, Scheidemann and Dr. David were elected to represent the Democrats, and Ledebour, Vogtherr and Dittmann the Independent Socialists.

At three o'clock in the afternoon Ebert and his colleagues were called to the Chancellery, where Prince Max offered him the Chancellorship. Ebert accepted and began his duties by sending out a proclamation explaining the situation and urging the manual workers to remain at work. This was followed shortly afterwards by another message emphasising the important points of the former proclamation.

Everything went well until the evening when Dr. Karl Liebknecht and Herr Barth made their appearance. The leader of the Spartacists had been out all day haranguing the crowds from the balcony of the Imperial Palace and hoisting red flags on public buildings, whilst Scheidemann, Ebert and the other Majority Socialists had been making themselves acquainted with the permanent officials and the intricacies of the Government offices.

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Liebknecht and Barth suggested that a Cabinet should be formed of three Independent Socialists and three Majority Socialists, and strenuously opposed a proposal to hold an immediate election for a National Assembly. They feared that, if this were done, the people would re-elect the old parties under new names.

It was agreed that all authority should for the time being rest in the hands of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils, a delegation of which met at the Reichstag the same evening.

More proclamations were published, all emphasising the necessity of the continuance of work and the preservation of order.

No serious disorder occurred during the 9th until six o'clock in the evening, when a skirmish took place near the Castle, where Liebknecht had hoisted one of his red flags. A few shots also came from the window of the Marstall, killing a number of people. Simultaneously firing began near the University and the Library, where many were killed and wounded.

The "Meinungscheidenheiten" (difference of opinion) between the Majority and Independent Socialists began when, later in the evening, Liebknecht's programme appeared in his newspaper *Die Rote Fahne*. Until this was published there was a strong feeling among the workers and soldiers that Liebknecht should be appointed Provisional President. They

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hesitated when it was known that the Majority Socialists strongly opposed his very definite demands:

1. All police to be disarmed, also all officers and soldiers who are not in sympathy with the Revolution. Arming of the people. All soldiers and proletarians to retain their arms.
2. All military and civil authority to be taken over by the Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils.
3. Surrender of all arms and ammunition and munition factories to the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council.
4. Control of all transport by the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council.
5. Abolition of courts-martial. Compulsory military service to be replaced by voluntary service of soldiers under control of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council.
6. The removal of all parliaments, including the present Imperial Government. The taking over of government by the Berlin Soldiers' and Workmen's Council until the setting up of Imperial Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils.
7. Election of Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils over the whole of Germany, in whose hands legislation and government shall rest ex-

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clusively. All able-bodied men and women both in town and country to participate in these elections.

8. Abolition of all dynasties. Our watchword is " A united Social Republic of Germany."
9. Immediate resumption of relations with all Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils in Germany, as well as with our Socialist comrades abroad.
10. Immediate recall of the Russian Soviet ambassador to Berlin.

On 10th November, in spite of the demands of the Spartacists, the extreme left wing of the Independent Socialist party, a new Government was formed of Ebert, Scheidemann, Landsberg (Majority Socialists), Haase, Dittmann, and Emil Barth, the secretary of the Spartacists (Independent Socialists). Occasional conflicts took place that day between ex-officers and the Red patrols. The Marstall was the scene of another short but severe encounter between a body of royal troops, principally officers, and a number of Palace officials who barricaded themselves in the royal stables, whence they were driven out by the Reds only after they had suffered about fifty casualties.

Even at this early stage the once universal revolutionary red was rapidly being toned down into less vivid shades. Some of the Majority Socialists

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had already become practically white. Thousands of flags hastily hung from the windows of the large houses for purposes of protection were discreetly withdrawn overnight. Pedlars who had laid in supplies of red badges began to find a difficulty in disposing of their stock. Before I left Berlin I saw them peeling the red covers off the Hindenburg war buttons, which sold again in their original form.

Although the Soldiers' Councils insisted upon removal of all insignia of superior rank from the officers' uniforms, they did not interfere with the Headquarters Staff. Without even being approached, Hindenburg volunteered to support the Soldiers' Council and to accept orders from the Provisional Government. To him particularly the Revolution was a *deus ex machina* which left him in countenance with the Army. Only those officers who were not in touch with the general trend of things made any resistance at all.

Hindenburg, almost as popular as in pre-Revolution days, was soon busy with his proclamations. The first ran as follows :

" To the Army !—The Armistice is signed. Until these last days have we carried our arms with honour. With its deep devotion and sense of duty the Army has accomplished mighty deeds. In victorious attack and tenacious defence, in hard battles on land and in the air, we have kept the

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enemy from crossing our frontiers and our homes free from the horror and desolation of war. Owing to the increasing number of our enemies, to the collapse of our exhausted allies,—who have fought with us until they could fight no longer,—owing to the growing pressure of food and economic problems, our Government has been obliged to accept an armistice, the terms of which are very severe. At the same time, we, proud and with our heads high, go out of the struggle in which we have been able to stand against a world of enemies for over four years. Conscious that we have defended our land and our honour to the last, we take new strength. The Armistice conditions demand a rapid retreat to our home—under the prevailing circumstances a difficult task. Self-command and a loyal sense of duty from every one of you make a severe test for the spirit and self-respect of the Army. In battle your Commander-in-Chief has never left you in the lurch. I now put my trust in you!

"VON HINDENBURG,
Commander-in-Chief."

With what rage must Ludendorff have read this and similar proclamations! With a little resolution he might have stayed and withheld his resignation, which was his own idea; he, rather than his faithful partner, might have been publishing these messages. How the last two lines must have rankled!

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The Revolution continued "regelmässig." Once Berlin had become "red," all other cities followed suit. It was quite a simple matter to form Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils and to issue proclamations to the citizens to remain quietly in their homes. On the same day, 16th November, that Graf von Arnim-Boitzenburg, President of the Herrenhaus, protested vigorously against the abolition of this chamber, Ebert and Haase issued a very reassuring statement to the Army and people. They said that it was not their intention to confiscate bank balances or property of any kind, or to interfere with the War Loan, though they would keep strict control over all questions of income and national expense, and further that salaries, pensions and allowances for officials, soldiers and their dependents would be paid as usual, which meant that the Prussian Bureaucracy was still intact.

After the first few days the Revolution subsided into an open quarrel between the Government and the Spartacists over the election of a National Assembly. Members of the bourgeois parties, who had retired at the first sign of red, returned, and under the new titles soon became active in their efforts to hurry on the election. On 19th November a mass meeting was held at Zirkus Busch as a protest against these efforts. Feeling ran so high on this occasion that there was danger of serious disorder. Richard Müller, the Chairman of

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the Executive Committee of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council, said in passionate tones:

"The way to the National Assembly is only over my dead body. In this roundabout way the authority will again pass into the hands of the middle classes"—a speech which earned for him the name of "Leichenmüller" (corpse Müller).

"The question of constitution is a question of the future," he continued. "We will not let the power go out of our hands. If we elect a National Assembly now, we shall give the Revolution its death-blow. The way to a constitution lies over my dead body" (storm of applause at the repetition). "Certainly we regard ourselves only as a temporary body. We must call together as soon as possible a congress of Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils from all Germany. The Executive Committee is accepted. It has the right to nominate a government. If it does not act as we wish, we are justified in discharging the Government."

After the roar of applause had subsided, Haase, a member of the Provisional Government, spoke to the same effect, pointing out that the working classes formed a large majority of the nation, whilst the middle classes, who were now trying to get the power into their own hands, were but a small minority. Before a constitution could be framed much preliminary work must be done. The electoral lists must be compiled, and, most im-

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portant point of all, the soldiers still in the field must be returned to their homes. It must be explained to those troops engaged in clearing up the battlefields for what they were voting. He ended by saying, that if the great businesses were not nationalised, Germany would again fall into a state of slavery.

It was strange to hear Chancellor Ebert, the man who nominally possessed the highest power in the land and who was known to be hurrying on the elections, say at the same meeting :

" The efforts of the middle classes to call together at once a National Assembly would rob the working classes of the fruits of the Revolution. The Executive of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council of Berlin therefore demands the calling together of a congress of delegates from all Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils of Germany."

The following morning Scheidemann, from the safe rostrum of the pages of the *Vorwärts*, vigorously defended his action in trying to bring together the National Assembly. A clever writer, he has the knack of clothing his weakest arguments in garments of quasi-logic. The German language, with its long periods and innumerable clauses, lends itself to his style of writing. Whenever Scheidemann wanted to make out a case which, if put into words, would not hold water, he would take refuge in print. In his defence in the *Vorwärts* he insinuated

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that "certain elements" wished, by the postponement of the election of the National Assembly, to thrust Germany back into a reactionary state, but that the "common-sensed middle classes" who, he said, were in a large majority to the workers, now wished firmly to fix the results of the Revolution. His reckoning was based on the old three-class electoral system, where sometimes sixty working men's votes only equalled one of a wealthy bourgeois.

Owing to the postponement of the National Assembly the Provisional Government now hastened to obtain the support of the returning troops, whose help they had not at first solicited. Here is a sample of the messages of welcome now issued:

"Comrades! The German Republic bids you a hearty welcome to your homes. You were sent out to fight for your Vaterland, in the affairs of which you had no say, and where a handful of autocratic governors shared the wealth and authority between them. Your duties were to remain silent and fight, whilst hundreds of thousands of you had to perish. To-day you are returning to your own land, whose destiny only the people themselves can decide. The Revolution has broken the chains; for you and us, Germany is free. Our Social Republic shall, as the most free, enter the League of Nations. You will not only possess political rights which until

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now have been denied you, but economically you will also inherit the land of which it is our will that you shall no longer be cheated. The Imperial Government, which has earned and retained the confidence of your comrades and workmen, will find you employment, protection at your work, increased wages, an eight-hour day, allowances for those who are destitute, employment, extension of sick benefits, amelioration of the house famine, socialisation of suitable businesses. All is now being done, and in part is already law !

" Come and be welcome as the holders of the new Republic whose future you will direct. Certainly you will find a scarcity of food and all domestic necessities. Need and suffering prevail in the land; only the common effort of all can help us, working in harmony together.

" Only a Germany which possesses an established Government firmly supported by the Workmen and Soldiers can obtain that from our enemies for which you have fought and yearned for four years: PEACE.

" Council of People's Deputies EBERT, HAASE, SCHEIDEMANN, LANDSBERG, BARTH."

Other important reasons for the election of a National Assembly were put forward by Majority Socialists. They were sure that the Entente would not make peace with a Provisional Govern-

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ment, and that only an immediate election would make it possible for them to receive the American provisions which Solf was trying to obtain. Then again, the National Assembly would do much to bring into line the recalcitrant States desiring to secede from Prussia, which, a Bavarian Minister asserted, would always be a fertile garden for the culture of militarism. German-Austria could only be coaxed into the combination by a sound constitution. The concluding argument of another prominent Social Democratic writer was that it would be undemocratic to abolish one system of class government, the Junker class, to replace it by another, the working class. They could not accept the principle, under this new freedom, of any class being oppressed by another class. And so the quarrel continued until the Bourgeoisie finally carried their point with machine-guns and liquid-fire-throwers.

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CHAPTER XIII

THE BERLIN REVOLUTION (*Continued*)

THE quarrel now clearly lay between the Spartacists and the Provisional Government, and both sides began active preparations. Liebknecht continued his attacks both in speeches and articles in *Die Rote Fahne*. The first serious street conflict occurred during the night of 21st November. He had been addressing a meeting in the Müllerstrasse at which, during question-time, a soldier had stated that several of the comrades with whom he had attacked the Castle had been arrested, and were still in prison. The statement caused great excitement, during which the inevitable procession was formed and marched to the Polizeipresidium. On their arrival there, they were told that no political prisoners were in the cells. When the officer-in-charge saw the mood of the crowd, he telephoned for help. At one o'clock a motor-car filled with armed sailors arrived at the building just as one of the crowd shot a police guard. The sailors immediately opened fire and, after killing and wounding many of the demonstrators and scaring away the rest, departed.

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The Government now began to solicit the support of the street crowds, at the same time pressing on military preparations. To judge from the size of their demonstration, the Spartacists were becoming very strong.

The next incident occurred at the Chancellery at six o'clock on 6th December, when a delegation of ten soldiers and sailors appeared in the Chancellor's garden and invited Ebert to become President of the German Republic. He looked through his window and saw hundreds of armed sailors in the street shouting for him. On a wooden block stood Soldier Spiro making a speech to his comrades.

"And now I am going to put to Herr Ebert a straight question: Herr Ebert is hailed as the President of the German Republic. Does he accept or no? Yes or no?" he concluded.

"Comrades and brothers," replied Ebert, coming forward, "the invitation which has just been addressed to me I cannot and will not accept without first discussing it with my friends. It is a matter of the gravest importance and rests entirely in the hands of the Council of the People's Commissioners."

The answer seemed to satisfy the sailors, who marched away. Apparently they had fulfilled their orders, which formed part of the plan to make Ebert President by a *coup d'état.*

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On the same day that the delegation arrived at the Chancellery, Feldwebel Fischer appeared at the Abgeordnetenhaus at the head of a body of soldiers armed with trench mortars and liquid-fire-throwers and arrested the Executive Council. When asked who had instructed him, he replied, " The Government." Luckily for the Council, Herr Barth, a member of the Government, happened to be in the building, and forthwith, on his own responsibility, countermanded the order for arrest. He demanded that Fischer should produce his instructions in writing. The Feldwebel replied that he had received these by telephone, but he released the prisoners and took his men to the Chancellery, where Ebert, Scheidemann and Landsberg denied having issued the order, and immediately published a proclamation to that effect. After the holding of an investigation Fischer and a Herr Marten were arrested, and two members of the Foreign Office Staff, Legation Secretaries Grafen Matuschka and von Rheinbaden, fled the country. As Marten and his friends were Pan-Germans, the affair was judged to be an attempt at a counter-revolutionary *coup d'état.*

The incident was the cause of a bloody conflict at the corner of Chausseestrasse and Invalidenstrasse. The Spartacusbund were holding a meeting at the Sophien Salle when news reached them of the arrest of the Executive Council and that Ebert was made President. It was as if a hornets' nest had been

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disturbed. They rushed out into the streets crying, "We will avenge the Council!" "Storm the Chancellor's Palace!" "Hang Ebert on the lamp-post!" It is extraordinary how a madly excited crowd can so readily form an orderly procession. The Spartacists were soon heading for the Wilhelmstrasse and increasing their number on the way. Meanwhile the news that the Spartacists were abroad reached the Kommandantur. The Commanding Officer immediately ordered the barricading of the Chausseestrasse and Invalidenstrasse, and called out the Guard-Fusiliers, who were served out with hand-grenades and machine-guns. On their way to the Wilhelmstrasse the troops marched into a procession of unemployed and soldiers on furlough coming from the Germaniansälen Hall quite unarmed. Mistaking these for Spartacists, they advanced on them and put them to flight. The procession from the Sophien Salle now turned into the Friedrichstrasse and was challenged by the Commandant of the Fusiliers, who ordered the Spartacists to disperse. This they refused to do, and a shot was fired. Then followed a general fusillade from the troops, at the end of which sixteen dead lay stretched on the side-walk and twenty severely wounded were carried away by their comrades. There were also many casualties after the disorders at the massed meeting of Spartacists in North Berlin. The outbreaks in other cities

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at this time made it appear that these were only part of a joint plan. In Munich three hundred armed soldiers called on Herr Auer, the Minister of the Interior, and compelled him to resign office. They were afterwards severely reprimanded by the Minister President.

On Sunday, 8th December, the Berlin Spartacists, after making demonstrations in various parts of the city, united under the leadership of Liebknecht and marched to the Chancellery. Here they protested against the recent bloodshed. The Chancellor was not to be seen, but Herr Barth came to the window and attempted to reason with the crowd. They interrupted him with such cries as "Liar!" "Idiot!" "Scamp!" "Skin him!" "Down with him!" He leaned against the window-frame, calmly smoking a cigarette while Liebknecht made a short speech, after which the Spartacist led away his supporters and dispersed them.

Feeling was now running high between the two groups. The Provisional Government was now as well hated by the left wing of the Independent Socialists as the Politico-Militarists had been hated by the rest of the nation. An incident which showed the hatred of the officer caste for the Reds occurred when a young officer on his return from the front compelled Prince Frederic Leopold to lower the red flag which had been hoisted over his castle.

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On 16th December a sincere attempt was made to reconcile the two factions. The first Imperial Congress of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils met at the Abgeordnetenhaus, which was crowded to the doors. As soon as the preliminary speeches were made, the meeting came to the vital question —Should the final authority still remain with the Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils, which up to the present had carried out the heaviest administrative tasks? Richard Müller, an Independent Socialist, who had served terms of imprisonment for his political views, maintained that the Councils ought to continue their work until the fruits of the Revolution were secure, when a Parliament could be elected. In a later speech he shocked the respectable bourgeois delegates by saying that the workers were demanding that the criminals Ludendorff, Tirpitz, and company be brought to trial at once. They should not be hanged, he added, nor shot, but imprisoned in a dungeon for four years and fed on turnips!

Ebert himself, once a member of the Workmen's Council, now Prince Max's choice for the office of Chancellor, made an effective speech in favour of an immediate setting up of the National Assembly.

"Democracy is the rock upon which the working class will build the future Germany," he declaimed, a peroration highly appreciated by his colleagues and calculated to crush the "advanced" Councillors.

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On the second day of the Congress, processions of strikers and unemployed marched past the Siegessäule through the Brandenburger Thor and down the Wilhelmstrasse to the Abgeordnetenhaus, where Liebknecht addressed them from the doorway and demanded the removal of the Government.

"Whoever votes for the National Assembly votes for the enslavement of the working classes," were his final words just before the Congress opened. A deputation of Spartacists entered the Congress Hall and explained on what grounds their opposition rested.

The next morning session was a very stormy affair, during which Ledebour referred to Ebert as a blackguard responsible for the attempted *coup d'état.* His speech counterbalanced the effect of Ebert's rhetoric on the wayward Councillors.

"From the middle of 1916," he said, "date the first efforts of those pioneers of Social Democracy to destroy by a great upheaval the base company of criminals. We were mocked by the very people who are now enjoying the fruits of the Revolution. The resolution of 1916 was strengthened by the January strike of 1918. After this our efforts matured so well that we decided to complete our plans. All preparations were made, and Barth, Wegmann, Ecker, Däumig in particular, as well as other members of the Executive Council, rendered

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very special services. It then became a question of when to begin.

"We waited month after month. When the collapse of the West Front came about, we judged that the time was ripe. We had made effective communication with the armies in the field and perfected our plans, thanks to the Government who had been generous enough to seize all revolutionaries and send them to the front! We knew that entire regiments would come over to us. Now came the decisive November days. On 2nd November a meeting of revolutionaries took place, in which Haase, Dittmann and Liebknecht took part. We decided that we could depend on the troops, and, after a short battle, could overpower Berlin. On the evening of 3rd November we arranged a meeting to discuss the final plans with our comrades in the big industries. At this last sitting Haase and Dittmann decided that the time was not yet ripe. They had no confidence in the revolutionary spirit of the people."

A storm of applause greeted Ledebour's speech, though he had said little directly dealing with the subject under discussion.

The next surprise for the Congress was the forcible entrance of thirty soldiers carrying their regimental coats of arms. The leader stepped forward and placed the following motion before the meeting:

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"That the Soldiers' Councils commission the body now sitting at the Abgeordnetenhaus to pass into law at once the following urgent proposal:

"A Chief Soldiers' Council, formed from duly elected members representative of all Soldiers' Councils, to have full authority over all troops of the Armies, as is now the practice in the Navy."

This stirred up another storm among the Government representatives, but they were brought to order by the soldiers, who continued to speak and threaten with their rifles until the end of the meeting. The Spartacists' representatives pleaded unsuccessfully with the bourgeois delegates who were in favour of a National Assembly being formed at once. It was Dr. Cohn who, by a most telling speech, made the meeting a turning-point of the Revolution.

"A dictatorship of the minority is incompatible with the teachings of Karl Marx, who always believed in Government by the majority," he said. "Russian Bolshevism has not the slightest resemblance to his teachings. The Bolshevism in Russia has now discredited Socialism for centuries. . . . The working classes are wrong to think of the German Revolution as a mere wages movement. One can demand from the employers no more than what one's work is worth. A regulated government is only possible through the National Assembly, which alone can create a democratic

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constitution, build up the Empire, and again knit together its still flourishing branches. . . . We have always devoted ourselves to the inheritance of the classical German philosophy and believed in the power of the moral idea. Therefore we must not be small-minded. The Independent Socialist circles must stand with us in this question of election. But it also needs the support of the bourgeois and intellectual circles.

"We must not underestimate the influence of these classes. In Russia the strike of the *Intelligentsia* in November, 1917, crippled the Revolution. If the same thing happened to us, it would mean total collapse and the invasion of the Allies. . . . Björn Björnson has just told me that the French Minister in Christiania said to him, 'The state of affairs in Berlin suits us admirably. If it develops any further, we shall be there in four weeks.' In Russia the Allies have advanced against the Dictatorship of the Councils and would have dispatched them by now were it not winter. Do you really believe that the Allies would tolerate government by the Councils in Germany? . . . My opponents rest their hopes in the peoples of the Entente countries. With this wine you must take a good deal of water. At the moment there is not a word of revolution from the peoples of the Entente countries. We cannot build our hopes on such sand-heaps. But even if France and

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Italy did come to revolution, and we could get milder Peace terms, we should not get the most important things which we need above everything, namely, food and raw materials. We can procure these things only from England and America, and what can we imagine these most anti-Socialist countries of the world will do after such a victorious war? At the last election in England Lloyd-George got a great majority. The consequences would be that, like us, France and Italy would go to ruin, and England and America become absolute masters. Therefore we Social Democrats must guard with all our might and determination our pure and virtuous conception of a social world from being sabotaged and discredited by Bolshevist advances.

"We should risk our good name if we allowed this Bolshevistic sabotage to have the slightest association with our great conception of social and democratic ideas. The Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils are better than their reputation, and the historian will think of them more favourably than does the present generation. They would like to have squandered money, but at the same time they have saved milliards of marks' worth, and without the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council the catastrophe would have swamped us. But the task before the National Assembly cannot be accomplished by the Councils. For these tasks

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they must make way for the law-making National Assembly. In their own particular sphere they may still remain and accomplish much good.

"At the moment they back their authority with the bayonet, and I must say that this position is very unsatisfactory. It encourages the powerful demagogue who would tear the bayonet from them, and then we should have war here in Germany—civil war. We stand for the National Assembly in the interest of our German people, whom we love from the depths of our souls, and to whom we will remain true in their greatest necessity. We also need the National Assembly in the interests of our working class and in the interests of Democracy and Socialism. The National Assembly alone can give expression to the will of the whole of the people. Because the danger is so great and near, I beseech you to vote in great majority for my motion which demands that the election for the German National Assembly shall take place on the 19th of January. In the meantime, please do all you can to enlighten the masses. It is really not difficult at the present moment to guide Socialism to victory. We want our children to inherit a new and better Germany."

This speech was the death-blow to the Spartacist aims. Dittmann, formerly an Independent Socialist, now a member of the Provisional Government, who had up till now been against the immediate formation of a National Assembly, was so moved

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that he now supported Dr. Cohn, and said in the course of a passionate speech :

" The masses want the National Assembly ; of this there is not the slightest doubt. Therefore the leaders must be the instruments of the masses."

After the Independent Socialists had made an angry exit, the motion was carried unanimously.

This result gave rise to a great agitation against the Provisional Government. They were accused of " packing " the meeting, and were scorned because they were self-appointed. The Spartacists now savagely attacked the right wing of their own party, the Independent Socialists, owing to the latter's failure to cope with the clever coalition. Whatever their aims and however useful and sincere these may have been, the Spartacists could gain no ground in conference ; their opponents were too strong in debate and political tactics. They could organise mass assemblies and demonstrating processions, but the academic atmosphere of the Reichstag and Abgeordnetenhaus and the finesse of speech and methods of the bourgeois strategists weakened and disarmed them.

On 17th December, the Provisional Government, under persistent pressure from the troublesome left, reluctantly relieved themselves of the services of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Solf. The *Kölnische Zeitung* referred to the resignation as a great sacrifice, and hoped that Dr. Solf would

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be allowed to retain his second office as Colonial Minister.

On 20th December the German Minister in Copenhagen, Graf Ulrich von Brockdorff-Rantzau, was appointed Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

An incident for which, at the time, the Extremists received credit was the revolt of the Volks-Marine division billeted in the Castle. About midday on 23rd December three sailor guards on duty at the Chancellery walked into the Conference Chamber and told Ebert and Landsberg that they were ordered to close the doors and allow no one to pass in or out. They disconnected the telephone, and for an hour the Government was isolated. A messenger was dispatched to fetch help while Ebert, with some difficulty, persuaded the sailors to leave the building. They then walked down Unter den Linden to the Kommandantur. As they arrived, a motor-car full of armed sailors, ignoring the challenge of the gate sentries, drove right into the courtyard. There was a short fight, after which Otto Wels, the War Minister, and his adjutants were taken prisoners and removed to the Marstall. On the following day a bitter battle, in which seventy sailors lost their lives, took place between the Government troops and the sailors. The Marstall was surrounded and heavy machine-gun fire directed through the windows.

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After the sailors had suffered heavy casualties they hoisted the white flag and were granted a half-hour's truce, at the end of which, since they could not come to terms, the fight began again. Finally, General Hoffmann brought up artillery, and after suffering heavy slaughter the sailors capitulated, and Wels and his staff were liberated. The Provisional Government denied all responsibility for giving the order to fire. Later, in discussing the affair with Ledebour, General Hoffmann maintained that he did receive orders to attack from the Government. The explanation in official quarters was that the quarrel had arisen during negotiations about wages.

Now came the almost comic climax. The *Vorwärts*, at this time a Provisional Government paper, published an article severely censuring the sailors for their part in the affair of the 23rd and 24th. This was too much for the men, who considered themselves the injured party. They got together some followers of Spartacus, attacked and captured the *Vorwärts* building, and set up an editorial department of their own. Their first proceeding was to publish a handbill stating that in future the *Vorwärts*, to which they referred as a "lying reptile," would be known as the *Rote Vorwärts*. When the editor, Frederick Stampfer, protested, he also was taken prisoner and locked up in the Marstall.

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The Government now intervened, sending Police President Eichorn, who was secretly in league with the Spartacists and the Russian Bolshevist Radek, to confiscate the machine-guns, hand-grenades, and an armoured car which had been stored in the publishing department during the first days of the Revolution. A Minister finally arranged a reconciliation in the Abgeordnetenhaus, after which the sailors and their Spartacist friends agreed to hand the paper back to its owners.

The Provisional Government did its best to hush up this series of incidents, but Ernst Däumig, a member of the Soldiers' Council, who had worked for the Revolution since 1916, published an article in the *Republik* giving some interesting information:

"If no one of the members of the Government gave the Lequis Corps orders to march, then the responsibility of the bloodshed rests with the Generals. In this case it is a matter of a military counter-revolution, against which the Workmen in all circumstancess must mobilise. It is incredible that this Corps Lequis, fourteen days after its arrival, still remains stationed in Berlin at its full strength and formation. At the beginning of December the Executive Council told the Provisional Government its views with regard to this Corps Lequis. But the Government remains careless of this Corps which threatens the Revolution. It is amazing that regiments are now in Berlin which,

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according to the demobilisation plan, should have been in their home towns long ago. For example, what has the Sixth Jäger Regiment, still supplied with horses, which should be garrisoned in Erfurt, to do with this Corps Lequis? The Ebert-Haase Government is playing a dangerous game. They are daily losing the confidence of the working classes, and for support they now rely on the bayonets of the counter-revolution. It is high time that an end be made of such a compromised untrustworthy Government."

The next day General Lequis resigned, and his staff was disbanded, which was followed by an angry telegram from Hindenburg to Berlin showing that he no longer feared the Councils and that he was in close touch with affairs in Berlin. It has been said that he was responsible for the attempted military *coup d'état*. It is not clear how the General would have rid himself of the Provisional Government which he must have ostensibly supported while he established a military dictatorship. Whatever his plan, it failed, and he sent the following tersely worded telegram:

"I do not recognise the resolution of the Central Council of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council dealing with the disposition of army affairs, especially in regard to officers and under-officers. I believe that such a decisive alteration in the life of the Army and the Nation should not be the business of

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a biased class body, but of one which is representative of all the people—the National Assembly. The Army stands at the disposal of the Ebert Government and expects it to keep its promise regarding the disposal of the military and the authority of the *Vertrauens-männer* (confidential men), through which the Officers' and Under-officers' Corps will be able to give further services. In this matter I am at the service of the Government and shall observe the hitherto existing orders."

On 29th December, during a crisis brought about by the atmosphere of suspicion now rapidly clouding the minds of the leaders, the Independent Socialists Haase, Dittmann and Barth left the Government. To replace them, Noske, the militarist Socialist governor of Kiel, was called to take charge of the Army and Navy, and Deputy Wissel to attend to the Social Policy.

A big demonstration in support of the Government on the same day as the crisis brought the mood of sullen anger to flash out in sudden storm. The resignation of the Independents left the Government entirely composed of Social Democrats. Their first work was to publish a proclamation to the people calling for support.

"Are you ready to assist in preserving public order and security against violent attacks, and to help the Government to carry on its duties by

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putting down disorder, no matter from what quarter it comes ?

" You must answer these questions with ' Yes ! ' The Government will place confidence in this ' Yes ! ' Without this ' Yes ! ' any programme remains mere paper and words. We want our watchword to be Reconstruction. We are going to work. We believe in you and ourselves. We shall succeed.

" Berlin, 29.8.19.

" The Imperial Government :
" EBERT, SCHEIDEMANN, LANDSBERG,
NOSKE, WISSEL."

On the same day the Imperial Conference of the Spartacists decided to form a new party to be called " The Communistic Labour Party of Germany." There is no doubt that the Russian Bolsheviks had been very active in their assistance to the Spartacist movement, although it was not until this conference that Radek, a Bolshevik representative, appeared publicly at a meeting. The business of the meeting ended, he was invited to reply to the greetings of the Spartacists, and made a speech in which he roundly blamed the English Imperialists and the Baltic Barons for the trouble in the Baltic Provinces.

It is said that Radek had taken part in the extensive Russian propaganda at the time when there were nearly four hundred couriers travelling between Russia and Germany. One of these was caught by accident in the Friedrichstrasse railway station.

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His bag was packed so tightly with propaganda literature that when it was being taken out of the train it split, and a stream of Bolshevist pamphlets poured on to the platform. On examination by the railway police these were found to be printed in German and contained appeals from the Russian Socialists to their German friends to overthrow their Government. Though Dr. Solf ordered Joffe, the Soviet Ambassador, to stop the traffic in propagandist literature, it is said that money and munitions continued to be smuggled into Berlin until the January Revolution.

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CHAPTER XIV

The Revolution in January—Last Fights of the Spartacists —Murder of Liebknecht and Luxemburg

The Revolution in January

When it was discovered that the workmen of the firms Daimler and Schwartzkopf were being armed in the courtyard of the Polizeipresidium, the Provisional Government demanded the instant resignation of Police President Eichorn. At the President's refusal, the storm burst. Berlin was split into two determined camps, the Spartacists and the Government.

On Sunday, 5th January, the Spartacist paper, *Die Rote Fahne*, and the Independent Socialists' *Die Freiheit*, called for a big demonstration in the Sieges Allee. The workmen surged through the streets to the foot of the Siegessäule and there were harangued by Liebknecht, Ledebour, and Eichorn. As usual, the speakers attacked the Provisional Government with bitter invective. The day passed without an outbreak, but as darkness approached, a body of Spartacists began an attack on the newspaper offices. The *Vorwärts* building

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was occupied for the second time, the eighty Citizen Guards tamely allowing the invaders to disarm them. Then followed the occupation of the Wolff Telegraph Bureau, and later of the *Berliner Tageblatt* building. Finally, at half-past eleven, the Spartacists prevented the printing of the *Vossische Zeitung* and the *Berliner Morgenpost.*

On the following morning the *Vorwärts* was circulated as a Spartacist newspaper, and contained a long leader calling attention to that party's moderation and urging their followers to rise and make a final fight for freedom. The overthrow of the Provisional Government was to take place the same day. Three hundred armed men, under the leadership of a sailor from the Marstall, entered and occupied the Kriegsministerium. On hearing the news, the Provisional Government gave absolute command of the Army to Noske, who received two new posts—Commander-in-Chief of the Mark, and Governor of Berlin. Simultaneously Liebknecht, Ledebour and Scholze, a newly co-opted member of the Spartacist Committee, issued a statement informing the citizens that these three were taking over the Government, as the Ebert-Scheidemann combination had proved itself incapable.

Next there came to the Chancellery a big demonstration of citizens loyal to the Provisional Government and asking to be supplied with arms " to put down the Spartacists."

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GENERAL MALCOLM OF THE BRITISH MILITARY MISSION (RIGHT) PASSING TWO OF NOSKE'S GREEN GUARDS IN UNTER DEN LINDEN.



BRITISH TOMMIES USE THE KAISER'S STABLES AS A GARAGE FOR CARS BELONGING TO THE BRITISH MILITARY MISSION IN BERLIN.

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"We will willingly do that, but you must not expect us to put an umbrella as a shield in the other hand," replied Scheidemann from a window.

Noske also appeared behind his colleague and shouted:

"Be brave, children; we will quickly bring Berlin to order."

Last Fights of the Spartacists

Not long after the Minister and the Governor had retired, an armoured car drove through the excited crowds to the gates of the Chancellery. At once a terrible battle flared up between the defending Government troops and the attacking sailors of the armoured car. Many civilians and soldiers were killed and wounded before darkness put an end to the conflict. Whilst the fighting was going on in the Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden, Radek, the Bolshevik representative, drove about the streets like a master of operations watching the progress of his troops. During the hottest part of the fight Liebknecht, the director of the movement, was nearly captured. He was driving through the Leipzigerstrasse when some one shouted, "Liebknecht is sitting in the drosky!" A party of loyalists rushed to the horses, others climbed into the carriage. A company of armed Spartacists arrived in time to save their leader, and promptly shot down the enemy.

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In order to save further bloodshed Dittmann and Kaufsky tried to bring about a reconciliation between the warring parties. They were unsuccessful because the Spartacists would not concede the Government's principal demand—the evacuation of the occupied buildings. Having gained much ground, including the control of the railway system, they felt they were the winners.

But their fortune soon began to change. On the 8th of January Noske drew all his troops to Berlin and surrounded the city, and in council with his Generals drew up a plan of attack. Dittmann made another unsuccessful effort to avoid bloodshed. The Government opened hostilities during the evening by sending an armoured car from the Dönhoffplatz to the *Berliner Tageblatt* building. As it cautiously approached, a withering fire was opened from behind a barricade of rolls of paper. The survivors of the crew retired for the night. In the morning reinforcements were brought up, and the attack was resumed. During the night the Spartacists threw out firing flanks on the neighbouring roofs, and posted a section of sharpshooters in the tower of the Jerusalem Church. This and other fights continued all day, and considerable damage was done on both sides. When darkness was making accurate shooting impossible, the Spartacists hoisted a white flag and asked for half an hour's truce to collect their dead and wounded. Just

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before hostilities ceased, a man on the roof was picked off whilst changing his position. He slithered off the parapet and with a scream of terror dropped four storeys to the spiked portal below.

When the truce ended, the fight flared up again and continued intermittently through the night. The faintest spark of light displayed on either side was the signal for a rattle of concentrated fire. When morning broke, rings of bullet marks could be seen in the corners of the windows. The fight raged furiously all day on the 10th until, darkness falling again, the Spartacists sought an armistice, which was signed at half-past six. The news soon spread through Berlin that one of the Spartacist nests had been taken, and a plan was drawn up to attack one of the most formidable Spartacist strongholds—the *Vorwärts* building.

Colonel Reinhard and Major von Stephani were put in charge of these operations, and began their attack on 11th January with three four-inch guns. The Spartacists responded readily from the roofs, but could not silence the artillery, which began to wreck the building. As soon as it was quite light, a terrific machine-gun fire was started on both sides. The punishing field-pieces soon turned the lower storey of the *Vorwärts* building into a slaughter-house, and forced the survivors to ask for a truce. Reinhard would accept nothing but complete capitulation. The defenders held out until the

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Colonel sent a company close up with small mortars and liquid-fire-throwers. The screams from the burnt men inside made the listeners shudder with horror. Even after the terrible havoc wrought among the Spartacists, three hundred prisoners were counted when, at last, they capitulated. Among the captured material were six armoured motor-cars and a large quantity of munitions.

After the fall of the *Vorwärts* office the other newspaper nests were more easily cleared. When the rightful owners were re-established, they found their premises in a shocking condition. Typewriters, office furniture, electric fittings were smashed to rubbish.

Now came the attack on the Polizeipresidium, which President Eichorn left as soon as news came of the defeat in the newspaper buildings. The attack began at a quarter-past one on Sunday, 12th January. The Government troops entered into the operations with enthusiasm. Every exit was covered by machine-guns, and snipers posted on parapets to cover possible points of escape. But although the great building was strongly barricaded, with huge quantities of arms and ammunition placed in convenient heaps, the leadership of the defenders was defective. The plan of attack was the same as that used in the capture of the newspaper buildings. Howitzers were brought up, and a steady bombardment of gas-shells poured into the

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building. The storming troops, wearing their trench armour, advanced to the entrances and, after a short but fierce struggle, captured the building. Seeing the struggle going against his side in the three serious defeats, President Eichorn left his head-quarters and took command of the defence of a brewery in North Berlin. His flight disheartened the Spartacists still holding the Slesien railway station, and after they had vainly tried to cope with the attack of gas-shells and liquid-fire-throwers, they were driven from behind their barricades.

The struggle now became open warfare and, later, a man-hunt. In many cases the Spartacists were given no quarter and were shot in cold blood. Believing that the Berlin revolt would be a success easily won, Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg had concentrated their attention on the other large cities. Their best speakers and organisers were sent out to help the local Spartacist clubs to plan their revolt. That they were more successful than their chiefs is proved by the fact that while reports of Spartacist successes were still arriving from the other cities, Liebknecht, Eichorn and Luxemburg had had to seek cover after Ledebour and Dr. Meyer were arrested in the capital. Comparative quiet had been restored in Berlin at the time that Bremen and Cuxhaven were declared Communistic Republics. In Hamburg, Dresden, Erfurt, Wilhelmshaven and Düsseldorf—where the police went over to them—

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the Spartacists were successful. The Spartacist Committee, in sending their best men out to the weaker places, had left themselves without adequate help for the crisis. Liebknecht had not allowed for the fickleness of the crowd, whose cheers, so clamorously given when he was imprisoned by the Junkers, still rang in his ears.

A rumour calculated to put the finishing touch to Noske's work, to the effect that Liebknecht and Luxemburg had fled from Berlin, was circulated through Government channels. It did not live long, for *Die Rote Fahne* at once came out with an article by the Doctor himself:

"Listen! We have not fled, we are not beaten. And when they put us in chains there, we shall not run away. And the victory will yet be ours. For Spartacus—which means Fire and Spirit, which means Soul and Heart, which means the Will and the Deed of the Revolution of the Proletariat—for Spartacus—that means Socialism and World Revolution—the Day of Deliverance is at hand."

Murder of Liebknecht and Luxemburg

On reading this, the Government sent their troops to hunt Liebknecht in his old haunts, but he and Rosa Luxemburg remained successfully hidden until they were entrapped by a police snare in the form of a forged letter. He and Rosa were found

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in the house of a relative when arrested during the night of 15th January. They were taken to the headquarters of the Horse Guards Division at Eden Hotel, which was also the plotting-ground for the monarchist reactionaries, and from there were to be removed to Moabit. On the way both met a violent death.

According to the officer in charge of the escort, Liebknecht was shot while trying to escape and not stopping when challenged. Owing to the aggressive attitude of the crowd waiting at the front entry of the Staff Headquarters, the escort smuggled their prisoner out through a side door into a waiting motor-car. Liebknecht was told that he would be shot if he attempted to escape. He had just seated himself in the car when the crowd, suspecting the ruse, rushed round from the front of the building and surrounded the motor-car. A big man jumped on to the wheel and dealt Liebknecht a terrible blow on the head, causing the blood to gush out in a stream. Nevertheless, the driver managed to draw his car out of the crowd, and, in order to protect the prisoner, took a roundabout way through the Tiergarten to Moabit. At Neuen See the car stopped. It was explained to the prisoner that the engine had broken down and that, if he chose, he could walk with his escort towards the Chausseestrasse, where a drosky could be hired. When the party had gone about sixty yards, Liebknecht turned sharply and

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began running in the opposite direction. A soldier said that he tried to hold him, but, after the prisoner had drawn a knife and dealt him a slashing blow on the hand, he was forced to release him. When he again refused to stop, several of the escort fired a volley and brought him down. Liebknecht did not stir after he collapsed on the ground.

In the case of Rosa Luxemburg the alleged circumstances were somewhat different. The escort say that they fetched her from the room in the Staff Headquarters at Eden Hotel and told her to follow the officer in charge whilst they surrounded her to protect her. While they were fetching the prisoner an angry threatening crowd had collected in the hall of the hotel. With great difficulty they managed to get her through to the door of a waiting car. Here the crowd became very much excited and separated the escort from their prisoner, whom they now began to attack savagely.

After a struggle the escort managed to rescue her and place her in the front seat of the car. They had just begun to move away when a man sprang on to the step and with an automatic pistol shot the already unconscious prisoner. The officer in charge now called to the driver to drive quickly to the Kurfurstendamm. As they were passing the Landwehrkanal, the escort was called upon to halt. Thinking that one of a patrol had challenged them, they pulled up. A pedestrian cried out, "There is Rosa!" A

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crowd suddenly rushed forward, dragged the body from the carriage and disappeared with it in the darkness. Although the canal was thoroughly dragged, no trace of the body could be found.

That is the official story, which the Government could not confirm with any but military evidence.

When the two incidents were reported there was an uproar in Communistic and Spartacist circles throughout the country. The official charged with the removal of the woman prisoner to Moabit was suspended until he could explain why he had not used his armed escort against the crowd. It was maintained by many Socialists and all Spartacists that the prisoners had been murdered. *Die Freiheit* came out with a large headline: "THE MURDER OF KARL LIEBKNECHT."

In the main news column was the following report:

"The corpse of our comrade, Karl Liebknecht, has been examined to-day, in accordance with a resolution of the Executive Council, by a member of the Executive Council and several other trustworthy persons, among whom was a well-known doctor. The result of their examination was communicated to us, and is as follows:

"'It is not true that comrade Liebknecht was shot from behind. There is no doubt that the first shot penetrated the forehead and came out at the back of the head. The second shot entered his right

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breast, and the third entered the upper part of the right arm. The exits of all the bullets are in the back. All three shots were fired from the front. Where the bullets entered, the flesh is burnt, showing that the victim was shot at very short range. From the forehead to the back of the head is an injury which must have been inflicted with a blunt instrument.'

"Liebknecht's body was handed in to the Rettungswache, 7 Kurfurstendamm, as an 'unknown person' by Lieutenant Liefmann. The latter had taken possession of the deceased's valuables, which were handed in to the authorities. The Lieutenant belongs to the Horse Guards Division, whose headquarters are in the Eden Hotel."

In spite of official denials, there seems to be no doubt that Liebknecht and Luxemburg were murdered at the instigation of the Government. The absence of all but official evidence aroused the suspicion of Maximilian Harden. He first dragged to light the murder of thirty members of the People's Marine by Lieutenant Marloh, acting under orders from Reinhard and Noske, who were whitewashed at the recent trial. The remarkable verdict, influenced by the corrupt Ministers, infuriated Harden, who published in a December number of the *Zukunft* certain facts bearing on the fate of the two Spartacist leaders. He printed a letter from Ernst Sonnenfeld, a former paymaster of

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the Reichstag Brigade, then interned in Holland, who swears that he received orders from the Provisional Government to pay fifty thousand marks to any person who would deliver up Liebknecht and Luxemburg alive or dead, and that Scheidemann offered an additional hundred thousand marks for the speedy execution of the deed. In the same number Harden exposes the profiteering activities of the *Schiebers*, illicit traders, who robbed the citizens of millions of marks under the protection of the Government.

Sonnenfeld was a confidant of Georg Sklarz, who was charged with stealing Government supplies, and is described by Harden as a "military agent provocateur and master profiteer."

"Ebert, Scheidemann, Noske and other arch-enemies of capitalism have been in the habit of going to the house of Sklarz to guzzle at his overladen table," is one of the passages in Harden's article.

The curious attitude and tone of the *Vorwärts* since the Revolution is explained by the news that Sklarz and Dr. Helpband, a millionaire Socialist, have bought the controlling interest in this newspaper, which now appears to have close connections with such Pan-German organs as the *Lokal Anzeiger* and the *Deutsche Zeitung*.

Harden can be relied on to carry on his relentless attack until the various corrupt officials are hounded from office. The Government has already shown

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that their version of the fate of Liebknecht and his comrade is untrue by asking the Dutch Government for the extradition of Lieutenant Vogel, one of the murderers of Rosa Luxemburg. As by his statements in Holland Sonnenfeld has already made the position of Noske very uncomfortable, the latter is taking the precaution of getting Vogel safely inside a German prison, where no one will be able to induce him to confess who issued the orders to kill the two Spartacists. Each revelation as it is made heightens the universal disgust felt for the infamous Government.

Noske's suppression of the Berlin revolt cooled the revolutionary fires in other cities which, one after another, followed the example set by the capital. The election for the National Assembly was advertised for 19th January. All parties were soon busy electioneering, after adopting new titles and programmes. The former Conservatives joined up with the Liberal Reactionaries, calling themselves the "German National People's Party," and captured forty-two seats, significant encouragement for the monarchists. The old Progressive People's Party and the National Liberal Party came together under the name of the "German Democratic Party," and with the help of unlimited party funds and Wolff's journalistic talents obtained seventy-five seats. The Social Democrats did not

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change their name, and headed the list with one hundred and sixty-three seats. Next to them came the old Centre Party, now styling itself "The Christian People's Party," with eighty-eight seats. The Independent Socialists took twenty-two seats. The Communistic Labour Party of Germany, owing to the strange methods of its founders and leaders, left a majority of the manual workers unrepresented. The National Assembly met on 6th February, which date terminates the period of the Revolution.

The present National Assembly promises to be as impotent as the Frankfort National Assembly, which young Bismarck helped to stultify. The passage in his speech when he opposed the Frankfort Parliament of incompetent professors held in old St. Paul's Church, finds an echo in the arrogant words of the present-day inheritors of the "blood and iron" doctrine:

"We are Prussians and will remain Prussians, and I hope that, with God's help, we shall still be Prussians when this piece of paper (the Frankfort Constitution) will long have fallen into forgetfulness, like a dead leaf of autumn."

Ludendorff and the monarchists regard the new Parliament with as much contempt as their reactionary predecessors did the 1848 Diet. It is not easy to judge in what way the General will attack it. He may enter it and break it from the inside, or he may resume his "hell-for-leather" tactics and,

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with his army of reactionaries, smash it altogether and set up the old system. It has been pointed out in the House of Commons and in the newspapers that the standing army of Germany is being reduced to the size required by the Peace Treaty. As if, when the call to arms rings through the land, this will make any difference to the thousands of loyalists who will flock to the banner of the monarchists !

Every fresh demand of the Allies has been used as propaganda for the counter-revolutionary movement. The retention of the prisoners made particularly useful material for the champions of reaction to impress on the old soldiers. It is no wonder that they are being convinced that their conquerors are merely sordid materialists eager to grasp as much of the spoils of war as any other conqueror of history. Since they are convinced that the Ebert-Scheidemann Government is both dishonest and incompetent, it is inconceivable that they will willingly take the field to defend it in a new " war of liberation." The Parliament will be crushed between the two extremes, and the Bourgeoisie will again have to take sides as they did in 1848. It would be strange if they threw in their lot with the Spartacists. Nevertheless, there is as much chance of exterminating Spartacus in Germany as there is of driving Sinn Fein from Ireland—for both causes have now found their martyrs.

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CHAPTER XV

The Royalist Intrigue at Amerongen—Trebitsch Lincoln—On the Trail of the German Monarchists

The Royalist Intrigue at Amerongen

In August, 1919, the ex-Kaiser was reported to be about to move to Doorn, his new Dutch home. Curious to see who was taking part in the mysterious meetings at Bentinck Castle, I welcomed the opportunity to represent my newspaper on a roving commission through Holland and Germany. An editor of a Berlin Pan-German newspaper had told me before I left Berlin that the German aristocrats would start their counter-revolution only so soon as they knew that they would meet with no opposition from the British Foreign Office in their campaign to re-establish a monarchy in Germany.

Amerongen is a pretty little village situated in the Dutch Highlands, the most beautiful part of Holland. From Driebergen the traveller has to ride in the steam-tram which puffs its way up a gradient through wonderful woods and past delightful homesteads and gardens. In the heart

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of the woods are the homes of the Dutch nobility, of which glimpses are sometimes caught through the long avenues of trees. When I arrived the setting sun was turning the rich brown leaves to gold.

At the hotel I found only one of the crowd of journalists who had followed the ex-Kaiser to Amerongen. He looked very solitary still " sitting on the trail of the ex-Kaiser," as he put it, when we met in the hotel bar. He is an American and still hopes to get an interview.

He told me that the Kaiser's furniture had arrived in Doorn and was then being unpacked. We drove down in Amerongen's fastest motor-car and found a number of Berlin furniture vans in Zeist goods station. At Doorn House we saw the ex-Kaiser's furniture being carried into the stables and coach-houses which are the first places to be altered to suit his needs. I snapshotted the scene and returned to Amerongen to find out whether the date, February, given out by the titled press-agent at Bentinck Castle as the time when their distinguished visitors would leave them, was mere bluff to put pressmen off the scent. In the hotel garage was the ex-Kaiser's private luggage-car, too large to pass through gates, which would have been taken away had he been moving immediately.

I was more anxious to get into touch with the ex-Kaiser's visitors than with his furniture, so

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spent some time trying to nose out the names of the strangers in the village. But the police were very reticent on the matter.

Trebitsch Lincoln

I recall the incident of Trebitsch Lincoln at Amerongen merely to show the sort of person who is received by the small coterie of intriguing monarchist exiles.

The American journalist, Rennick, suggested that we should spend the evening at the hotel near the Castle, where there is a billiard table. We had hardly started a game when in came two men whom I took for Germans. The elder was a stocky, stubborn-looking man, with square features made fierce by a black, bristling moustache. The younger was shorter and rounder than his companion, and his clean-shaven face wore an exaggerated air of blandness. They watched us for some time, and as I thought they might be wanting the table, I asked them in English whether that was the case. Both pretended they could not understand me, so I asked them in German.

"No," said the elder; "we do not want to play, thank you."

Never having seen his photograph, I did not even then recognise the master-spy in the carefully groomed person who spoke perfect German accom-

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panied by the most natural German mannerisms. They were staying in the hotel, so I judged that whatever their business was with General Dommus, the Kaiser's aide-de-camp, they could not be doing anything that evening. Coming down the road early next morning I was met by the Dutch hotel proprietor.

"Did you recognise the German in my place last night?" he said—"Trebitsch Lincoln, one of your late Members of Parliament."

I could hardly believe that this was the audacious person who, among many other exploits, had tried to lure the British Fleet to disaster. Not being quite satisfied, I walked into the hotel and looked at the register. There, sure enough, was the large sprawling signature of the ex-Member for Darlington.

After Lincoln and his friend had breakfasted, they left the hotel and walked straight down to the gates of Bentinck Castle. From here the chief of police guarding the Kaiser took the pair to the headquarters of General Dommus, where they stayed for about half an hour. Lincoln's manner indicated that he did not expect to be recognised.

I took up a position in the garden of the hotel from where I could get an eye on the gates of the Castle. Whatever his business, Lincoln seemed mightily pleased as he left the General's house

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and walked up the roadway. He was about to go into the hotel when I stepped forward to meet him.

"Good morning, Mr. Lincoln; how do you like Amerongen?" I said, startling him out of his composure.

"My name is not Lincoln. You have made a mistake," he retorted in German.

"Who are you *now*, then, since you have been denationalised?" I replied.

"I have nothing to say to you," he said, making as if to rejoin his companion.

"Just as you like, but I am sending off a cable dealing with you and your visit to the Kaiser. I thought I would like to check the main points," I said.

Finally he was convinced that I knew all about him, and adopted a milder tone.

"I haven't seen the Kaiser," he said.

"No, but you will be very much disappointed if you don't see him to-day, won't you? What are you going to see him about?—a message from the Berlin monarchists?"

"My business has nothing whatever to do with you. . . ."

"What is your friend, a pressman or a monarchist?" I asked; but Lincoln walked away.

A few minutes later I was in the small telegraph office writing out my message to London—under

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the heading, " Mysterious Visit of the ex-Kaiser's Spy." I had just finished when Lincoln walked in alone, looking rather ill at ease.

" Will you let me see what you are writing about me ? " he asked.

" I don't mind, if you promise to give me the details of your interview with the Kaiser and let me photograph any signed document you get."

He was so anxious to see what I had written that he agreed. I passed him a copy of the cable, which he read carefully.

" Thank you, you have not put any words into my mouth, which is considerate of you," he remarked sarcastically and left the office.

During the evening Lincoln met Rennick and myself over coffee and tried to find out how much we knew about him. He was most candid in his hatred for England, and said that he was devoting the rest of his life to fighting the British Empire. He said many other amusing things, and explained that Germany would now cultivate the friendship of America, who was sooner or later sure to have a war with England. He referred to the revised American naval programme.

The following morning, when I saw him at the gates of the Castle, he resented my taking his photograph because, he said, the German Socialists might imprison him on suspicion of being a monarchist agent. Although he had many con-

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ferences with members of the Kaiser's entourage, I do not believe he succeeded in seeing the royal runaway. By this time I had learnt that his mysterious friend was an American pressman who had been dismissed by cable by his chief for associating with the ex-spy.

The couple disappeared as suddenly as they came. Lincoln's sole object in visiting Bentinck Castle was to obtain the Kaiser's signature to a statement drawn up by the monarchist group in Berlin. If the Kaiser had signed it, Lincoln was to publish it to the world through Anderson—a big journalistic scoop for the latter. But the ex-Kaiser, or rather his coterie of advisers have learnt the value of silence and refused to speak to the world. Left to himself, I think, he could hardly refrain from striking a martyr's attitude in his picturesque prison and issuing one of his masterpieces of meaningless verbosity. The ex-Kaiser's guardians probably judge the time not yet ripe for the open encouragement of the monarchists.

On the Trail of the German Monarchists

From the Hotel Centraal at The Hague I traced Lincoln to the Hotel Dahm, Berlin. One of the first people he saw here was Defence Minister Noske, with whom he had at least three interviews at the Reichswehrministerium (literally this means

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Ministry of Imperial Defence, but from what I saw of militarist preparations, I regard it as a camouflaged War Office). Judging from the manner of his reception, I gathered that he was already well known here, although he had arrived from England only a few weeks before. His next visit was to the General Staff building, where he presented a letter bearing the seal of General Dommus. Since the General Staff is now dissolved, on paper at any rate, the high officer to whom the message was addressed will have to arrange another rendezvous.

At first I thought Lincoln was merely a glorified courier in the service of the monarchists, until his mysterious visit to the Crown Prince at Wieringen. On my return I called at Amerongen, where an American lady colleague working for a New York paper told me that Lincoln had arrived the day before at The Hague, but had departed almost immediately to see the Crown Prince, who, only a few days before, had been staying with his father at Amerongen. There being no more trains that day for Amsterdam, I sent a wire to Lincoln telling him to stay there until I arrived. Three hours later a reply came saying, "Am returning Hague to-night." On the following day I met him in quite a different mood from that in which I had last seen him. My telegram had upset his plans, he said. He was sent for by the Crown Prince for a three days' conference,

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and had only just arrived at his house when my telegram was brought to him. He was sitting with the Crown Prince at the time, who supposed that no one knew Lincoln's whereabouts.

" I thought no one knew you were coming to me," said the Crown Prince. " How did they find out you were here ? "

" You know what these pressmen are, your Highness ; they find out everything, somehow," answered Lincoln.

" Well, you must leave at once and deny that you have been here if any one asks you. We must be more careful."

" What were you to see him about ? " I asked Lincoln, when he had told me how angry the Crown Prince was.

" Now how can I tell you ! For Heaven's sake be reasonable. I've got to go back to Berlin now and explain what has happened. They will surely think I am working with the Press," he said.

" Tell me when the counter-revolution is likely to start, and who is the person to be put on the throne. It will be common knowledge when it does happen, so you might as well tell me all you know."

" Well, I can only tell you that the Kaiser is not going back to Germany ; in fact, the monarchists would keep him away if he tried to return. There will be a Hohenzollern—that is certain."

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"Who? The Crown Prince?"

"No, but his son, with the Crown Princess as Regent. Now, for Heaven's sake, don't send me any more wires. Live and let live."

"I must see what you are about, as you have been so frank in telling me how you hate us," I replied.

"Well, that was said when I was feeling bitter against Shortt for keeping me so long in Brixton Prison. I am not working against Britain now. For the moment I am on very special work, and, as you see, I have access to any German documents which will help me in what I am doing."

"Are these for the 'revelations' of the circle round the German throne, which you have tried to sell?"

"That I can't answer. You will know when the time comes for me to publish the message which will startle the world. But please don't publish anything I have told you, or I shall be barred from entering Germany—the Socialists are getting very suspicious."

This conversation occurred after I had been to Berlin, and the little information Lincoln gave me only confirmed what I already knew.

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LUDENDORFF READS THE PROOFS OF HIS WAR-BOOK TO THE INTERVIEWER.

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CHAPTER XVI

Interview with Ludendorff

WHILST following up the German monarchists both in Holland and Germany I got news of definite plans which have been worked out by the Kaiser, the Crown Prince and their circle of advisers. At first an effort was to be made to re-establish the Crown Prince in the good graces of the people. Propaganda was already started in Germany which was to reveal him as an injured party, a son who had been neglected by his father—at times even harshly treated. But this plan was dropped, for even the Pan-Germans soon realised that it was almost hopeless to try to popularise the frivolous young man who is so much the son of his father. However, the German monarchists are determined that a Hohenzollern shall return to the throne; their choice falls on the young son of the Crown Prince, with his mother as Princess Regent.

This plan happens to suit an ambitious soldier and would-be statesman, who, to judge from his talk and actions, no doubt considers himself a worthy successor to Prince Bismarck. As "adviser" to

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the boy king, Ludendorff would be in a strong position; as German Chancellor he would be able to experiment with the political theories which he has had time to study since his ignominious flight to Sweden.

No one understands better the psychology of the German nation in the mass, nor is there a better judge of time and circumstance than Ludendorff. Besides, the memories of the Germans are just as short as those of other peoples.

Before we try to follow the General in his new adventures, it is interesting to recollect briefly a few salient points of his career. Until the last few days of the war he was held in great respect by all classes. In 1918, so confident of his position did he feel that he invited a company of neutral and German journalists to his headquarters to inform them that his armies would soon be sweeping past Paris and down the French coast. Four months later he was flying for his life. Whatever else was expected, the Germans did not dream that Ludendorff would be the first of the War Lords to leave them. Even while he was preparing to go, the *Tägliche Rundschau*, a Berlin Pan-German newspaper, stated:

"The enemy may drive us back to the Rhine, but even then all will not be lost, for have we not our Ludendorff to inspire us to fresh endeavours and to animate us with the belief that all is not lost?"

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At Germany's most critical moment in the war her strong man loses his nerve and sends an urgent message to the civilian Government (which he despises) ordering it to ask for an armistice at once.

After a conference with Hindenburg, who did not make a scapegoat of his colleague—the usual practice in Germany when leaders make mistakes—but probably cheered and showed him that the situation was not quite hopeless, Ludendorff changed his mind and might have smashed his armies to pieces against Foch's counter-attacks if the Government had not already accepted defeat. Loss of life did not concern the "strong man"; he would have hurled division after division to its doom. He cared about one life only—his own. His book proves that he is a good office General—when everything goes "planmässig." The man the German nation had learnt to regard as the personification of stability and bull-dog courage did not even pause to make a farewell gesture, but stole away to Sweden, where he probably gnashed his teeth in fury when he had time to consider this hasty inglorious exit. Never were his men in such need of a steadying hand as when they broke from the fronts. What an opportunity for the railway organiser—in which capacity he first attracted notice—to get his men back into Germany in the limited time allowed under the Armistice conditions! What hardships and sufferings he could have saved those who for four

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years had so blindly obeyed him. But no, it was too risky for himself—he fled. At the time when he should have been at his post he was crossing the frontier, showing his passport like an ordinary civilian to a uniformed frontier official. Even the weak irresolute Kaiser had made a better show, and stated determinedly that he would abdicate only as German Emperor, but would remain King of Prussia. Only when Prince Max told him that his abdication had already been proclaimed in Berlin did he resign himself to his fate.

That, I thought, was the last we should hear of Ludendorff, at any rate in his "strong man" pose. He would probably now write his memoirs and retire into the country. The Germans gave me the greatest surprise of all when, on my second visit to the capital, I found them about to restore at least one of their fallen idols. When I arrived I had not the slightest intention of attempting to interview Ludendorff—I thought of him as a back number in this "new" Germany. Inside the frontiers I found the once runaway General now the most discussed man in the Empire. He was still a difficult bird to catch, and some days elapsed before I tracked him down at No. 26A Viktoriastrasse.

The General would see no pressmen, I was told when I called at his house. For a week I tried to see him, using all the subterfuges I knew, with no success. I was about to give up hope when I came

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across a friend who arranged what I wanted. One evening at dinner at my hotel, the Bristol, I caught sight of Prince Wilhelm August sitting a few tables away. Although he was not living in the hotel, I learnt that he often visited the place on account of its famous cuisine. With him I recognised some people I had met at breakfast. I lost no time in explaining what I wanted.

"But he is seeing no one yet," replied my acquaintance.

"May I not speak with the Prince? He can easily give me an introduction to the General."

"I am sorry, but the Prince has to be careful. This is about the only place he can visit now; pressmen have worried him so much."

The position was becoming desperate.

"I would hate to worry you," I continued persistently, "but I must see Ludendorff before the week-end. It is a matter of the greatest importance for both our countries. I have come to Berlin on a special mission." One can always get a hearing in Berlin if one mentions the magic word "mission."

Two days later my interview was arranged for me.

His Excellency, as his servants continue to call him, is almost a next-door neighbour of the members of the Allied Commission in Berlin. His flat in Viktoriastrasse—truly an ironic address!—is in the small zone of Allied activity which includes Moltke Strasse, the headquarters of General Malcolm; the

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Esplanade, the headquarters of Generals Bingham and Morgan; and Unter den Linden, where are situated the Embassies and hotels housing most of the members of the Allied Staffs. I had expected to be met by a servant, and was surprised when the General himself opened the door. He answered my unspoken question as I handed him my card.

"Yes," he said, "I am General Ludendorff."

He led me across a wide hall into a small and simply furnished room where I left my hat and coat. Thence I followed him into his beautiful study overlooking the street. As soon as we were seated the General went straight to the point in a manner which seemed to indicate that he would like our conversation to be as brief as possible.

"Now, what can I do for you?" he asked, settling himself solidly in his chair. I was not surprised to find that, like many other Germans reputed to understand English, he could not speak a word of our language.

I briefly explained the purpose of my second visit to Germany, and said that I was anxious to hear his views on the rumoured aspirations of some of the younger members of the Hohenzollern family.

"You want to know my ideas on the monarchy question in Germany," the General said. "Let me remind you at once what President Wilson said on this subject—that the monarchical form of state suits best the history and national life of the German

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people. I also am of that opinion, and I trust that the idea will soon come home to the German masses. Mind you, a re-establishment of the monarchy is desirable only if it is the will of the people. When the will of the people to this effect is likely to be expressed, no one can accurately judge. At present order and work are essential, and we must formulate such plans that, when they are put into execution, they will ensure that the work of the country can be carried out."

"And who do you think is best fitted to be the next monarch?" I asked.

Here the General paused and gave me a very searching look.

"In other words, you would like to know my personal feelings towards the Emperor and the Crown Prince. On my desk you will see a statuette of His Majesty which he presented to me on my birthday of 9th April, 1918. It is by the sculptor Betzner. The fact that it still stands there ought to tell you how I feel towards His Majesty."

"And the Crown Prince?" I asked.

"As to the Crown Prince, I can only refer to what I have already said in my memoirs. In addition, I will say that neither he nor the General Staff wished for the war. He had no aggressive intention whatever, but agreed with the General Staff that a strong army was necessary, as we all had the feeling that your King, Edward VII., wished a war, and,

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therefore, we had to be on our guard. I am glad that the story that we drove the country into war is no longer heard. Lies will come out after they have brought terrible misery on the world. The origin of the war lies in the misunderstanding of the German people, which was engineered for the purpose of destroying us. You have succeeded in destroying our armies and government, but you have not succeeded in creating a new world-order—well" (after a pause), "yes, perhaps a Bolshevik one. What Englishmen may think about this is not for me to judge. When we Germans speak about Bolshevism there is always the danger that the English may think we are trying to frighten them in order to get them to help us out of our difficulties. They for ever suspect us of exploiting the Bolshevik monster. I daresay I personally am above this suspicion; at the same time I prefer not to concern myself with other people's affairs."

The General broke off as if he were about to say something more. All through the interview he preserved an attitude of extreme caution. He uttered his words as if he were dictating an important command at his headquarters.

"And now may I ask whether you associate yourself with the stubborn and, as I think, unreasonable attitude of the Pan-German Press, which, as you know, is bitterly hostile to England and any possibility of a reconciliation with the English?"

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"My attitude towards the English," replied the General, "will be decided by England's treatment of us. So far, I have the impression that England still wishes to destroy us. England must not expect that we shall feel grateful to her for this. But, on the other hand, if England followed a policy that would ensure our national life and future, I would be the first to show my gratitude. Up till the present I have seen no indication that this is England's intention: so you can quite understand that I cannot love those who are striving for our destruction."

I tried to get the General to give some details about England's alleged cruel desire to destroy Germany.

"Read the Peace Treaty," he replied shortly.

"But if England had wanted to disintegrate the German Empire, don't you think it would have been much easier to have done it when Bavaria and some of the other German States wished to treat separately with the Allies? If you remember, the Allies refused and also did not encourage the formation of the Rhine Republic," I said.

"That was to suit themselves," replied Ludendorff crisply.

After he had carefully tidied his desk, which was already as neat as the womenfolk of his family could make it, he continued:

"Take a very good example—the systematic reduction of our army. Even now we could not

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suppress a revolution, not even if the troops were reliable, which is not the case. Under the very eyes of the Defence Ministry the troops are becoming permeated with sedition. Even if we do withstand the coming trouble, vast districts of the country will always be in the hands of the Spartacists. How your Government ever expects us to reach a settled state of affairs is not clear to me. The abolition of the General Staff on the first of October was inspired by petty spite unworthy of such a great nation as the English."

Here the General's attention was distracted by something in the street. A fierce expression suddenly contracted his eyebrows. Curious to see what he was looking at, I rose slightly in my seat. General Morgan and three other members of the British Military Mission were walking past the house on the way from the Tiergarten to the Esplanade. Ludendorff turned from the window and continued:

"With such measures you surely cannot expect to make friends of a beaten nation, as we honestly admit we are."

The General had worked himself into an angry mood. He tidied his desk again with scrupulous care as if he were making moves on a chess-board. On his stern face appeared a hard look.

"England may not be in need of friends at the moment, but the time will surely come when she

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will again stand alone against a new combination of enemies, when she will reap as she has sown."

His mind was probably dwelling on the climax of Napoleon's career, when, as the story is told in the German schoolbooks, the English assisted the Prussians to subdue Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo.

"I sincerely regret this shortsighted policy," he continued in a milder tone; "it does not correspond with my own personal views as to what should be the ideal aims of a great nation. I hope that the Allied Governments will realise our position before it is too late, and that the Inter-Allied Commission now in Germany to reduce our army will not bring us to another climax by leaving us utterly defenceless against such imperialistic nations as the Poles and Czecho-Slovaks. That is as far as I wish to discuss the subject."

I pressed for a definite statement regarding General Ludendorff's own plans, but he was reluctant to give me information.

"It is not my intention," he conceded, "to retire from public life, but I cannot yet say when I shall take an active part in the affairs of government. Much depends on the development of the new associations and influences."

"Don't you think," I continued, "that the German nation is now waiting for its Napoleon, a leader who could capture the imagination of the people,

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and, before it is too late, bring them to a state of mind which would help them to live amicably in the new world ? "

I received a startling answer—one which revealed more of the real character of Ludendorff than anything else he had said.

" Before the German people will again be in the humour to be led," he said, " they will have to suffer —more and more. The men are receiving too much money for the work they do. The whole nation is demoralised, and before we can begin to build again, the present rottenness will have to be cleared away."

" But most people on our side have remarked the wonderful discipline and blind obedience of the German nation, until their leaders——" I paused, realising the enormity of my *faux pas* and seeking a way out of it, but the General interrupted me:

" Yes, that was all right so long as their leaders were strong, but when the nation's loyalty is poisoned by enemy propagandists it is impossible to keep them in hand. The war was lost by a general sabotage started by the extremists, encouraged by your propaganda, and taken up by the mass of the people. But I don't want to speak any further about the war."

The General stopped short, and his eyes showed that his mind had recalled the time of terrible struggle, perhaps those closing days of retreat towards Germany. By and by his vision was

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fixed on the statuette of the ex-Kaiser, and his face lit up with affection. I judged the moment opportune for another important question.

"Are you going to accept nomination for election to the Reichstag?"

"You are asking too much," said Ludendorff sharply; "everything will depend on the political development and the mental attitude of the people."

Seeing that the General was becoming restless, I allowed the conversation to drift into other channels. I asked him whether he intended to continue his literary efforts, and mentioned that I had read in a German newspaper that he had given all the money he had received from his publication to various charities.

Evidently the monarchist propagandists were not in touch with one another, for General Ludendorff denied this and stated further that up to the present he had not received money from any one.

"Nicht ein Pfennig!" he repeated rather ruefully.

From this topic he suddenly swung back to the vital subject.

"Do you think," he asked, "Englishmen will continue to hate us? Or is the present outburst just the Englishman's usual spasm of bad temper, in which he indulges to cover some questionable action he wants to take, but which he knows is wrong?"

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I told the General that he was mistaken; that Englishmen find it difficult to hate, especially such a vague, indefinable thing as a nation. I asked him whether he knew that the British Trade Unionists nearly voted a general strike on a programme in which one of the main items was the lifting of the blockade against Germany.

"So!" exclaimed the General in great astonishment.

"It is a pity you do not follow the English newspapers," I added.

"Then they are forgetting the war," he said hopefully.

I told him they would never forget it, and mentioned some of the reasons. I touched on the treatment of prisoners of war in Germany; how, on returning to their homes, they told their friends and relations of the horrors of German prison camps, and reminded him that German prisoners in England had been given the same rations as the people, and had returned home robust and well clad.

"Soldiers' stories lose nothing in the telling," I added.

"How were you treated as a prisoner? You were all right, weren't you?" he asked, rather impatiently.

In reply I invited him to accompany me to Ruhleben to examine the few feet of space allotted to me and some other prisoners, "And, General, Ruhleben was your show camp."

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" But hadn't you a racecourse to play your games on ? "

This racecourse, for which the British Government paid highly, as it did for many other things, including the hot water for use in the German bathhouse, has been boasted about from one end of Germany to the other by the military authorities.

Reverting to another subject, I called Ludendorff's attention to the industrial activity apparent in Germany, especially in the State Railway engineering shops, and asked him why the foreign press was supplied with obviously inaccurate reports as to Germany's alleged state of distress. I recalled the following explanation given me by a director of one of the largest electrical concerns in Germany :

" You cannot blame us for not showing the Allies that we are going to live up to our reputation of being the most industrious nation in the world. We want to know exactly what we shall have to pay before we really get to work. What would be the use of working hard when, the more we produced, the more the Allies would want ? "

General Ludendorff shrugged his shoulders and replied :

" This is interesting, but you must not think that that sort of person represents the German nation."

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"No, perhaps not, but it is on account of the spreading of this prepared news, which we call propaganda, and the shortsighted attitude of the business men, that the Allies regard with suspicion every statement coming from Germany."

The General had evidently had enough, and I rose. To one who, like myself, had unfortunately experienced some of the worst features of Prussian militarism, it was a fascinating experience to sit opposite the man who so short a time before had exercised so tremendous a power. He is said to have seriously considered the suggestions of German newspapers which openly called for the shooting of Allied prisoners. No wonder an epidemic of escapes broke out in the various camps when news of this additional measure of "frightfulness" reached the prisoners.

Instead of being chastened by his defeat he is as arrogant as ever. He was still the Ludendorff of old, the man with big imperial plans and ideas. I imagined him waiting watchful in his retreat in Viktoriastrasse for "the political development and mental attitude of the people," whilst Gustave Noske builds up the army which may eventually be used to re-establish the monarchy. So soon as that moment arrives, Ludendorff will don his uniform, gird on his sword and send out his army to fight as in the past. I imagined the old spiked helmet and mantle hanging ready in the long

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cupboard behind the bust of the beloved Wilhelm. Whilst he searched for two photographs which he had promised me, my thoughts strayed. I thought of Bismarck and the man here who, if not talented in statesmanship, has a supreme gift of making trouble.

"Well, are you satisfied?" asked the General, as he handed me the pictures.

"I am disappointed in one way, although I thank you for giving me the opportunity of discussing these points with you."

"Disappointed? How is that?"

"I expected to hear about an honest movement—democratic in the true sense of the word—which would attract all the moderate men in Germany."

"Good-day," said General Ludendorff, as if he had not understood.

As I walked down the stairs, I wondered if the German people would once more be persuaded to flock to the banner of the autocrats.

A prominent English newspaper has stated that we have not done with Germany. We certainly have not done with Ludendorff, who will devote the rest of his life to avenging his defeat. And in Germany he will be free to scheme, encouraged by the militarists. There is no one to hinder him save perhaps the Spartacists, who might murder him as Liebknecht was murdered. As a militarist politician

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he will breathe new life into the "old Prussian spirit," as he calls it. He needs only the slightest encouragement from the Allies to begin where they left off, and try to "save" Russia from Bolshevism.

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CHAPTER XVII

Some Impressions of the "New" Germany—Plans of the Monarchists—Ludendorff's Sermon

Some Impressions of the "New" Germany

BEFORE I interviewed Ludendorff I made an effort to get into touch with men either in leading positions themselves or supporters of the new political combinations which have grown out of the old ones. Among the first group that I met were some of Theodore Wolff's supporters of the Deutsche Demokratische Partei, which now includes the Deutsche Volkspartei in Bavaria. In all probability this party will get a majority at the next election. They might have been successful at the last, had not the Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils advised their followers to vote for "Die Sozialdemokratische Partei," which gained double the number of votes of any other party.

I was invited to a gathering of business men who are just now striving to cope with the universal malady—labour troubles. They give occasional dinners at, or rather after, which they discuss business and anything pertaining to it. I found them

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good-natured people once I had penetrated their awkwardness. The introductions were particularly tedious. The German still brings his heels together and bows with the stiff, jerky movements of a mechanical toy. Unfortunately there were no lady guests to help us over the awkward pauses.

I feel that criticism is ungrateful when I think of the generous meal provided by the host—or hosts. I believe the guests had subscribed the food among them, as seems to be the custom in certain circles where they have intimate relations with a *Lebensmittelschieber* (illicit food-trader).

The main item was a roast goose, the like of which I have never seen even in England. The host carved and made a splendid job of it. The bird was done to a turn, the skin beautifully brown and crisp. We held back until every one was served with a very large portion and delicious vegetables cooked in fresh butter. The maid removed the carcass and the host sat down. That was our signal. The hush in the conversation was so sudden that at first I thought some one was going to say grace. I hope that my sketchy description will not make people who can get good well-cooked food every day consider these middle-class Germans a company of hogs. They were more like greedy boys at a school feast. The rapt expression on their faces as they passed down the plates, and their concentrated manner when they had once begun to eat,

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indicated that I was not the only one who had not tasted this wonderful dish for a long time. The gentleman on my left was eating his food with particular relish. So soon as he had got all he could off the bone with his knife and fork, he seized it firmly in his fingers and gnawed it.

The silence was almost embarrassing. Under the generous influence of the good Rhine wine I made an effort to cover the gaps in the conversation and my neighbour's funny gaspy noises with a few pleasant remarks. He turned towards me, his bone gripped firmly in both hands, and gave me a look which told me at once that I had done the wrong thing. To him eating was as serious as performing a religious rite. I attempted no more conversation until the end of the meal, when the company were sliding into a state of coma. It had indeed been a glorious meal, and we had given ourselves up to undisturbed enjoyment of it. These men seemed to me to form a striking contrast with the Frenchmen whom I have known. The latter struck me as being extremely animated after dinner and in a mood to appreciate delicate luxuries such as fine wines and intelligent conversation.

The liveliest discussion of the evening was one on food and how to get it. Each guest contributed his knowledge of strange sources of such articles as fresh butter, meat, cheese and poultry. This led to a discussion of municipal trading, which these

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freedom-loving people regarded as a tyrannical measure, the object of which was to ruin the trading classes. In spite of the narrowness of their general views they surprised me by their local patriotism. They showed a real pride in the outward appearance of Berlin, and revealed some of the spirit which has inspired the building of such splendid cities as Hamburg, Frankfort, Dresden and Munich.

This pride in municipal affairs increased my surprise at the lack of interest shown in national and foreign politics. There were endless heated discussions on the personal habits and intrigues of local politicians, but nothing in the way of intelligent anticipation of the outcome of the present critical situation. These and all the prominent Germans I had met do not grasp the significance of the new era. To them it is merely a period of defeat, and they are endeavouring in their different spheres to make the best of a bad job. The profession of a politician is to them a strange craft wrapped in mystery. I gathered that the most respected politicians of the new Germany are not those who do things, but those who prevent their colleagues from doing anything. They were very keen to explain how they had defeated the Socialists. They showed a cowardly dread of reformers, and from their conversation one must assume that they spend more time in sowing confusion than in spreading the new gospel of liberty. From them I gathered

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that the new bourgeois rulers have handled the new movement in the same way as the London police handle a troublesome procession. They have led it into blind alleys. They realised that it was futile to oppose the rising wave of passionate feeling, so they rode it, except in Bavaria, where Kurt Eisner and his group of intelligent assistants were on their guard. Noske went to Kiel, while Scheidemann and Ebert watched Berlin. For a few days the revolutionary wave was so strong that the Socialist politicians were carried forward on its crest. But the new rulers, old monarchist servants, managed to remain at the head of the movement. They allowed the revolutionaries to march in processions to exhaust some of the revolutionary fever. Then they split them into sections and led them off into quiet byways of vague argument where they could do no harm. It seems that the movement is now lost in the forests of meaningless rhetoric.

The German nation seems still to be at a stage of development where an enemy is indispensable. Just now almost all the Pan-German Press is busily discovering another " world of enemies." Even if the workers are sceptical, the middle and upper classes believe them—because they wish to believe. When once the " natural enemy " is found in the newspapers, the national cause becomes obvious. The spirit of hatred of the Allies now being created

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by the Pan-Germans and even by the Liberal press was never equalled during the worst days of the war. Hate never made a good building material. These shortsighted German journalists think they can distract the attention of the masses from the reform movement by exposing the " plots " of the Allies. They are now trying to find a national champion.

After I left the dinner party I came to understand what a certain writer meant when he said: " The Germans like to be governed."

The condition of uncertainty and instability prevailing before the signing of Peace provided valuable material for the monarchist groups, of which there are at least three. Resentment against the ex-Kaiser and his family has practically disappeared during the Ebert régime. If the monarchists could sink their differences and come out upon a common platform with a progressive programme, they would probably get a majority to support them at the next elections. This seems a startling statement to make in the light of the present talk of republicanism.

Some of the main factors contributing to this state of affairs are the advanced aims and methods of the Spartacists and the dangerous flood of Bolshevism seething across the frontier. This dread of the middle classes is something pitiable to behold, and is kept alive by the advanced Socialist journalists,

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who, in a large daily press, publish raking criticisms of Ebert and his colleagues. The Bourgeoisie shudder at the very name of Marx, who they believe was the first Bolshevist. To them monarchy promises safety and solidarity. A Bolshevik culture cannot thrive in a monarchist garden, and that is why they are willing to support a re-establishment of the Hohenzollerns.

Plans of the Monarchists

The old families who fled at the first breath of revolution are now returning to Germany. Their fears of the people have been dispelled by reports that satisfactory measures have been taken to preserve order and protect property. On their return, in most cases, they found their homes as they had left them in charge of their faithful retainers, and resumed their pre-war manner of life. The sons felt the change more than their parents. The Army and Government offices being closed to them for the moment, they were thrown on their own resources. Groups of clubs, or rather circles, have now grown up among them where political and social questions are discussed. These had been described to me as "nests of monarchists," a title which aroused my curiosity. There is no doubt that young princes and "vons," who forgather in these places, espouse the cause of

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the royal family, and in many ways they remind one of the young Jacobites. They are carefully cultivating the acquaintance of all foreigners likely to be of use to them, the young members of the Allied Commission being especially sought after.

It was through the introduction of one of our officers that I first visited a private club in the Friedrichstrasse, where were gathered at least a score of representatives of the German nobility. It was the first club I had visited where ladies were not encouraged. They were a particularly healthy-looking company, most of them speaking English well; their well-cut clothes and the anglicisms of dress and manner made me forget at times that they were Germans. Moreover, there is no doubt about the soundness of their ideas, for these have nothing in common with those of the ordinary Pan-German type of mind which prepared the ground for a war between England and Germany. They are out to become friends with England, where, they imagine, still exists a powerful aristocracy to join hands with them. Since the Armistice they have come in contact with some of our regular officers, who have been able to talk polo, hunting and pig-sticking with them. The "best people of both countries" is a great conversational tag of theirs. They are unaware of the revolution of fortune in England which is rapidly sending the old aristocratic families to the towns. They are fond of reading

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the novels of the Victorians, and still think of English society as it was fifty years ago. This is partly due also to the fact that the feudal system was in part preserved in Germany right up to the time of the Armistice.

From a young ex-officer attached to the diplomatic corps at General Headquarters I obtained some interesting information regarding the hopes of these young monarchists in regard to the Russian intervention.

"We expected and hoped that England would be able to suppress the Bolshevists. It would be a grave mistake to withdraw now" (this conversation took place during September, 1919), "for once the Russians grow used to the communal administration it will be difficult to uproot it. If the English cannot manage it themselves, they must allow Germany to co-operate with them. Even in England, with the seas between Russia and Great Britain, you are all afraid of Bolshevism. How do you think we feel about it—living next door to it?"

"What will happen if the British troops are withdrawn?" I asked.

"God help Germany if that happens! Noske would never be able to hold the Spartacists, who are even now negotiating with Lenin. Think what it would mean to the world—a Bolshevist Germany working with Bolshevik Russia!"

"But could it last?" I inquired.

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"That's the dangerous part of it! Once the growth of Bolshevism got a hold in Germany, it could never be rooted out. And what would England do, with a tremendous Bolshevist block in Central Europe? She would be helpless in spite of her magnificent fleet, for a blockade would be useless. Russia, with her unlimited supplies of raw materials, and Germany, with her scientific industrial methods, could dictate trade terms to the world.

"The German workers, and even some of the business men, would welcome it as they have welcomed most State measures. They would improve upon it, and with the German administrative genius would devise a way of living which might prove paradise for the workers and slavery for us. Even the German Bourgeoisie have begun to regard Lenin less as a tyrant. They have always taken great pride in their municipal theatres and other public institutions, which they manage very well. This has at last started them thinking; and if Bolshevism is established in Germany, they will get themselves elected on the Soviets and still direct the affairs of municipalities. When the Revolution reached the inland cities, these little tradespeople and shopkeepers were the first to welcome it. There were not enough red flags and badges to go round. If it had not been for the Socialists like Scheidemann—there would have been a Socialist régime by now."

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"What are you people doing to counteract the influence of the Bolsheviks?"

"We are doing just what you see us doing here—getting into touch with the neutral and Allied press. Of course, our own newspapers are useful, but we cannot make the Pan-German press see that they must drop their stupid antagonism towards England. Then we have the officers' clubs and corps, and the cadet corps will be a source of strength for the monarchists. But our main strength lies in the schools and academies where the teachers do brilliant work."

"How will you get the movement out into the open?"

"It all depends. The first step is to get the elections for the National Assembly over and make friends with the main bourgeois parties. They will soon begin to bristle when the Allies really start carrying out the terms of the Treaty. They are practically obliged to turn to us. A *coup d'état* would be dangerous until we had a strong army to back it up. Noske is getting together a good army which, with careful handling, would be willing to serve under Ludendorff. In fact all Germany would support him and Hindenburg in the defence of Germany. And you can rest assured that if England does not exterminate Bolshevism, Ludendorff will."

When I suggested that it might not be the wisest

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policy to single out any national party for special treatment, be it friendly or hostile, he replied :

" If you have France in your mind, I must tell you that there will never be peace between us and the French, who are a decaying nation. Frenchmen have gone as far as they dared in humiliating Germany. For example, what other nation would put black troops, Algerians, in occupied Germany, even on the trains to examine the passengers? If France really wished to be friendly, she would not commit this sort of petty tyranny. Would it surprise you if the Germans in occupied towns should already be thinking of the day when they will be sweeping back the French to their own boundaries? And the day will surely come when she will not be able to call half a dozen nations to her aid. By that time Germany will have remedied the diplomatic weakness which lost us the war. When she knows that, she will think twice before declaring war. It is useless to try to explain to an Englishman the traditional enmity between France and Germany. It will always be so, no matter how many Leagues of Nations are formed."

As I was going from Frankfort to Cologne I had an opportunity of seeing for myself the cause of much bad feeling between the French and Germans. The train had just entered the part of Germany occupied by the French when a big, surly-looking Algerian appeared in the railway compartment. I had a

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queer sensation as he bent over me. It certainly seemed strange to be under the authority of a man from the East—perhaps it was an omen. In response to his mutterings the German passengers pulled out their papers. Having no permit to enter occupied territory, I proffered a Burroughs & Welcome photographic calendar, which served the purpose.

A middle-aged German traveller commented on the appointment of black troops to examine passports.

"I wonder how America would like coloured troops to be put to examine their papers," he said, spluttering with suppressed rage. We were now entering the American zone outside Coblentz.

"They don't know anything about this in America," replied a German woman.

"That's right," retorted some one else. "Englishmen and Americans don't know how the French enjoy doing the meanest possible things to Germany —never mind, the day will come——"

I found this spirit general. Both Frenchmen and Germans would smile tolerantly whenever I mentioned the League of Nations. The "Jungle" theory of international relations seems to be as much in evidence here as ever it was.

My young ex-officer friend is only one of many thousands of unemployed professional soldiers, waiting for something to turn up. Japan cannot employ them all, and two choices are open to them,

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to place themselves at the disposal of the monarchists, or to go to work. Having no sense of the romantic, the proud Prussian cannot easily accommodate himself to work, although there is plenty to do in his country. A photograph of an English major-general digging his own cabbage patch makes the Prussian shudder, while it would inspire other men to go and do likewise. To work is to lose caste; far better to sponge on the kind German war widows. Now that the monarchists have skilfully managed their informal inauguration there will be no scarcity of young "vons," ex-regular officers eager to place their swords at the disposal of the monarchist cause.

Should the time and necessity arise, the "one million" army will be found to be no myth. The Unter-officers' clubs are beginning to think themselves as much a special caste as the officers' corps. Once the Allies have been manœuvred into an impossible position, the monarchists will put their plans into practice without delay. The position will be such that England might have to support one of the two extremists. The Russian riddle may be repeated, as it seems that we are to have no permanent peace with the Bolshevists. As French and German militarists have already discussed measures to combat the Bolshevik danger, it would not seem improbable that German monarchist hopes will be fulfilled.

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England, France and Germany are in agreement at least on one thing, their desire to extirpate Bolshevism from Europe. It is already being said that the eastern frontier of Germany would provide a much better base from which to attack Trotsky than Archangel.

Ludendorff's Sermon

As I write, the Commission appointed at the Reichstag to inquire into the cause of the war is giving the Junkers and monarchists an opportunity of welcoming their old leaders. The Generals were received with more enthusiasm and display than the ex-Kaiser himself in his most popular pre-war days. The monarchists mustered their ex-officers, cadets and students into a procession of welcome; whilst Noske, by turning out his "Green Guards" and machine-gun sections, made a most imposing military display which, no doubt, was appreciated by the two Generals.

The singing of "Deutschland über Alles" announced the coming of the procession from Dr. Helfferich's house. The accompanying cavalrymen riding in the snow appeared strangely incongruous by the side of the ultra-modern motor-car. The steel-hatted "Green Guards," standing almost shoulder to shoulder along the streets, presented an ominous sight to the crowds as they pressed

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forward eager to catch a glimpse of the procession.

During the investigation General Ludendorff was the hero of the piece. As usual, he bullied because he could not argue, and, with his impressive presence, managed to frustrate the purpose of the inquiry. His inquisitors were practically helpless. The distinguished spectators, Bethmann-Hollweg and Dr. Helfferich, must have been amused as the General faced his inquisitors and, answering no question directly, thumped the table as he used to do at the military-political conferences. Ledebour and Harden, the two bitter opponents of the ex-Kaiser and his camarilla, must have felt disappointed in their efforts when they heard the roar of cheering which greeted the War Lords.

On the following Sunday, at the Potsdam Garrison Church, Ludendorff judged the time ripe for a declaration. It was an excellent opportunity for testing the feelings of the people towards the "old Prussian spirit." He called the German Army the most democratic institution in the world. It knew no class distinctions, he said, there were only leaders and led, and with the old Prussian battle-cry, "With God for Home and Fatherland," two million Germans took the field—"The heroic drama developed into a tragedy, the most moving and terrible tragedy ever suffered by such a great nation. And why? What was the origin of this

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abysmal disaster? To the gratification of our enemies we abandoned the old Prussian spirit which had made us so great Enemies on all sides recognised more clearly than we did where our strength lay and where our weakness.

"Selfishness flourished everywhere, and there was no gardener to root it out. It is a shameful fact that, for many Germans, the highest law of life became the law of self.

"Here in this church let us take oath to our dead that we will win back the old unselfish Prussian spirit.

"We must banish all that is false and dishonourable. The old Prussian self-discipline must replace selfishness. Since the pressure of an orderly state is missing, we must doubly control ourselves.

"May our dead see a new generation arise which, in mutual trust, flocks to the old black-and-white standard of Prussia. Let us raise on high this banner as a symbol for all Germans who are willing to go with us. I trust to heaven there will be many, for many must have had the bandage torn from their eyes.

"May the Prussian eagle which once before showed Germany the way lead our great Fatherland to new power."

Ludendorff concluded his strange sermon with the words:

"And, indeed, we are still at war—a much

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harder and more serious war than that which for four years held the world in suspense."

Thus speaks the man who, at the first breath of danger to his own self-centred life, shirked his responsibilities and fled. He has returned to preach the old Prussian doctrine of blood and iron.

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CHAPTER XVIII

Has there been a German Revolution?—The Present Situation in Central and Eastern Europe—Our Lack of a Policy in dealing with the German People

HAS THERE BEEN A GERMAN REVOLUTION?

OUR belief in the genuineness of the German Revolution is the result of continual suggestion from the press and German bourgeois and vested interest propaganda. Ever since the Armistice was signed only news of a pessimistic nature has left Germany. In no other country do the newspapers work more in harmony with their Government and with each other. From the bombastic chorus of war-time, the German journalists changed their tone to a maudlin whimper broken occasionally by savage fits of temper.

On paper the Germans have a democratic electoral system, but in reality they are now governed by a most reactionary and unscrupulous group of politicians. We are friendly disposed towards this corrupt group because they carried out the principal demand of the Allies, the abdication of the Kaiser, and a number of superficial changes which have not touched the real structure of the German system.

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There was at least honesty and a certain sort of benevolent justice in this system, administered as it was by sound bourgeois officials. In the hands of the present class of political opportunists, the old machinery is used to exploit the people who are worse off now than before the paper revolution.

The German soldiers were deceived when they saw their officers shedding their epaulettes, as were the workers when they heard their employers cry, " Long live Socialism ! " and saw them wearing red buttons. While the Bourgeoisie cheered the Socialists, and headed demonstrating processions, they scientifically sabotaged every social experiment made by the few sincere reformers not already in the pay of the vested interests. German State Control, which was promised as the great panacea for industrial injustices, is working out in abuses worse than those of unrestricted private enterprise. Industry is in the position of the hen whose eggs were stolen while the owner was fetching food. The disastrous results of the efforts to control the German coal industry is a good example of this capitalistic sabotage.

The *Schwerindustrielle* (coal and iron magnates) who have ruled modern Germany have never once lost control of the political machinery. Both we and the German common folk were deceived by a political sham. After the Kiel mutiny and sporadic disorders, it was easy to believe that the German

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nation had been through the cleansing fires of a real revolution. Because the German people had, except for a few stoppages, continued to work, and communications were rarely interrupted, we were inclined to believe that they were satisfied with the ultra-Prussian ruling methods of such cruel opportunists as Noske and Ebert.

If it were not for influences outside their own country, there would be little chance of the German workers releasing themselves from the oppressive system under which they writhe. The German masses, drilled and schooled into a servile obedience and an almost religious belief in national unity, no matter how corrupt and cruel the leadership, have patiently borne with the wrongs and injustices carried on by their new masters, hoping that their lot would be lightened as Europe settled down to peace. But their plight only becomes worse.

Can British people who pride themselves on their love of freedom really believe that the German masses are going to submit permanently to be governed by successive parties of political illusionists? Under a government of statesmen and intelligent treatment from their late enemies, the Germans would have been spared their revolution.



But now her own reactionaries, intriguing with those of other countries, are making bitter and bloody revolution inevitable. The only revolutionaries in Germany during the war, and the only Germans

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for whom we had the slightest respect, were Liebknecht and his followers. They were idealists, and the only Germans who conscientiously tried to sweep away the old régime. The docile Democrats and compromising Liberals have merely given the old rotten structure a coat of paint.

The Independent Socialists hoped to see their country cured of her chronic ailments. But the patient was only doped and temporarily relieved, and the disease now appears in more malignant form. In fact, Germany to-day is in the plight of a criminal lunatic. Her idealistic revolutionary vitality is bound in Noske's strait-waistcoat of militarism. Because the German working folk dared to demonstrate outside the Reichstag against the taking away of the one solitary measure of real reform the Trades Council wrested from the Government during the critical days of military defeat, Noske, ordered by his financial backers, resorted to easy murder rather than sympathetic negotiation.

The workers of Germany have come to the belief that the freedom which they thought would come with the Armistice is still but an idea. Now that we have opened up negotiations with the people, the truth has to be faced that there has been no revolution in Germany. And unless Providence intervenes in the form of common sense and intelligent action on the part of our representatives, the German

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Revolution will be the beginning of the predicted conflagration which will burn out the last vestiges of civilisation left in the East and the West.

The Present Situation in Central and Eastern Europe

If to-day we are really watching the long expected birth of Freedom, the travail is indeed a painful one.

In the East a triumphant Bolshevism beckons or threatens us. The country of Dostoievsky and Turgenieff, always famous for its terrible and picturesque drama, has now eclipsed itself as the source of more strange and awful romances than ever before found their way into print. To some, Russia is a country ruled by unscrupulous despots. To others, it is the realisation of the dreams of martyrs, a grand experiment in the brotherhood of mankind, the Communist Republic. Along her borders is a string of feeble and starving buffer States used as intriguing-grounds by the interventionists.

Russia is now like a spreading forest fire approaching the Spartacist tinder in Germany and the more distant inflammatory material in the East. Our efforts to quench the flames have so far only resulted in stimulating the conflagration. Further probabilities must now be faced. Lenin is actively

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preparing for a peace with the world, while the Bolshevists are said to be still sowing the seeds of revolution. He is convincing the waverers by pointing out the distress and starvation in countries ruled by reactionaries, while in Russia, he says, the people are comparatively well cared for. The peasants have the land, and no power on earth can take it from them, not even Lenin himself, should he desire.

What is to be the next big blaze in this all-devouring forest fire? Is it the German Revolution?

From Hungary, Austria, Italy and the border States come daily reports of a seething discontent.

For the moment the industrial, political and economic positions seem all in favour of Leninism. How are we going to meet it?

The last twelve months of political stumbling has made certain one thing: the coming together, sooner or later, of Russia and Germany. Whether it will be a Russia subdued by Ludendorff or a Germany under the spell of a Napoleonic Lenin, depends on the vision and statesmanship of Great Britain's Ministers and the fortune of war—perhaps civil war. The two countries, with their unquenchable vitality, seem like two monsters—peace coming to them and their neighbours only when one of them has swallowed the other.

Since last March the strength of the German

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Independent Socialists has increased so rapidly that they now outnumber the Majority Socialists. The Junkers were startled when the Independents joined Lenin's Third Internationale. The Spartacists have now consolidated into a solid fighting block. Even the under-dogs of the bourgeois parties are becoming absorbed by the extreme Left in their fear of a return to a military autocracy.

The German and Russian masses now believe that they have been betrayed by the Allies, which accounts for the determination of both parties to unite against us in case we take sides with the reactionaries of the old régime. The peculiar position of the German Government prevents it from interrupting the negotiations now openly resumed between the Bolsheviks and the Spartacists.

It is almost inevitable that the union of Russia and Germany will be preceded by a terrible and bitter struggle. The Soviet supporters in Germany, increasing daily, would for a time find themselves in a desperate position, but would fight with a tigerish bravery. They would be inspired by the knowledge that they would have powerful help from their Russian comrades led by Trotsky, by whom the struggle would be regarded as a continuation of the War of Liberation.

Lenin seems to have gripped the imagination of the Continental masses. He has replaced Wilson, once regarded as the second saviour of mankind.

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They see him after two years of attack still holding at bay the reactionary forces of Europe. The influence of his teaching and the strange power of his personality have radiated in all directions.

Our Lack of a Policy in Dealing with the German People

We have lost the respect of the German masses since the Armistice was signed, and for this grave fact we have only ourselves to blame. When hostilities ceased we discarded one of the most effective instruments for good. Among many other things, we learnt war propaganda from the Germans, and improved upon it so much that the reader could not distinguish between real news and propaganda.

When the German Government had wanted to prepare public "opinion" for some new measure of frightfulness—the U-boat war, for example—German professors would be turned on to the job. At first their work was done so crudely that few were impressed, and most people knew the origin of the "inspired" literature.

But as the war progressed there was an improvement, especially in neutral countries, and it soon became clear that Germans would have to be fought in the sphere of propaganda as well as on the battlefield, so well did they misstate our case to our disad-

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vantage. After our cleverest journalists and littérateurs had been called in to help to create the new "arm," our side of the case was expressed in first-class literature. The German man-in-the-street was for the first time given an opportunity to read the case against his country. There is no doubt that our subtle efforts inside the German frontiers, and such lucky accidents as Prince Lichnowsky's condemnatory pamphlet, left us with more friends than enemies.

One Socialist pamphlet, supposed to be "inspired" by an Allied information bureau, is said to have seduced a whole regiment on the West Front.

As long as it suited us, we regarded the German masses as something quite separate from their ruling classes. We said we were fighting Prussian militarism, and not the German nation. So well was our story told that the ordinary German believed us when we said we were battling to free him and his like from slavery. He began to doubt us after the signing of the Armistice, when, by our negligence, we showed we had no further need for the passive support of the German rank and file, which in some cases was as effective as an active sabotage. He now believes that our propaganda was only a war measure. When, with what seemed to our friends among the enemy the arrogant indifference of a conqueror, we turned our back on

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them and left them to the mercy of German reactionaries, they thought they had merely been temporarily used for our selfish ends.

The Pan-German press chuckled with glee and jibed at the Socialists for "allowing the Allies to win the war," and recalled their own scornful words when President Wilson first gave to the world his Fourteen Points. "Let the Allies win the war and then see how they will treat you," was the gist of their vituperative outpourings.

Our lack of a policy, after having shown an active interest in the freedom of Germans, caused them to consolidate into hostile groups, including a vast number of moderate men who had been bitterly disappointed when the expected English help in Germany's plight did not come. This section was now inclined to believe the Junker version of the cause of the war—the culmination of a long prepared plan by England to destroy her most dangerous trade rival, and to aggrandise her Empire.

Specially printed maps showing Great Britain's territorial acquisitions during the war seem to bear out this version of the Pan-Germans who had favoured a *rapprochement* between Germany and Russia to the detriment of England. There has now grown up a keen anti-British spirit.

Germans have been led to believe that the British are a nation of brigands. The prohibition of the importation of her goods in order to protect our

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favoured key industries by which Germany could have improved the exchange value of her mark, has been explained to the Germans as a scheme to crush Germany commercially, thus confirming the *Schwerindustrielle* version of the cause of the war.

But now we hear that the indifference of the British Government has suddenly changed to an active interest in the lot of our late enemy. We are to support the " practical and democratic Government " of Ebert !

We seem doomed to misfortune in the political choice of our foreign friends. We are to support the best-hated group in Germany—a group of political assassin-hirers, themselves the tools of the vested interests. We seem enamoured with Noske, " the only capable strong man " in Germany, and his short shrifts with " mad fools " who are not of the same opinion as himself. Left alone, this corrupt autocratic Government would have subsided into oblivion under the weight of its own sins.

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CHAPTER XIX

Signs of German Vitality—The Countryside—Fuel—The Frankfort Trade Exhibition—Our Future Policy towards Central and Eastern Europe—Smouldering Fires—Germany as a Friend in Need

Signs of German Vitality

JUDGING by what I saw during my last visit to Germany, I believe that in spite of differences between Capital and Labour, Germany is quietly and thoroughly putting her industrial house in order. Even during her political crisis, strikes and local disorders, the vital industries have been carefully organised in preparation for the continuance of the struggle for commercial supremacy which the mad militarists interrupted in 1914.

It is a revelation to an Englishman to see how the huge munition factories have been adapted to peaceful purposes, the manufacture of great quantities of tools, agricultural implements and railway rolling stock. Krupp's Works are no longer guarded and shrouded in secrecy; any one may now get a permit to see the new plant turning out such useful articles as railway engines at the rate of not less than one a day. No other country, not except-

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ing the United States, possesses such perfectly equipped factories planned for mass production as Germany.

From our camp we prisoners saw Spandau Works grow under our eyes from a small collection of munition buildings to an industrial town. Night and day thousands of German workmen and Allied prisoners of war were building extensions to the great pile of munition works, which, like a great monster, grew so fast that it promised to devour the camp. Majestic chimneys were run up in a few days. Nothing could stop the tremendous war organisation. Between us and Spandau was a large lake which we thought would hold back the extensive building and divert it to other directions. We woke one morning to find the water had disappeared. In its place was a stretch of sand like a clean new seabeach which had been pumped up in a liquid form, and then drained. Thousands of prisoners of war were marched up, and in a short time sites for new factories, yards and sidings were laid out. Then came the huge pile-driving machinery to make the foundations safe to carry the masses of metal. More chimneys and massive blocks of masonry seemed to grow in the night like giant mushrooms.

A great fire only a few hundred yards from our prison promised to devour us and Spandau. We saw hundreds of tiny figures darting in and out of

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the leaping flames, and finally extinguishing the outbreak. The activities at Spandau were to us symbolical of the devilish unquenchable energy of the German war-god. The very ground on which we stood vibrated with the never-ceasing rattle and roar of huge machines clangorously pounding into shape the murderous engines of war.

One morning we thought the end had surely come. A terrible explosion a few kilometres from the camp, so near that we felt as if we were standing on an erupting mine, sent the results of months of engineering effort into the air, and hundreds of lives to eternity. In a flash, majestic columns of white smoke were shot high into the heavens. At almost regular intervals during the morning other explosions in the smaller munition works recalled the terrible atmosphere of Wells' *War of the Worlds* when countries crumbled to dust on the application of the atomic theory to war destruction. Some said that the Allies were destroying each town from the air, others suggested that we had invented a marvellous mine-driller which had honeycombed the earth.

But still the work went on, new buildings arising before the ashes of the old had been cleared away. This enormous energy is still active, but in other directions. Defeat temporarily dammed the vital stream. Soon Europe may be deluged with the overflow.

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At the vast State Railway Works I found acres of shops alive with industrial activity. Only the very latest labour-saving engineering machinery is used. Not once did I notice men doing the hard manual labour usually seen on such work. The huge boiler fires, which used to be stoked by men stripped to the waist working in the hot glare like demons in the inferno, are now fed by automatic stokers. One man dressed like a high-class mechanic was attending to half a dozen of these boilers, which, in the ordinary way, would have required the attention of six men.

In other works I saw marvellous devices for adapting the huge stores of war material to peace-time purposes. German energy and ingenuity are given a free hand during the period of reconstruction. The war-time training in stringent economy of effort and material has practically abolished waste in Germany. Everything is used. Once useless residues are now the basis for the manufacture of valuable by-products. I was told that even the smoke that used to belch out in heavy black clouds is now being diverted to a useful purpose.

Travellers' stories tell of a dying Germany Englishmen visiting Germany should leave the beaten track of café and hotel, where the native business men whimper out their depressing stories of a ruined and impoverished country. Let them go

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out and see the way the grand commercial schemes are handled—for example, the magnificent electric-power houses, the nerve centres of German industry, where the power is stored at the pit-mouth and carried direct over the countryside to the factories. Whilst we haggle over national schemes and quarrel about the division of profits, the Germans are at work carefully laying the foundation for their commercial future.

Although as a war weapon the airship failed them, the Germans are going ahead with the development of aircraft for commercial purposes. As by a general consent only news of a nature calculated to win sympathy from foreigners leaves Germany, the newspapers are silent about the extensive schemes now being worked out. I went to see the commercial travellers and others boarding the *Boden See*, a small type of Zeppelin, near Spandau, booking for South Germany. I should think that this airship makes the most reliable transport service in Germany. She departs and arrives with no preliminary fuss, assisted by a landing-party of often less than twenty hands. The captain handles his craft with the ease of a seasoned sea-skipper. The demeanour of the passengers is not that of people just satisfying an idle curiosity to experience a new thrill. At the office where the luggage is weighed I saw a traveller selecting samples of nails and bolts which,

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being in excess of the weight allowed, he was obliged to leave behind.

The mechanical devices by which the ship is taken in and out of the shed reduce risk of damage to a minimum, even during a high wind. At a blast on the captain's whistle the *Boden See* slips silently along two ground-rails out of the shed and almost immediately rises on a steep incline and springs up and away on her voyage. This incident is only an example of many which showed me how the Germans are striving harder than ever for perfection in every branch of industry.

The Countryside

Everywhere I went I found people busy working in the fields. From the railway trains vast stretches of country, which before the war never had a plough through them, can be seen planted with all sorts of produce. Men, women and children labour away with an interest and concentration which indicate a personal stake in the enterprise. Their happy, healthy faces make a pleasant contrast to those of their less fortunate friends in the towns. Occasionally away over the green oceans of produce can be seen factories of the most ultra-modern type, either in process of building or already in operation.

The German countryside will be a fruitful recruiting ground for labour, as it is evident that the

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peasants have suffered much less than the town population. Indeed, it is difficult to believe they have suffered at all from under-feeding. To some extent this class is to blame for the unrestricted profiteering which reacts on the workers in the towns. During the war, penalties for illicit dealing in food were very heavy, but since members of the Government have worked with the profiteers, the German peasants, like those in most other countries, have exploited their opportunities to the utmost.

Fuel

I should judge that the majority of the Germans suffer little more from scarcity of fuel than we do. The officials in the places where there have been acute shortages make the most of their story of misery. Hearing some distressing stories of coal famine in a certain district I visited a few houses to make personal inquiries. True, there was no coal, but all the same I found families seated round most wonderful iron stoves which shed a friendly warmth sufficient to heat any ordinary room. Nothing had been said of the large quantities of peat which I found stacked inside the houses. Following up my inquiries I went to a peat field near Berlin and saw scores of people cutting away at this useful sort of fuel. After seeing the rubbishy coal now rationed to the British housewife, a

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scuttleful of which produces nearly a scuttleful of chalky residue, I am sure that she would appreciate a few hundredweights of this peat.

Still farther afield I found "brown coal," a most valuable and handy sort of fuel. Its burning value is less than half that of ordinary coal, but is probably preferable to our present "household" coal.

The "brown coal" mine is a huge open gash in the ground, and the mining operation a simple process, the "coal" being dug out and carried away. I was taken to the factory where it is pressed into small serviceable nuts and packed ready for distribution.

The Frankfort International Trade Exhibition

The Frankfort Exhibition was a concise summary of Germany's industrial efforts during the most critical period of her economic history. The Festhalle, a noble building designed in wide, graceful contours, made a suitable shelter for the year's results of our late enemies' good intentions. The organisers hoped that visiting foreigners would regard the great hall as symbolic of the new Germany rising from the ruins of the old.

The dominant note of the show was the optimism of the merchants at the stalls. They showed the

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same sort of spirit which prevailed in San Francisco after the great earthquake. The machinery, electrical and agricultural, was a particularly fine feature. A new metal, lighter than aluminium with the qualities of steel, attracted a good deal of attention on account of its promise to revolutionise the aircraft industry. Then there were every variety of leather goods, furniture, aluminium ware, musical and scientific instruments, and every sort of trunk for travelling ever invented. On inquiry I was told that large orders could be executed at once.

Although few British firms were represented at the stalls, many of their agents were taking advantage of the favourable exchange by placing large orders for the cheap German goods.

Our Future Policy towards Central and Eastern Europe

Unfortunately our new policy towards Germany is dominated by our official attitude towards the Soviet. If it were only a question of treating with Germany, her internal difficulties, so sensitive to outside influences, would still render her position in Europe a delicate one. If for no other reasons than purely selfish motives we shall have to be not only circumspect but magnanimous in our treatment of our late enemy during the period of

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convalescence. She is now a mental case and requires special treatment, for Germany sick would be a deal more injurious to the world than Germany healthy. Her peculiar malady might easily make her a plague-spot of Europe.

At the moment we are inclined to be influenced by the "strong man" adventurer rather than by the masses of people he claims to represent. Stricken Europe has been his hunting-ground, where he has been comparatively successful because he enjoyed a "good press." He put in his most deadly work at the Peace Conference, which he dominated.

Smouldering Fires

The danger of a new European conflagration has not yet subsided. In fact, at times it would seem that we were about to open hostilities on new fronts. A definite war policy could not be worse than the present vacillating attitude of the war-minds in authority. Until our policy is frankly and honestly declared, Europe will continue to suffer from her debilitating nervous disorders. The world now looks to us for a lead. America has let slip the chance to lead the world into a new mood. The materialists are temporarily victorious. How are we going to meet the new problems grown out of the misunderstandings of the Peace Conference? Are we going to use repression and

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armed force? Or are we going to try to bring a real peace to the world by sincerely co-operating in building the foundation for an economic and industrial system on international lines free from the abuses of capitalism? It is a tragedy that the men who point the way to an enlightened world have little or no power with the peoples. Millions of men have given their lives believing that they were helping to bring in a new moral and social order, when men's thoughts would rise above the old plane of sordid barter and intrigue.

From our rulers' point of view the greatest barrier to a peace is Bolshevism. We are frankly afraid of the word, which has come to be used as a synonym for murder. Some of us want to extirpate it by force of arms, as if we can go on spending millions of money and lives without regard to those who will have to pay the heaviest part of the bill.

The Continental reactionaries wish to involve us in a struggle to suppress what liberty remains in Europe. The German Junkers would trick us into helping them to oppress the common folk in Germany and then to join them in a grand military attempt to smash the power of Lenin.

We were deceived into believing that the Russian people were as feeble as their oppressors. We joined in an attack on Lenin, to find the weapons struck from our hands by a mighty force. We had been told that the Russians would welcome

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intervention, but we found a united people firm in the belief that we had come to rob them of their country.

If peace is to come to the world it is inevitable that peace must first be made with the great Russian peoples. Lenin is their leader, whether autocrat, democrat or ruler by divine right (which is still seriously discussed in England). We must meet him.

Surely if we can condescend to take from a country goods for which Europe is craving, we can sink our pride sufficiently to allow us to observe the ordinary decencies prevailing between the representatives of great nations.

Are we denying the Russians administrative methods which we ourselves already possess ? The war brought into being a great lumbering administrative machine, the departments of which are sadly out of touch with each other. War needs brought into service men whose minds and methods would be more in keeping with the Middle Ages. On the other hand, the heads of a few departments are persons with ultra-modern ideas who fearlessly face all industrial and economic problems which crop up.

It is no coincidence that the men most valued in Government Departments of a technical nature are those of what we call " advanced " ideas. One highly placed Government servant has frankly stated to his friends that we ought to send investi-

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gators to Russia, if only to see if the Bolsheviks have invented anything of universal value. He is afraid that the Germans, being first on the ground, will get the first benefits and predispose the Russians towards all things German at the expense of Britishers.

It is our inherent conservatism which causes us to make war on the Russians to prohibit them the uses of some modern administrative inventions which we are rapidly blending into our own political and industrial life. It seems strange that while we are prepared to make war on Communism abroad, we are forced into accepting its principles at home.

The Building Guild promises to bring about changes in British industry every bit as drastic as the Soviet has brought in Russia. British workmen have been forced into applying " direct labour " to the building industry, as the miner will be forced again into " direct action " unless the coal muddle is finally cleared up. The readiness with which the no-profit system has been hailed by all sections of building mechanics should suffice to show that workmen are anxious to get back to the Guild stage when every mechanic was a master-craftsman.

Surely if we are reaching back to the Guild system ourselves, we should not object to other peoples adopting Communism—a far less autocratic method of dealing with the interminable industrial problems.

A few of the largest English employers, already

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well known for their imagination in dealing with their workers, have frankly invited them to step in and take over a share of the responsibilities of administration. Where the scheme has been one of real co-operation, and not the pernicious system of so-called co-partnership which lands the workers in a subtle kind of slavery, it has been most successful. Free access to the trade accounts is noticed to have a most wholesome effect on the workers. In the new scheme the feeling of responsibility makes different beings of the workers. They show a pride and interest beyond the mere profit and loss account, and develop from the dull chattel slaves of capitalism to responsible citizens with a stake both in their craft and their country.

If Bolshevism is really bad and should be swept away, there is no better way to start than by boldly accepting Lenin's invitation to send an investigation committee to Russia. As soon as the populace know that the Allies have entered their country they will not be so downtrodden that, if they so wish, they will not inform the Allies of the true state of Russian internal affairs. If conditions are unsatisfactory, the Allies can ask the Bolshevik Councillors to allow a plebiscite to be taken. The elections should be watched by the Allies, who should agree to abide by the results.

Except for one bright ray of hope in the otherwise dark horizon, it would seem that sooner or later our

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politicians will involve us in another great war. A struggle is in progress among the Allies between the war-minds and the statesmen. It is too soon after victory to expect the militarists to remember that in democratic countries the army is a public service and not an instrument to carry out the personal whim of a small governing class.

The fine adventure to which England was invited, and which she is still reluctantly considering, is an encircling war to depose Lenin, in which our shrewdest judges see not the slightest hope of success. It has even been suggested that Germany be given a "mandate" over certain large areas to help to form a barrier against Bolshevism. This would mean an open revival of Prussian militarism, the consequences of which no one can foresee. Outside the question of principle, Germany would obtain more by these measures than if she had fought a victorious European war.

Last year it was thought that Lenin and Trotsky could be deposed without the help of the German Army, whose assistance, so soon after the signing of the Armistice, could not in common decency be accepted. Aristocratic Germany felt the menace of Bolshevism—it threatened the last remains of their feudal rights and privileges—more than any other country, and only awaited a sign from the Supreme Council to place their swords at the service of the Allies in the cause of "enlightened democ-

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racy." Luckily we refused all tentative suggestions from their friends. The position for us, if we intend to oppose Bolshevism by force, is worse. England, who has much more at stake than any of her Allies, has had no policy of her own, and has occupied a subordinate position in the discussion. Those most interested in the Russian scheme have skilfully manœuvred our representatives into a position in which it has been difficult for them to take a line of their own without causing diplomatic complications. Their part in the business has been that of a backer studying horses' form in the newspapers and trying to back the right one. Their first gamble landed us in a mess from which we extricated ourselves only at great cost and difficulty. We are now invited to double our bets and join in a kind of European sweepstake.

Let us consider what failure would mean for England in this colossal adventure. It would mean not merely a withdrawal of troops and, of course, the settling of most of the bill, but also the letting loose of the revolutionary forces of the East. The natives of India, Palestine and Egypt, already simmering with discontent through the Prussianizing methods of some of our representatives, might prefer the Russian Bolsheviks, and, so we are told, for some months have had the opportunity of studying the meaning of the Soviet from the words and literature of Lenin's agents. Besides, how long will it be possible to

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hide from the East the sordid materialism of the West ?

The most sinister feature of the semi-secret arrangements is that it looks as if we are to support the corrupt and murderous reactionaries of Berlin.

The ray of hope is a belated decision of the Supreme Council to allow the " reopening of certain trading relations with the Russian people." The report emphasises the point that there " is no change in the policy of the Allied Governments towards the Soviet Government." This decision has an ulterior object, the success or failure of which for the moment does not matter. It is hoped that by dealing directly with the peasants (who, so it is reported, have never been Bolsheviks, and have only agreed to work with the Soviets on the condition that they had possession of the land), through the Russian Co-operative Societies, we may undermine their loyalty to Lenin.

Without considering the sinister side of the measure, it is a matter for rejoicing that peaceful means are at last to be tried. It looks as if Mr. Lloyd-George has at last got his own way and that the bear-baiting might cease. To his credit it must be admitted that the Prime Minister was against Russian intervention—at least he always said so at the press teas at the Hotel Majestic during the Peace Conference, and never failed to emphasise the unwisdom of trying to abolish Bolshevism by

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the sword. He was never so serious as when discussing the troublesome question, and I have heard him say on more than one occasion that he personally would never be responsible for sending troops to Russia.

"Besides, the men would not go," he said at the close of one of our tea-parties; "and they would be right."

After this we thought that no more would be heard of intervention, although there were strong rumours at the time that large quantities of munitions were about to be sent to Russia. The Premier's change of mind coincided with Mr. Churchill's visit to Paris.

Let us hope that this new move of the Supreme Council is not a gesture of finesse in the game of diplomatic bluff.

It is unfortunate that the efforts for peace made by some members of the Cabinet should be made in such a tentative manner. They seem afraid of not being able to save their faces. We should at least recognise that Lenin is in a strong position when he asks for peace, and we must admit that he has offered to compromise on Soviet methods sufficiently to enable Russians to live in harmony with the rest of Europe. Whether the Russians choose to retain private ownership or not after trading relations have been opened should not concern us at all.

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In whichever direction the Soviet might develop it cannot become autocratic, and should, once we have regained the respect of the peasants, tend to assist the foreigner who brings manufactured articles in return for food products. As soon as free intercourse is established between European nations the different dammed-up streams of development will be released to flow to a common level of enlightenment. The Russians may choose to retain the Industrial Soviet, a less up-to-date method than our own Trades Council and Whitley scheme, and elect a special sort of legislature for foreign affairs and other business for which the local Soviet is unsuited.

In order to hurry on the good work a free exchange of ideas would clear away the clouds of suspicion and unwholesome secrecy which screen the doings of the intriguers. Commissions selected from all classes should visit each other's countries. If we really want to "save" Russia we could help her to get her house in order by sending some of our permanent administrative officials to put their expert knowledge at the disposal of the Soviet Republic, whose existence we now admit as a fact. If we can send policemen to Poland we can certainly spare some of our Privy Councillors for Petrograd. With no other axe to grind than that of mutual benefit the results should be satisfactory. In time the importance of the politico-military adventurer

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would shrink to that of the Junkers in the mind of German workmen.

Once the cramping influences of embargoes, censors, secret police and incompetent bureaucrats are removed, and trade, the life-blood of a community, revived, Europe should rise from her ruins and really become the ennobling Continent which her Ministers have promised.

Germany as a Friend in Need

In spite of the ominous war rumblings and Machiavellian machinations there is hope that the plans of the reactionaries will be confounded by the humanising reopening of commercial relations with Central Europe. Trade is a prosaic and often a sordid subject, but in these days of the romantic war-mind and the worship of uniforms it seems to be the only likely means for the world's commoners to escape from the clutches of the supermen.

We came out of a victorious war abroad to find at home an enemy who promises to be as morally devastating as the Germans. Whilst the nation was occupied in a life-and-death struggle, the Trade Combines entrenched themselves at home and now defy the efforts of reformers. The majority of British captains of industry seem to have lost all sense of fair dealing. Free competition, so essential to healthy trade, no longer governs the business

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world. There is hardly an article whose price is not controlled. The Trusts have pushed their ramifications in all directions. Investigation reveals the staggering fact that the chief object of the Trusts is to raise prices and restrict output !

It seems incredible that while workmen are exhorted to " produce more," the trade federations can legally limit production by closing down factories while men are clamouring for employment. The member of the Combine who closes his business receives an income from the Trust fighting fund equal to the amount he would earn were he still at work. Should a member produce more than a stipulated quantity of goods he is heavily fined. Such commercial operations have long since been made illegal in the United States.

The leading spirits in the American Trusts, before they were controlled by the Government, did at least possess sufficient vision and a certain sort of patriotism which prevented them from exploiting their own people. Be the article coal or cloth, the British merchant unscrupulously gives a preference to the foreigner at the expense of his own people. Even sugar imported into England was exported to Europe by the opportunists until the public clamour made itself effective.

Now that commercial relations with the recent enemy have been allowed, we should soon be feeling the benefit of having Germany as a friend. A free

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market offers a hope of escape from our commercial octopuses. We may be sure that the peaceful invasion of the German with his useful goods will be loudly resented by the members of the Trusts, but the cry of the Protectionist should not scare us into prohibiting German articles. By allowing these goods to stream into our markets we shall be helping ourselves as well as helping Central Europe back to health. A healthy international trade will be the largest factor in getting the world back into the paths of peace.

If we will allow them, the Germans will do more to abolish profiteering in Great Britain than our own profiteer tribunals, and competition will bring back the high pre-war standard of quality of British goods.

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CHAPTER XX

The Allies in Berlin

WHEN the Allied armies were sweeping the enemy in front of them there were people at home who demanded that Foch should lead his troops through the streets of Berlin.

"Look what the Germans did after the war of 1870!" they said.

The Allies are now in the streets of Berlin, not clad in gorgeous uniforms and wearing clattering swords, but just as simple soldiers gone to see that Germany carries out the terms of the Peace Treaty.

The officers and men belonging to the British Military Mission are our ambassadors of goodwill. The Berliners are now going through the same sort of experience as the inhabitants of the towns of the occupied territory. *Ulk*, *Lustige Blätter* and *Simplicissimus* had depicted our men as extraordinary creatures of skin and bone and abominable manners. When the first British officers arrived in Berlin crowds of Germans gathered in the Unter den Linden to get a glimpse of the newcomers. They saw two rather

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small khaki-clad Generals who looked anything but conscious conquerors. They smiled pleasantly at the crowd, who were staggered by the very simplicity of manner of those who were reputed to have come to crush Berlin under the iron heel of British discipline.

Khaki in Berlin has had a wholesome effect in many directions. The Prussian military manner began to wither when a courteous British General smilingly made way for a German lady and her male escort at his headquarters as they were passing into the street. At first the German civilians regarded members of the British Mission with a sullen curiosity which grew into an awed respect.

It is not surprising that German officers when calling at the British Headquarters for instructions should scowl when they saw the popularity of the enemy newcomers. They had made a great effort to retain their old arrogant style, which in the pre-Armistice days would clear the pavements of humble civilians, who now only smile cynically when a Prussian officer approaches wearing his war trappings. Against the modest khaki the German officers look ridiculously theatrical, almost as if they were dressed for some stage performance.

The Tommies also receive a large share of attention from the people. It is an old story, that of the British soldiers giving up their seats to German women, but it is a new experience to the haughty

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Berliner, who is now learning by example lessons in politeness. Then there are the Waacs—not many, but enough to correct the curious conception of the German artists of British womanhood.

Our Commissions have brought with them an atmosphere which is acting as a mental tonic to the war-weary capital. They have made friends with the population by the spirit in which they carried out their delicate duties. Their manner of dealing with a conquered enemy has removed some of the bitterness caused by the anti-British propaganda. When the British military representatives first went to Berlin a section of the Socialists said that our representatives had come to Berlin to intrigue for the using of the German Army to exterminate Bolshevism in Russia.

Our representatives must have been surprised at the street scenes in "democratic" Germany. In spite of revolutionary rumblings, "Berlin will always be Berlin," as my hotel manager said when we watched the grand ladies and gentlemen driving in brilliant equipages, with wooden-faced lackeys, down the Unter den Linden. Other grand ladies and gentlemen ride beautiful horses openly and unmolested. The old Berlin police, in concert with their colleagues, Noske's Military Police, keep the ways clear of the common people, who gaze wonderingly at the well-clad and well-fed aristocrats. The representatives of the other extreme of the

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social scale are to be found in the gutters and on the pavements.

The large number of beggars and hawkers who appeared after the Armistice has now been considerably increased by hundreds of wounded and shell-shocked soldiers. They make a ghastly contrast in the wide thoroughfares as they display with a cripple's technique their terrible wounds and uncontrollable limbs. A stranger would at least expect that the quasi-democratic Government would provide for the poor creatures whose only hope now is in the generosity of the man in the street. The Unter den Linden is a favourite place for them, and here they show themselves off to the rich hotel guests and members of the Allied Missions, who cannot resist their appeals.

Berlin was always famous for its luxurious café and restaurant life. It is fast recovering its old reputation, and in the large beautiful illuminated establishments the wealthy people can be seen wallowing in large messes of food and drinking endless quantities of beer, as of yore.

Noske and his colleagues are notorious guzzlers, and are favoured patrons of some of the more exclusive restaurants. He has certainly acquired a taste for high living. Our officers look at him wonderingly when they see him drive out of his Ministry in his splendid motor-car, cigar in mouth, and his hat at a rakish angle, hardly believing that

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he is a man of the people. His manner is that of a highly successful commercial man. His armed troops are everywhere and walk about in groups of half a dozen. The stranger is surprised at the military aspect of the city, which is somewhat misleading, as nearly every working man who was a soldier still wears his uniform, other clothes only being obtainable at very high prices. But it is only the uniform, for the wearers have generally had enough of militarism.

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CHAPTER XXI

AMERICANS AND GERMANS

THE two most misunderstood countries to-day are America and Germany. Both these countries, so alike in many ways, have expressed themselves untruly—the one through her capitalists, the other through her militarists.

Europeans are staggered by the apparently cold-blooded attitude of the United States, whom they have learnt to associate with wide sympathies and lofty principles. They see Uncle Sam, the once symbolic expression of the spirit of a generous, sensitive and high-souled nation, as a cruel money-lender relentlessly demanding his pound of flesh. While Europe is painfully sloughing her antiquated systems and everywhere still battling with the hydra-headed monster of reaction, America, who preached idealism and the universal brotherhood of mankind, now practises usury and seeks to put the very soul of Europe in pawn. Europe thinks of the silent hosts who went out to battle with tyranny, while America broods over capital invested and the securities in the safe.

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Uncle Sam runs his professional eye over the effects of an old customer now debilitated, and refuses the use of a small portion of the vast wealth he has drained from the embattled nations of Europe. He shakes his hands with the money-lender's obstinacy, and with brutal insistence demands gold and foreign securities already passed into his keeping. He makes use of every legal trick of the past to mortgage the future of stricken Europe, and strains the world's financial machinery to make the dollar the king of coins.

While dissociating himself from the troubles of Europe and preaching the " high-souled stuff," he sends armies of agents like swarms of locusts to gobble up businesses and properties of poor defenceless peoples who find their currencies depreciated almost to nothing.

America, robust with young health, her sympathies coarsened into indifference by her wealth insists on the absolute fulfilment of formal pledges made during a death-struggle by invalid Europe, whose vitality is half spent on the battlefields and now struggles to raise herself from her sick-bed.

America is in the position of other profiteers, who, while the champions of Liberty dispensed with the formalities of barter and secured reward and gave their all for the great cause, took the precaution of the money-lender and put Europe in financial fetters. Uncle Sam would possess the

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title-deeds of Europe and lease us our own country at a yearly rental, so that he could boast that he was the world's biggest landlord.

Great Britain gave men and money unsparingly, knowing that both sorts of debts must be written off as dead loss. The soldiers knew that only posterity could benefit by their sacrifice.

This briefly summarises one European impression of America. Even I, who have lived among Americans and have learnt to love their wonderful country as my own, cannot defend the brutal and materialistic attitude of official America. I can only reply to my sceptical friends that it is not the America who fought with us that speaks to-day. The greedy unimaginative materialists have momentarily conquered the brave and lofty idealists.

The occasion needs a figure to express the best aspect of narrow but wholesome Americanism. Roosevelt, were he alive, with all his curious shortcomings and antagonisms, would have pricked the conscience of his country into the realisation of its moral responsibilities towards Europe. He would have taken the opportunity of making the grand gesture, theatrically American, to the spent nations of Europe and of saying something like this:

"A universal forgiveness of debts must be the first step to a universal forgiveness of sins."

He would have shamed his country into the cancelling of the European debts except in the case

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of Great Britain, who will insist on fulfilling her obligations to the last farthing, although as sponsor she borrowed money from America to lend it to nations who can never repay it.

America now has an opportunity to play the rôle of the rich benefactor of high romance.

With a stroke of the pen she could release her harassed debtors from their financial troubles. So great is her wealth that she would not miss the amount. It is an ironical fact that America is now the most important factor in the establishment of European stability. If she can rise to the occasion, the parrot-cry of the capitalists to the workers, repeated by Mr. Glass, " Work and produce, work and produce ! " could be made to mean something. Effort would be inspired by gratitude and not goaded by the threat of foreclosure.

Injustice is often done to a nation when committing the common fallacy of considering it as an individual and not as a conglomeration of peoples susceptible to moods and possessing all shades of opinion. It is an easy way out of a difficulty to condemn an entire race for the actions of a few astute wire-pullers who, on account of the modern defective electoral machinery, have got themselves chosen as the nation's representatives.

When the *Lusitania* was sunk I was shut off from the world in solitary confinement in Lörrach

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prison. But never was I more sure of what steps my America would take. I saw young America, quick to avenge an insult, rise and fling herself into the fray. I pictured those big young men of the West packing up their kit and following those who had already found their way to Europe with the Canadian Contingents.

I was sure that even while the German General Staff was gloating over their infamous success, President Wilson had declared war, backed up by all Americans as Asquith had been by the British in August, 1914. Never was a more insulting challenge flung at a nation than when the German militarists carried out their advertised exploit. But I made a mistake. The young America which shoots men for using the epithet "Liar," considering it the greatest insult to a man, has not yet found its way to the White House.

I emerged from my cell to find America still exchanging diplomatic notes with the criminals at the head of the German nation. I knew that these diplomatic messages did not express the true feelings of the American people then any more than the crafty manœuvres of Wall Street express the true sentiment of the great Republic to-day.

Another European view of America's attitude is that she is driven into her present position by a Europe that could not rise to the level of Wilson's ideals of freedom. He is regarded as the victim of

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the revengeful shortsighted Chauvinists, George and Clemenceau. It is said that he was entangled in the snares laid by the old school of diplomatists. There is no doubt that to some extent this is true, but it does not absolve the President from blame for compromising on principles repugnant both to him and to the nation he represents. He could not now be in a worse position if he had withdrawn from the Conference. By taking this step he would have shocked the world into a consciousness of what was really taking place at the Quai d'Orsay.

It is difficult for Englishmen to understand the anti-British spirit which is increasing in the United States, especially in the Western States. The explanation is simple to one who knows California, where thousands of Germans flock every year and establish their homes. These people become the best sort of emigrants, and are welcomed more heartily than Britishers, who do not take root in American soil so readily as other nationalities. Britishers prefer to go to America for a few years to save a sum of money, and then depart to invest it in a business at home.

On the other hand, Germans who leave their country rarely go back home, and at once take out their naturalisation papers. After a few years of enlightenment they become staunch "Americans" and invest their capital in a plot of land or a business. Every American town shows signs of the

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German, who brings an atmosphere to every place he settles in.

It is not strange that the native Californian should often show a preference for the person who, after enjoying all that his country lavishes on the emigrant, goes the whole hog and becomes a citizen of the United States. He cannot understand the Britisher's reluctance to forswear allegiance to his native land. The only differences I ever had with the generous Westerners arose from their persistent efforts to persuade me to take out my naturalisation papers. At the time I could not explain my stolid resistance, for even as a boy I possessed rather advanced views. The simple hardy men of the West grew angry when I refused to discuss seriously Britain's various "black pages" of history (knowledge of which Americans seem to have at their finger ends), and the futility of retaining a king on the English throne.

If the average Englishman's conception of Germany could be analysed, it would be found that he was generally thinking of sinister Prussia, the antithesis of what is known as Germany, with its old associations of friendliness.

I was carried into Germany with the stories of atrocities fresh in my mind. My guards, uncouth recruits, seemed to embody all the vile qualities attributed to the Germans since the beginning of the war. Their coarse conversation carried a jarring

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brutality quite strange to me. I began to see my mistake when I experienced the first friendly advances from a German soldier in a most unexpected place—Lörrach prison. I had almost given up hope of ever being able to communicate with any one outside the prison, when I struck up a furtive friendship with some soldier prisoners under sentence for desertion and other offences. Up till that time I had unconsciously begun to regard my captors and fellow-prisoner-Germans as beings different from those of the rest of the world. In my isolation I was startled to find that they were just ordinary human beings like myself, chafing under oppression and longing for friendship. One morning I was marched into the courtyard for a half-hour's exercise, where I attracted the attention of some wood-cutting prisoners. As I walked past them one of them suddenly shot out his hand, and in a flash had pushed a small object into my pocket. I was so surprised that I started backwards, which caused the warder to look in my direction and thunder out a string of terrifying expletives. Fortunately he had not seen the soldier, who was again vigorously sawing wood. I pretended that I had stumbled on the paving-stones, and hoped that he had not seen the slight bulge in my pocket.

My prison task during those days was to fold thousands of book leaves ready for another prisoner

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to sew together. As soon as I was back in my cell, I plunged into my work, and when darkness approached I felt in my pocket and drew out a small onion. As I mixed it in my skilly I thought it was indeed a strange emblem of friendship. The incident caused me to discover that what I had mistaken for a brutal hostility was in many cases an uncouth exterior. This friendly interest in a foreigner, an alleged spy, was not confined to my fellow-prisoners. I found police officials, when sure that the eye of a senior was not upon them, relapse from their arrogant manner into amiability. Their brusqueness of manner and speech was carefully schooled. I began to understand how these men could commit atrocities. I am sure it was not because they liked carrying out brutal orders, but because it was written in the books of discipline, "Es steht auf dem Papier."

When the chief warder saw my fingers bleeding after folding thousands of his book leaves, I believe he gave orders to his assistant to put me to do other work—stringing labels. Whether it was from sympathy or expediency, I am not sure. I felt that the same man, on being given an order to shoot me in the courtyard, would not hesitate, but would consider it merely part of his day's work.

Whilst in this prison I heard young impetuous Germany marching in battalions to the front.

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Never had I heard men singing and playing so emotionally while on their way to death. The clear resonance of the brass instruments lingered in echoes about the prison like fading piano notes. The music and the heavy tramp of their feet conjured up in my mind thousands of young soldiers marching through the streets, emphasising the rhythm of the old German folk-songs with their noble stride It was difficult to believe that the soul-stirring music came from common murderers.

While I was being taken from one prison to another I passed through country which, in comparison to other I have known, looked like magnificent gardens. The towns, laid out in wide streets and beautiful buildings, had a Utopian atmosphere. Everywhere was plenty of space. The railway stations, which Britishers generally associate with grimy, depressing heaps of masonry, were designed with a grace and beauty which caused me to mistake one for the Kaiser's palace.

But the most surprising thing of all was the scrupulous cleanliness of everything. Children's faces, streets, buildings, clothes, station platforms, gave me the impression of being in a place where the inhabitants are perpetually on their best behaviour.

When I was brought to Berlin I was taken along a street lined with trees and flowers. Between the tram lines were cultivated grass plots smooth

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enough for a bowling-green. During my journey from South Germany to Berlin I did not see one beggar.

I realised that the word "Germany" was to me like the word "war" to a non-combatant—merely a word.

The contrast of the real Germany to my preconceived notions revealed to me the danger of words and parrot-phrases. I could not understand why I had never heard of this Germany which I had had to find for myself. "A nation of murderers," the Germans were labelled by the Allied Press. I thought of this pithy, thought-saving definition as I looked at the crowds of clean, well-dressed people who were as interested in me as I was in them. We were creatures of different worlds met for the first time.

"Engländer Spion," the escort told the inquirers, without the slightest trace of resentment. They only wanted to get closer and see what sort of a creature an Englishman really was. A few of the civilians tried to arouse an antagonistic spirit, but the majority were too busy to be hostile; they were looking for information.

My war experiences have shown me that Germans and Englishmen know so little of each other that they might be inhabitants of separate planets instead of next-door neighbours. The difficulties of language are not the only reason for this. Unre-

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liable news-services which select only news likely to be of use to certain interested groups are responsible for the omission of information which would have given the inhabitants of both countries a clearer and truer picture of each other. The only remedy is to meet in each other's countries. Perhaps the day will come when the masses of all countries will come to know each other, if only through a well-organised scheme of exchanging labour.

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THE AUTHOR.

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EPILOGUE

THE dramatic *coup d'état* which was the most startling news from Germany a few days ago came when the final proofs of this book had been returned to my publisher. It is but another step in Germany's dissolution, and arrests the attention as such.

What does this new movement portend?

Although Doctor Kapp and General von Lüttwitz have failed in their bold attempt at counter-revolution, it does not follow that reaction and monarchism are dead in Germany. They appeared as mere adventurers with lies on their lips. They denied that they wanted to re-establish the monarchy and failed to get the support of the Junkers by whom they were financed, and by reason of the character of their assistants could not obtain the sympathy and support of the ordinary folk.

Out of the present imbroglio arises a danger for the Allies—the danger of being baited to intervene on the side of the reactionaries. The Junkers are trying to manœuvre us into a position where we shall have to choose between supporting one of the two extreme parties. We must not intervene. Up to now, the German people have been learning the ABC of political reform. When the time

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arrives in which they are able to spell out just those necessary words which express what has been smouldering in their minds for so long, then the older democracies of the world will know what real democracy means, and the Junkers of Prussia will rub their eyes and wonder what has happened.

But the German people must be free to choose what character of government they will have. Three hundred years ago, Englishmen won their liberty unhindered by outside influences. So the German people must have their chance.

Apart from a question of principle, to intervene in Germany at the present moment would be an extremely dangerous proceeding. By our intervention in Russia we changed Bolshevism from a new and uncertain system of government to a strong national movement which fired the Russians with a national idealism. Why did not the other Czarist generals offer their services to the Allies to suppress Bolshevism, like Denikin and Kolchak, instead of backing Bolshevism against Reaction? Because Bolshevism was in Russia and Reaction was outside. Hindenburg and Ludendorff are Germans. They were Germans before they were generals; and if the Germans produce a Lenin and Trotsky who are prepared, with a firm grasp of the German nation and its resources, and say, "Create an army for yourselves and protect us, we will look after the inside of the country. Take a free hand in doing it," who knows what the answer would be?

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